

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1993 • \$4.95

Victoria's Secret
Supermodel
**Stephanie
Seymour**
takes her
undies off

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW
DANNY DEVITO
20 QUESTIONS
TIM ALLEN**

**SHEER
FANTASY!
LINGERIE
IN ALL ITS
GLORY**

**AN APPEAL
FOR JUSTICE
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BY VINCENT
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PLAYBILL

RACIAL HOSTILITY IS OUR continuing national shame. What did we learn between the time Watts burned in 1965 and South Central Los Angeles ignited last spring? Not much. In *No Justice, No Peace*, author and former L.A. prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi focuses on an oft-overlooked villain: the D.A. This month, the cops who allegedly beat Rodney King will be tried in federal court—but it's the local district attorney, argues Bugliosi, who must rigorously prosecute cops who are charged with brutality. If not, no citizen among the poor will trust in justice—and the next riot will be inevitable.

A man who dedicated his life to justice is **Thurgood Marshall**, who retired from the Supreme Court in 1991. In the excerpts published in *The Playboy Forum* from syndicated columnist **Curt T. Rowan's** new book, *Dream Makers, Dream Breakers: The World of Justice Thurgood Marshall* (Little, Brown), Rowan deals with the justice's worries about erosion of our personal rights. His erudition notwithstanding, Marshall could be extremely plain: "If a man's home is his castle," he said, "his bedroom is the middle of it. And nobody's snooping in my bedroom." From another vantage point, and in one of feminism's most curious conversations, former L.A. police chief **Daryl Gates** comes down on the side of women's rights in the military in a *Mantrack* guest essay. Gates says that after seeing women cops handle the streets of L.A., he knows they can handle combat.

Will we ever know the true story about the 747 that exploded over Lockerbie, Scotland in 1988? In the midst of a media blitz about the tragedy of Pan Am 103, Contributing Editor **Margan Strong** completed a six-month investigation of his own, guided by a new source, and reports in *Tail of Terror*.

Can we lighten up a little? Dust off your old LPs or grab some CD reissues and get in the mood for part five of *Playboy's History of Jazz or Rock*. Contributing Editor **David Standish** calls on **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Miles Davis** et al. in *Big Top: His Drop*, illustrated by **David Cowles** and **Kimiko T. Croft**. If reading about these jazz geniuses has your fingers popping, **Wolf Totter** steers you around what used to be called the record store in *Behold on CD*.

We have some entertaining manly talk this month in Contributing Editor **David Benzel's** 20 Questions with *Home Improvement* TV toolmeister **Tim Allen** and in actor-director **Danny DeVito's** star turn for the *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Lawrence Linderman**. Neither of these guys will scare off women readers. We hope the women who wrote on the walls of the bathrooms at the University of California won't scare off any guys. From dating to relationships to sex, their tart and honest dialog is transcribed by **Margaret C. Grant** in *Writing on the Wall*.

For further insight into the mind of a woman, try **Marshall Bowtell's** story *Hidden Agenda*, illustrated by **John Rush**. Bowtell's protagonist learns how to pick up women from his best friend's beautiful fiancée, with bittersweet results.

Speaking of beautiful women—a subject we know well—**Sarah O'Driscoll** took some splendid pictures of supermodel **Stephanie Seymour**, whom you may recognize from the Victoria's Secret catalog, and **Bryan Burman** salutes Valentine Day by photographing some of our Playmates draped in sexy lingerie in *Being in Nothingness*. Harbored novelist **Harry Crews** penned the poetic copy.

If lingerie puts you in a romantic mood, take a look at our fashion feature with two Hollywood couples in *Laps of Luxury*. Finally, we salute Playboy's 1993 Car of the Year in our *Automotive Report*, by Contributing Editor **Ron Green**, illustrated by **Dave Cohen**. And a juicy Valentine kiss to Playmate of the Month **Jennifer LeMay**.



BUGLIOSI



ROWAN



GATES



ST. BUNG



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PLAYBOY

vol. 40, no. 2—february 1993

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COVER STORY

She's gorgeous, she's glamorous, she's supermodel Stephanie Seymour. Her secret: She's most comfortable in the nude. Our cover was styled by Tina Boudry and shot by photographer Sante D'Orazio. Thanks to Fern Cooper of Kramer and Kramer, N.Y., for makeup, Kevin Mancuso of Pierre Michel, N.Y., for hair styling, Patricia Field, N.Y., for gloves and pasties and Montaigne, N.Y., for Stephanie's G-string. Our Rabbit is just on the fringe.



ARTIST: STEPHEN VAUGHAN. HAIR: KEVIN MANCUSO. MAKEUP: FERN COOPER. STYLING: TINA BOUDRY. PHOTOGRAPHY: SANTE D'Orazio. Thanks to Fern Cooper of Kramer and Kramer, N.Y., for makeup, Kevin Mancuso of Pierre Michel, N.Y., for hair styling, Patricia Field, N.Y., for gloves and pasties and Montaigne, N.Y., for Stephanie's G-string. Our Rabbit is just on the fringe.

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I'd have to do it out a vote once in a while. And if things went bad, I'd do what Congress does best: Blame it on the president.

David A. Detrolto
Moses Lake, Washington

VOICES FROM THE HOOD

It seems to me, after reading Leon Bing's *Voices from the Hood* (PLAYBOY, November) that despite their philosophical and psychological justifications, the members of the Bloods and Crips street gangs seem not to care whether they wind up in jail or dead so long as they avenge their territorial rights and protect their fragile egos whenever they perceive themselves to be under attack. If they killed only one another, it would be of little concern to the average citizen. But when dozens of innocent people are killed in drive-by shootings and badly aimed gang shoot-outs, it's a big problem. And to read that more than 25 people have been murdered because one gang member's girlfriend's coat was stolen only points to the obvious: The gang mentality, in Los Angeles or anywhere else, can only breed a disrespect for human life. It values property and territory (no matter how small or trivial) over life. But, in the words of John McLeenamp, "Ain't that America?"

Louisa Brice-Vondrus
Montreal, Canada

To read that gangs funnel drug profits into producing rap singers only reaffirms what I've always thought about rap music: that glorifies violence and the gangster life. Those rappers are singing for their supper.

Evelyn Johnson
Detroit, Michigan

JOAN SEVERANCE

I enjoyed your article and pictorial on Joan Severance (*Director's Choice* Joan Severance, PLAYBOY, November). Severance is probably the sexiest star on TV and the sexiest woman today. Photograph by Robert Scott did a super job, especially by the photo on page 96.

Don Appen
San Antonio, Texas

I greatly enjoyed Zelman King's text and Robert Scott's photos of the magnificent Joan Severance. The black and white portrait shot on page 95 deserves special mention as being one of the best photographs you've ever published.

Victorio Lombardi
Champaign, Illinois

STEPHANIE ADAMS

I was beginning to think you were leaving your centerfold models cloned somewhere. It seemed that month after month, the featured woman was blonde. I think there are many men like myself

who think women of African American heritage are unmatched in beauty. Your November Playmate Stephanie Adams (*If They Could See Her Now*), is a woman whose beauty defies description. How about one more photo of Stephanie? Her most alluring feature is her eyes. I could gaze at them for a long, long time.

Bruce L. Beighler
Walham, Massachusetts

Since Lisa Matthews, the most beautiful woman ever to appear in your magazine, was the 1991 Playmate of the Year, it should only be fitting that Stephanie Adams, the second most beautiful woman



as I've seen on your pages, be awarded the same honor.

Todd L. Prentiss
Versailles, Ohio

Stephanie Adams is one of the most beautiful women in the world. I am also a descendant of John and John Quincy Adams, so even though we preferred different presidential candidates, Sophie and I are cousins. How about one more photo of her for my family album?

Martin D. Adams
Apple Valley, California

20 QUESTIONS

Your 20 Questions with Patrick Stewart *Star Trek: The Next Generation's* Jean-Luc Picard (PLAYBOY, November) caught the soul of the man and verified what I have long felt he is: a clear-eyed individual who is intelligent, sensitive, gifted, at heart a classmate and—above all else—human. It is interesting that Stewart would make the statement "If something demeans women it demeans me" in a magazine viewed by many as hardly a bastion of feminism.

Patrick Hayes
Sherman Oaks, California

Patrick Stewart clearly states how rude he considers it to mention his baldness. Still, your subhead for the interview reads "Star Trek's Jean-Luc Picard baldly goes where no man has gone before." How rude!

Barbara Hopkins
New York, New York

BABER'S NICE BOYS, INC.

Contributing Editor Aaa Baber's November PLAYBOY Men column, "Nice Boys, Inc.," says it all. How can sexually vacant men be taken seriously by a real woman? We (unapologetically sexual men) are in deep the people our parents warned us about, and I sincerely hope these politically correct guys Aaa writes about realize how short-lived their success will be.

A true man is part pervert, part cynic and part clown, with a dash of hard-edged intellectuality thrown in for balance. The women I trust and am intimate with (both of them) run screaming from the kind of politically correct winks Baber describes. They have rejected the antinatalist bias of the women's movement and opted for a more neutral approach, which is to evaluate the male animal on an individual basis.

All hope is not lost. My money says that soon these Nice Boys will be the Lost Boys, and the sooner the better. Raise your glasses, guys. Here's to all of us out there who choose not to be nice. Nice went out in the decadent Eighties.

Bill Rayburn
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

HEIMEL'S SHUTTING UP SHOP

My husband reads *PLAYBOY* for the pictures and I read it for the *Women* column by Contributing Editor Cyndia Heimel. Her November column "Shutting Up Shop," made me laugh and cry. I laughed at the honesty of Heimel's feelings and I cried because I, too, have found myself thinking that any problems with the man in my life were all my fault. But ultimately, I feel more hopeful than ever if only because Heimel herself hasn't given up hope.

Lori Millman
Woodhurst, New York

GOOD INTENTIONS

I greatly enjoyed the wisdom and wonderfully cynical humor of John Varley's short story *Good Intentions* (PLAYBOY, November). Coming as it did in an election month, it made me wonder which candidates made deals with the Devil. After reviewing the field, I decided that Old Nick probably set out this election. None of the candidates had enough "charisma juice." Great short story!

Glen Hastings
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MASTERPIECE FEVER

It's not the most "hip, single and impressionistic" you've ever encountered. It's identified almost too easily as "art." It's a medieval landscape characterized by post-hoc inspiration, stomachache and a bout of either depression or elation. It can sometimes lead to fainting. And what causes all this? Overexposure to great art. Apparently, thousands of tourists who subject themselves to similar museum sessions in Europe are sometimes struck with what psychiatrists at Graceland Magherini has dubbed the "Stendhal syndrome." She named it after the 19th-century novelist, who in 1817 became overwhelmed by the frescoes in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence. In his diary, Stendhal describes how his heart beat irregularly and he felt his life draining away. It wasn't until he left the church, sat down and started reading the poems of L'igo Boccaccio (otherwise overlooked in critical literature) that he felt better. Modern suffers, scared and vexed to eat the offending gallery of museum and return to a less overwhelming artistic environment. Like New Jersey.

For a study on tooth decay and plaque growth, scientists at New Zealand constructed a 20-inch glass mouth and fed it saliva and sugar. But as the experiment progressed, they reported an unforeseen drawback: paint peeling halitosis.

TALES FROM CALLER ID

New technology yields new means of revenge to old enemies. Caller ID, a service that identifies and stores the phone numbers of incoming calls, is particularly effective. A friend tells us he received a call late one night and was asked, "Is Shirley there?"

"No," he replied, "you have the wrong number."

"Oh, yeah?" the caller glibbed. "Well, fuck you." He then hung up.

Our friend calmly retrieved the caller's number and called him back. When he answered, our friend yelled into the phone, "No, fuck you."

Feeling one good turn deserves another, he called the gentleman back half an hour later, adding, "No, I really meant fuck you."

HIS WAY

It's not unusual for top name performers to have a "technical rider" in their contracts that spells out the artists' backstage requirements. We were extremely cautious, naturally, when the items requested for Frank Sinatra's recent concert at Washington's Warner Theater came to our attention. The list included: 1) birds of cherry late Savers; three cans of Campbell's chicken and rice soup; two egg salad sandwiches; a cheese tray including Brie; a carton of unfilled Camel cigarettes; two boxes of Ivory soap; six boxes of Kotex tissues; six linen napkins; one bag of miniature loose-leaf Roddy; a bowl of pretzels and chips; two racks of sandwiches with lettuce and tomato; mussels and mussels on the side; a bottle each of Absolut vodka, Jack Daniel's whiskey, Chivas Regal Scotch (consumer signal and Berluti gin, six "fuck glasses in eight to

ten-ounce size); a bucket of ice cubes; a two-burner hot plate; 1) plenty ofough drops, white and red wine of unspecified vintage; six bottles of Evian water; a large bottle of Perrier and 24 sodas (75 percent diet). It isn't clear with whom Sinatra shares this bounty. His crew and entourage ate separately provided for and he seldom entertains guests in his room before performances. "Actually, Warner Theater production manager William Foster said, 'most of it was left

STRANGE POLITICS: BEDFELLOWS

The *Greenham News and Record* in North Carolina, commenting recently on a congressional class, headlines the story: "SEN. MAX BAILEY (REPUBLICAN) HARKS FOR BEDFELLOW SENATORSEN. D'OH!—bunks them at least a cal, the next morning."

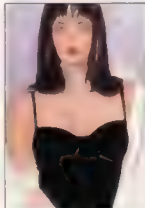
We suppose Rodin would have called it *The Chaper*. At a New York gallery last year, sculptor Jamie Ammons created a life-sized sculpture of chocolate that she had gnawed on for three days to symbolize the stability of Americans to curb their weight. It's a metaphor for a society that's always after the hunge, the fast fix, she explained. Or a metaphor for a woman that has no teeth, a metaphor.

SOLITARY REFINEMENT

The pal in Palm Springs, California is offering "a new public service"—a plan by which nonviolent offenders can make reservations to serve their time in an area of the pal away from hardened felons. Applicants can pay as little as \$500, depending on the crime, or their special placement.

SINGLE WHITE CHEVY

When San Francisco writer Jenny Wallace received more than 150 calls from men in response to her ad for her 1977 Chevy Malibu Classic, she knew she had discovered a new natural resource. In a local newspaper, Wallace assured female readers who want to meet men that placing an ad in the AT YOUR OWN SECTION for a 1962 Porsche was a surefire



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Stock up on those little black books: The number of single American women between the ages of 18 and 44 has jumped by 134 per cent since 1970.

QUOTE

"I've done some of my best acting convincing a studio that I'm sick when I don't like the movie" — **BILLY N. THOMPSON**, ON MOVIE PROMOTION, *THIS WEEK*



CONFESSIONS

Percentage of U.S. Catholics who say priests should be able to marry: 75 percent; of Orthodox who agree: 32 percent; of Jews who agree: 14 percent; of Protestants who say women should be allowed to be priests: 67 percent; of Buddhists who agree: 34 percent.

QUICK FIX

Number of Nintendo games sold since the first in 1985: 45 million.

1990: 45 million.

ARMED, DANGEROUS AND HARD TO FIND

According to a Gallup Poll of 1002 Americans, percentage who say they own a handgun: 25 percent; of gun owners who have never fired: 22 who say it's loaded: 43.

Percentage of gun owners who have kept their weapon in the car: 59 who have carried it: 23, who don't know where it is: 6.

DREAM ON

During the early Eighties, percentage of Americans who said that they expected to be better off than their parents: 67 today: 25.

The average annual income that Americans who make less than \$25,000 say it would take to attain the American dream: \$54,000; the income that those who make more than \$100,000 say it would take: \$192,000.

BET YOUR LIFE

Percentage increase in legal sports betting in U.S. from 1980 to 1990: 213 in bookie revenues: 300; in wagers: 406.

Percentage of all legal sports bets placed on football in 1992: 40, on basketball: 28, baseball: 25, hockey: 2.

Number of calls to Nintendo game computers for advice and tips each week: 200,000.

BEACH BEAUTIFICATION

According to a poll, percentage of men who say women should be allowed to go topless at the beach: 30; percentage of women who agree: 18.

Of those who oppose topless beaches, percentage who object because families with children may feel uncomfortable at non-moral grounds: 20 percent; women who suffer sexual harassment: 11.

Percentage of women who say they would go topless at the beach if given the chance: 6.

Percentage of American office workers who have their own offices: 30; percentage of Japanese office workers: 5; percentage of American office workers who use computers: 80; of Japanese office workers: 64.

LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES

According to the U.S. General Accounting Office, percentage of the Return of Cash Payments Over \$10,000 Received: a Trade or Business, reported with the IRS, has been missing since the taxpayer ID numbers: 58.

—CHRIS HOWE

way to attract men on the lookout for smooth lines and superior handling. And, unlike guys who answer personals hot-rodders are not nervous. Explains Wallace: "They're big-game hunters and there's something thrilling about a man with a mission."

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT SPLAT

A West Virginia man repeatedly shot himself in the foot while drinking beer and cleaning his three guns. According to Mercer County sheriff's deputies, the gunshiner told them the first round—a .32-caliber slug "didn't hurt." The second shot from a .38-caliber handgun "stung a little but not too bad." He popped himself a third time when working on his .357-caliber pistol. That one, he said, "really hurt."

TO HAVE AND NEED NO?

The American Sunbathing Association, a nudist group, started a drive to donate clothing to the homeless and relocated victims of last year's L.A. riots.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT UNITE!

Almost 5000 British prostitutes are supporting Offpro, an organization that is dedicated to imposing a code of ethics for hookers and self-regulating the sex industry. Offpro's telephone message urges customers to write if "you feel you've been ripped off, infected by disease or received poor standards of service." It adds, "If your complaint is upheld, Offpro will compensate you with either a cash refund or an alternative service from one of our recommended prostitutes."

First the dykes, now this. Amsterdam's tourist bureau announced plans to lure American homosexuals to vacation in Holland because of their high disposable incomes and their inclination to stay awake later than their heterosexual counterparts.

DUTCH TREAT

In an unrelated story, a Dutch organization, Cargo Foundation, is planning a National Gift to the Sea. The gift, when finished, will be a 100-foot steel framed male figure stuffed with 20,000 leaves of bread. Kees Bakker, a project administrator, says that the statue—with stuffing—will be tossed into the sea as "an offering in return for all we've taken from it over the years."

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Another reason farmers are going bust: Gucci's home-gardening ensemble. Consisting of three garden tools in French enamel with Italian leather handles and a suede-and-leather apron available in claret, moss or tan, the designer set sells for a trim \$600.

END-OF-SEASON SALE. SAVE \$50.

THE OFFICIAL MILITARY ISSUE GENUINE LEATHER A-2 FLYING JACKET

ACT UP!

A piece of American History is IN A-2!

From World War II to present, from the Vietnam Flying Jacket to one of the most famous pieces of battle gear in history, the Flying A-2 has been made at the U.S. Army Air Corps and in the U.S. Air Force for generations. The A-2's reputation as a combat military spec was soon transferred to Air Force pilots in the post-war era. Light weight and comfortable wearing, as well as its wide range of wear as a symbol of pride, have been its fighting niche. And now, for a limited time, you can acquire the A-2 for only \$199* that's \$50 off regular price.

Genuine Military Issue

Not a Commercial Reproduction

Cooper's superior is an Air Force superior. It's the A-2's superior quality and history that makes it a flying hero.

When the Air Force issued Cooper's superior, the A-2

after 45 years of service, it was the only one left.

Now, you can wear the same jacket as the Air Force pilots. Not a reproduction.

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MUSIC

VIC GABARINI

NEED YOU MORE is the Clint Eastwood of rock. They're both Western loners and men of few words. *Harvest Moon* (Reprise) Young's two-decades-later follow up to *Harvest* finds Neil in a reflective mood à la Sting, Springsteen and Gabriel. Or is he? What makes *Harvest Moon* Young's best album in 20 years is not his cerebral "digging in the dirt" but his ability to drift along on waves of emotional memory. Like Clint in *The Unforgiven*, this is a man not given to introspection who manages to reveal himself anyway. All the usual suspects are rounded up: old lovers, faithful dogs and missing friends. These simple but soulful revelations guide us to some cosmic frame of mind. Young's sweet but sassy pop melodies find a new growth Young and this gorgeous reversion to his earthy sensibility. "I'll always be a dreamer man. I don't have to understand. I know it's all right," he sings earnestly, while the background chorus softly croons "He's got a problem." Not on this album, Neil.

FAST CUTS: Deep Blues sound track (Atlantic). Proving the delta blues is livier than you'll ever be in nameless roadhouses throughout the South. It's like being hot-wired to the birth of music.

DAVE MARSH

While American hip-hop and hard rock have prospered, Anglo-European rock has become increasingly choked with wimps, navel gazers and dance-Bowie narcissists, grooving while walls fell and societies collapsed. But J's *We Are the Majority* (A&M) means to blast past all that by talking about the living conditions the new world order has imposed on people such as himself, an articulate East German expatriate to France because he can't stomach his homeland's increasingly Nazified political culture.

Majority is set to beats from hip-hop, hard rock and even some pop-rock and is sung with the generic working-class snarl that rockers of this stripe have affected since John Lennon went solo. But when J sings about being *Born on the Wrong Side of Town*, he can't invoke the romantic glory of Springsteen's *Asbury Park* or even Seger's Detroit. His sound scape craves from Berlin the most famous divided city of the century. When he asks, "Do you wanna know how it used to be? Everybody had a job, guaranteed. We didn't have much, but we had our dignity," he's not waxing nostalgic, he's offering a rare response to post-communist Europe that's roughly the equivalent of Ice Cube's reports from



Neil Young reaps a rich harvest

Soulful revelations from Young. Earth Wind & Fire's best

South Central

Not that J lacks a romantic side. He allows himself a moment for a wistful love song, *Come Over Here*, and he concludes with the optimistic *Justice or Burn*. J has the bravery of someone caught up in an important struggle who believes that his side will win and that it had better. If there's a cure for Moresau, this is it.

FAST CUTS: Barbecue Bob, *Chocolate to the Bone* (Yazoo). The opening *Motherless Child Blues* gave Van Morrison *He Ain't Gave You Now*, but the rest of this singular Twenties singer and bottleneck guitarist's fine work has been lost to the ages. Which makes its recapture here all the more marvelous.

Tom Bennett, *Perfectly French* (Columbia). In which today's greatest saloon singer essays an entire CD's worth of material made famous by the world's most overrated one and shows that if you don't squander your talent, you can make records in your 60s that resonate with listeners. This is the perfect disc to trade for that Connick crap you got for Christmas.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Latest entry in the metal-rap fusion sweepstakes is *Rage Against the Machine*, and as far as I'm concerned, they win with their self-titled debut album (Epic). A Los Angeles quartet that enquire dis-

penates with drum machines and samplers, opting for live musicians with real instruments, Rage has a great feel for the metal riff, which they show off with a clear, in-your-face mix that gives each musician his due. Like the Disposable Heroes of Hip-hop, they also have a coherent critique (meaning I agree with it) unmarred by any folk religion weirdness. Although there's a fair amount of verbiage here, the chants will stick in your head. For example, "I got a good party in twenty senses across the land. My favorite cut is killing in the Name" (an attack on the LAPD that in all likelihood won't get anywhere near the publicity of Body Count's *Cop Killer*). With a tremendous emotional build over a damped-string rhythm riff, vocalist Zack de la Rocha chants "Now ya do what they told ya," changing in the final verse to "Fuck you—I won't do what you tell me." Maybe it doesn't read like poetry, but it sure sounds like it. And as a climax, it's just this side of sex. Also recommended: *Wish I'm a not that paranoid rant* about Gointelpro-type operations directed against "potential troublemakers."

FAST CUTS: Nine Inch Nails, *Broken*. In teroscope Atlantic. After lacking massive butt on the first Lollapalooza tour and severing relations with his first record company, Trent Reznor (the only true Nails) returns with an EP to whet the appetite of everyone whose ears he opened to industrial music the first time out. Even more adrenaline and catharsis than before, but beware of getting charged full-album price.

NELSON GEORGE

Was Earth, Wind & Fire the best band of the Seventies? Not to a lot of folks. They'd grant that title to the Sex Pistols, Fleetwood Mac or Earth, Wind & Fire's chief composer in the funk wars, Parliament Funkadelic. But for me, EW&F epitomized some of the most polished progressive musical ideas of that decade.

Listening to the three-CD set *The Spiritual Dance* (Columbia/Legacy) is to hear glorious go-samer harmonies, crisp grooves often rounded out by two trap drummers and a legion of percussion instruments, intricate keyboards buttressed by sharp guitar riffs, pungent horn and reed arrangements and well-crafted melodies led by Maurice White, a visionary bandleader, accomplished vocalist and multi-instrumentalist. Earth, Wind & Fire meshed several black American sounds (gospel, jazz, R&B) with a grasp of Latin and African music that informed their best recordings.

From 1972 to 1978, the band enjoyed

many massive singles (*Shining Star*; *That's the Way of the World*, *Gunsavers*, *Got to Get You into My Life*), but it was during live gigs that their gifts were best displayed. In concert, they really stretched out, providing key instruments: Larry Dunn on keyboards, Al McKay on guitar and Verdine White on bass) a chance to showcase their talents. Even before African tricity became a catchphrase in the Nineties, the band invoked Egyptian and African cultures in its music and visuals. A previously unreleased live version of *That's the Way of the World* eloquently makes the case that Earth, Wind & Fire was, perhaps, the last great black big band.

FAST CUTS: Charles & Eddie, a black and Mexican vocal duo, turn in a beautifully sung 13-song collection, *Duragheads* (Capitol), that gives adult contemporary a good name.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Hüsker Dü was a mainstream of a power trio whose six mid-Eighties albums established alternative rock's fusion of noise and tune. They were a great band, but their failure to conquer the malls just can't be blamed on the insensitivity of the masses—Bob Mould never projected Kurt Cobain's bombed-out soul, and his guitar dazzle wasn't buzzy or egotistical enough to overshadow the beatified. Maybe failure frustrated him. After the band disintegrated in 1988, he proceeded to bare his soul in two tortured, over-arranged solo albums—another rock-turned-artiste.

So here out of nowhere comes Sugar, a mainstream of a power trio led by none other than Bob Mould. Vocally and lyrically, *Copper Blue* (Rykodisc) confronts the pain of the world with Mould's charismatic confusion, uniquely introspective rage and tunes that stick like honey, only that flow like mad and a momentum that keeps on like the life force itself. If the malls still aren't ready for it, maybe you are.

A similar, if more calculated, rush comes off *Going Back Again* (Sire), the third album by Manchester's dance-rock-identified Rude. Where once they favored beatwise, atmospheric guitar washes, here they excavate the universal rock-and-roll takebook. You'll almost recognize most of the riffs, and you'll enjoy the electronic textures they're dressed in.

FAST CUTS: Suzy Dean Campbell, *Lonesome Wine Again* (Columbia). The simplest country album in years—and if you give it a chance, the most winning.

Dennis Robbins, *Along with It Please* (Grant). Another young Nashville cut—this one with a sense of humor and a fondness for rock and roll.

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Gorbunov	George	Marsh	Young
Earth, Wind & Fire <i>The Emissaries</i>	7	6	10	10	9
J. <i>We Are the Morality</i>	7	7	7	7	8
Rage Against the Machine	7	8	7	5	9
Sugar <i>Copper Blue</i>	8	6	9	4	7
New Young <i>Harvest Moon</i>	8	9	8	7	8

A HALF HOUR LATER YOU'RE HUNGRY ADAM DEARBORN: John Denver played concerts in China and, for the first time, the government allowed tickets to be sold directly to the public. It seems the government likes Denver's environmental activities. We're relieved. We thought it was the music.

ROBBING AND ROCKING Donovan Leitch and Robert Downey, Jr.'s, documentary about the 1992 presidential election *The Last Party*, will be released any day, after parts of it appeared on MTV. Listen for music from the *Beats*, *Boys* and *Cypress Hill*. **Daniel Drey** and *Let Lover of Me* MTV *Raps* are making a movie, *Who's the Man?*, about two Harlem barbers who become cops. A who's who of hip-hop is in the

cut. **Director Penelope Spheeris**, who first made heavy-metal documentaries, then *Wayne's World*, is bringing the Beverly Hillsbills to the big screen. This is a step up? The film bio of Eddie Smith starring *Queen Latifah* is on hold while shopping for another studio. MGM decided to pass on it. *Born at the Right Time*, a PBS documentary on the music of Paul Simon, will air next month.

NEWSWELLS: Ex-*Fastlane* Billy Buratto has returned to his country roots for a solo LP. When *R.E.M.* doesn't tour, they disappoint their fans, but they make their record company very happy. Why? Because then they don't take so long to get back into the studio. R.E.M. plans to record again this year before they tour. Everyone

can guess who the big winners were last summer on the concert tour circuit, from *Liliputians* to *Garth Brooks*, but who were the losers? *Hummer*, *Pavane* *Abel* and *Slings*. **Michael Jackson** and *Garth Brooks* (this is not a misprint, folks) make appearances on

the *Belle* *Murphy* album. In other Jackson news: As expected, his HBO concert last fall broke all previous money records.

George Clinton is one of the most frequently sampled musicians, and although he only occasionally gets paid for it, he has never encouraged any litigation. He hopes to make it easier in the future by assembling *Sample Some of Dax*, *Sample Some of Dax*—born riffs, outtakes and rhythm tracks, so rap producers and dance club DJs will have ready-made source material. Clinton says he's doing it because legal disputes over sampling are an effort to harm hip-hop. **Yeah George**. Apparently *Mike Jagger* has enough material left from *Wandering* spent especially blues tracks—to consider putting out another solo LP very soon. **The Red Hot Organization**, which produced *Red, Hot + Blue* and *Red, Hot + Dancer*, says Eastern your seat belts for *Red, Hot + Country*, coordinated by *Ruth Mullen*.

The revenge of the grunge people: Writer-director *Camron Cravo* says that studio execs freaked when they saw *Monty Dillor's* clothes for the hit movie *Singles*. Now, you can go to a mall in Anywhere, USA and see people dressed exactly the same way.

Finally, what does *Adoniah Nym* have to say about posing nude with a black stallion for the cover of her album *Rockinghorse*? "You're not really seeing any parts just the illusion that there is a very white nude woman holding on to this enormously monstrous horse." Don't look for Freud here, she says. No sexual overtones, just a "woman of strength and vulnerability." Just bawling around, right? —BARBARA NELLES

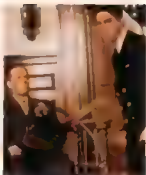
MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Director Rob Reiner's *A Few Good Men* (Columbia), adapted by Aaron Sorkin from his hit Broadway play, is dynamite on screen. Except for a misdirection that lags a bit, the movie crackles along like a contemporary *Game Munny*. The subject here is murder in a Marine barracks in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Tom Cruise plays the Navy lawyer assigned to defend two robotic leathernecks (James Marshall and Wolfgang Bodison) accused of killing a fellow Marine—a Hispanic who had leaptfrogged the chain of command in begging for a transfer. In his performance as the brilliant but intimidated son of a famous trial lawyer, Cruise proves again that there's true grit behind his good looks. Drama Moore, as his skeptical associate in uniform, plays a straight, too, and there's hardly a hint of romance between them to muck up the risky business of Kevin Bacon, Kiefer Sutherland, and Kevin Pollak help to make the movie a case about military arrogance and self-righteousness. But the crux of it is Jack Nicholson's corrosive performance as Colonel Jessup, Guantanamo's commanding officer, who has his evil eye fixed on a job with the National Security Council. Nicholson projects Olaf North ethics and killer instinct, plus a bone-chilling presence sure to make him one of *A Few Good Men*'s acts at Oscar time. **★★★★**

For his debut as a director, John Turturro co-authored (with Brandon Cole) the screenplay of *Mae* (Goldwyn) and also performs a labor of love in the title role. It's fiction about an ambitious carpenter named Vielli, based on the life of Turturro's father back in the Fifties when he was a carpenter in Queens. *Mae* is unlikely to attract long lines at the box office, but it has the ring of truth as a bit between reminiscence about the American dream, Italian style. A family breaks up with hard feelings all around because Mae's two brothers (Carl Capotorto and Michael Badalucco) in the building business with him decide to go their separate ways. While womenfolk clearly occupy second place in this man's world, Katherine Borowitz, Turturro's real-life wife, exudes supportive warmth as Mae's loyal wife, Alice, and Eileen Barkin claims attention as the free-thinking model who takes the straying brothers aside in the dispute. Turturro himself is premium grade, as usual, giving his all and then some in memoriam. **★★★**

There is almost too much happening in *Under People* (Fox), a busy, star-studded American comedy directed by Britain's Beban Kidron, who made her leap to



Nicholson, who... and May

Two male sagas and some ladies' choices

mainstream moviedom after last year's *Antonia and Jane*. Again, the screenplay (written by actor Todd Graff) mostly concerns women making do and taking a chance on love. An exemplary cast of actors is headed by Shirley MacLaine and Marcello Mastroianni with MacLaine cast against type as a New York Jewish widow and Mastroianni as the determined widower who wants her to stop grieving and get involved. Both have brio to burn. Kathy Bates and Maria Gay Harden also keep things interesting as MacLaine's bizzare, caterwauling daughters. Much more conventional are Jessica Landy and Sylvia Sydney, two able veterans stuck with every senior citizen cliché in the book. If it had kept a cooler head and weren't wearing its heart on its sleeve, *I and People* would be a far better movie. **★★**

A genuinely disturbing Belgian film in French with subtitles, *Man Bites Dog* (Fox) shook up audiences at the last New York Film Festival and won a Critics Prize at Cannes. The average American moviegoer, however injured to violence after *Rambo* and its ilk, is likely to shudder at this pseudodocumentary about a camera crew going from crime to crime with a remorseless, vain, wisecracking serial killer (Benot Poelvoorde). The profane aim of director Rémy Beaux and his co-authors is to mock the methods of so-called documentaries by turning their rigged visions of reality into a

corrosive black comedy. In *Man Bites Dog*, the camera dispassionately records a child murder, brutal slayings of all kinds and the dumping of victims' bodies. Finally, the director and crew even assist the killer in a vicious, graphic rape and double murder, first forcing the husband to watch his wife being violated. Shot in grizzly black and white, this cinematic Grand Guignol gives evil a cruelly funny face, though the film's questionable premise may just be exploitation in disguise. **★★**

Pro-choice advocates will cheer and their pro-life opponents will rail against *Reason Without Thunder* (Tax Pictures), a fiercely polemical dramatization of what the future might hold if abortion were banned by constitutional amendment. Set in the year 2042, 20 years after abortion has been criminalized, a mother and her daughter (Betty Buckley and Ali Thomson) are clapped into prison for traveling to a Swedish clinic, where the girl terminated her pregnancy in self-defense, even her former beau (Steve Zahn) and father of her unborn child gives evidence to the prosecution. Their test case is debated pro and con in a series of testimonies by such performers as Jeff Daniels, Frederic Forrest, Linda Hunt and Robert Earl Jones, all working more for the sake of argument than for money in a chilling one-sided treatise. Unequivocally more thematic than theatrical, the movie takes its title from a quote by Frederick Douglass—his admonition that wanting freedom without confrontation is like wanting rain "without thunder and lightning." We'll see what that will. **★★**

Lunatically spectacular and erotically supercharged, *Brown Shadow's Oracle* (Columbia) is a big, messy movie that many a film buff will want to see. Franco Ford Coppola directed, pulling out all the stops in terms of splashy special effects, nudity and over-the-top acting stunts—especially by Gary Oldman as Oracle and Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Van Helsing, the vampire hunter. Winona Ryder and Britain's Sadie Frost are fine as the genteel, sexually repressed young ghouls who get off on bloodsucking. Deciding to perform an autopsy, Hopkins-quips of Frost's undead Lucy, "I just want to cut off her head and take out her heart." Some times campy, as if he were spoofing Stoker, but switching gears too often to be taken seriously, Coppola has unearthed a garbled gothic melodrama. **★★**

The dancing is delightful in *Society Dailymen* (Miramax), a minor treat from Australian director Baz Luhrmann. Fred

MANY massive singles (*Skinny Slim, That's the Way of the World, Luscious, Got in Got You Into My Life*), but it was during live gigs that their gifts were best displayed. In concert, they really stretched out, performing key members (Larry Dunn on keyboards, Al McKay on guitar and Veronic White on bass) a chance to showcase their talents. Even before Afrocentricity became a catchphrase in the 1980s, the band invoked Egyptian and African cultures in its music and visuals. A previously unreleased live version of *That's the Way of the World* eloquently makes the case that Earth, Wind & Fire was, perhaps, the last great black big band.

FAST FACT: Charles & Eddie, a black-and-Mexican vocal duo, turn in a beautifully sung 19-song collection, *Dunphonic* (Capitol), that gives adult contemporary a good name.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Höster Du was a maelstrom of a power trio whose six mid-1980s albums established alternative rock's fusion of noise and tune. They were a great band, but their failure to conquer the malls just can't be blamed on the insensitivity of the masses—Bob Mould never projected Kurt Cobain's bombed-out soul, and his guitar dazzle wasn't burraro or cyrilical enough to dumbfound the benighted. Maybe failure frustrated him. After the band disintegrated in 1988, he proceeded to bare his soul in two tortured, over-arranged solo albums—another rocket-train artist.

So here out of nowhere comes Sugar, a maelstrom of a power trio led by none other than Bob Mould. Vocally and lyrically *Copper Blue* (Rykodisc) confronts the pain of the world with Mould's characteristically confused, uniquely introspective rage and tunes that sock like honey solos that flow like mad and a momentum that keeps on like the life force itself. If the malls still aren't ready for it, maybe you are.

A similar, if more calculated, rush comes off *Going Blank Again* (Sire), the third album by Manchester's dance-rock identified Rude. Where once they favored beatwise, atmospheric guitar washes, here they excavate the universal rock-and-roll fakebook. You'll almost recognize most of the riffs, and you'll enjoy the electronic textures they've dressed in.

FAST FACT: Stacy Dean Campbell *Lonesome Wins Again* (Columbia). The simplest country album in years—and if you give it a chance, the most winning.

Dennis Robbins, *Along with a Piano* (Capitol). Another young Nashville cut—this one with a sense of humor and a fondness for rock and roll.

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarino	George	Marsh	Young
Earth, Wind & Fire <i>The Natural Dance</i>	7	6	10	10	9
& <i>We Are the Majority</i>	7	7	7	7	8
Rage Against the Machine <i>Sugar</i>	7	8	7	5	9
Copper Blue <i>Going Blank Again</i>	8	6	9	4	7
Mad Young <i>Harmed Again</i>	8	9	8	7	8

A HALF HOUR LATER YOU'RE HUNGER. **ADULTS DEPARTMENT:** John Denver played concerts in China and for the first time the government allowed tickets to be sold directly to the public. It seems the government likes Denver's environmental activities. We're relieved. We thought it was the music.

SIBLING AND SOCIETY: Donovan Leitch and Robert Downey, Jr., a documentary about the 1992 presidential election. *The Last Party* will be released any day, after parts of it appeared on MTV. Listen for music from the *Boyz n the City* and *Cyprus Hill*. **Dancer Duo** and *Sat Lover* of the MTV. Raps are making a movie. *Who the Men?* about two Harlem barbers who become cops. A who's who of hip-hop is in the cast.

Director Penelope Spheeris, who first made heavy metal documentaries, then *Wayne's World*, is bringing the Beverly Hillsbules to the big screen. This is a step up? The film *hit* of *Samuel Smith* starring *Queen Latifah* is on hold while shopping for another studio. MGM decided to pass on it. *Born at the Right Time*, a PBS documentary on the music of Paul Simon, will air next month.

RETRIBUTIONS: Ex-Fleetwood Billy Brannan has returned to his country roots for a solo LP. When *R.E.M.* doesn't tour, they disappoint their fans, but they make their record company very happy. Why? Because then they don't take so long to get back into the studio. R.E.M. plans to record again this year before they tour. Everyone can guess who the big winners were last summer on the concert tour circuit, from *Lollapalooza* to *South Bracks*, but who were the losers? *Hammer*, *Paula Abdul* and *Brandy*. **Michael Jackson** and Garth Brooks (this is not a misprint, folks) make appearances on

the *Eddie Murphy* album. In other Jackson news: As expected, his HBO concert last fall broke all previous money records.

George Clinton is one of the most frequently sampled musicians and although he only occasionally gets paid for it, he has never encouraged any litigation. He hopes to make it easier in the future by assembling *Sample Some of Dier, Sample Some of Dier*—born riffs, mistakes and rhythm tracks, so rap producers and dance club d.j.s will have ready-made source material. Clinton says he's doing it because legal disputes over sampling are "an effort to harm hip-hop." Yeah, George. Apparently *Mich Jagger* has enough material left from *Wandering Spirit*—especially blues tracks—to consider putting out another solo LP very soon. **The Red Hot Organization**, which produced *Red Hot + Blue* and *Red Hot + Dance*, says listen your seat belts for *Red Hot + Country*, coordinated by *Kathy Mattea*.

The revenge of the grunge people: Writer-director *Conan O'Brien* says that studio execs freaked when they saw *Alan O'Brien's* clothes for the hit movie *Singles*. Now, you can go to a mall in Anywhere, USA and see people dressed exactly the same way. Finally, what does *Alannah* have to say about posing nude with a black stallion for the cover of her album *Rockingham*? "You're not really seeing any parts, just the illusion that there is a very white nude woman holding on to this enormously monstrous horse." Don't look for Freud here, she says. "No sexual overtones, just a 'woman of strength and vulnerability.'" Just hoisting around, right?

—BARBARA WELLES

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Lovitz after leaving SNL

OFF CAMERA

Who knows what to believe? Comic actor Jon Lovitz, who played the Laar and Annoying Man during his five-year stint on *Saturday Night Live*, used to claim he was married to Morgan Fairchild. He wasn't, but she called and took him to dinner. So he says. Nowadays he gives the lie to another misconception: "People just assume that because you're on *SNL*, you'll have a movie career. It's not true." The truth is, Lovitz was a base stealer in every scene he had as Ernie the baseball scout in *A League of Their Own*. Overall, he has made a dozen films since 1986 and will soon be back on screen in National Lampoon's *Loaded Weapon 1*, a spoof of the *Lethal Weapon* movies. Lovitz plays an outright parody of the Joe Pesci role—a part originally written for Lovitz. You wish us?

Lovitz grew up in the L.A. area and as 35 but tells interviewers he's 72, or 93. Early on, he decided he'd have to choose between acting and baseball. "And I wasn't a very good player." Asked if he's ever gone into therapy, he admits, "Yeah, I did, but it's a hard way to make a living. I opened up a therapy place for animals and started with my own dog. He'd clam up on me." Now famous and sought after, he scoffs at the adage that a funny guy always makes out better than one who looks like a shiek. "The idea that women, if asked, say that what's most important about a man is his sense of humor is the biggest bunch of horseshit I've ever heard." As documentation, Lovitz points out he has done one nude scene—"for *Aly Sheiksmother Is an Ash*, with Kim Basinger. Then Kim insisted I be cut because, she said, 'He's so beautiful, no one will look at me.' Yeah, that's the ticket, Jon

and Genger usually had snapper dialog—for that matter, so did John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. But their plots made no more sense, and cornball the actress seldom slow up a musical. As the hottest contender in a regional ballroom competition, Paul Mercurio steps lively, paired with Fara Foe as the hopeful plain Jane who takes off her glasses and turns out to be his ideal partner. Mercurio is a major dancing star down under, and you will see why; he is a pretty good actor as well. Playing a rebel hooper full of mercurial energy, Mercurio is definitely something to see. **VV**

Spidee Lee's *Muhammad X* (Warner) cunningly deflects criticism with the implied message that if you're of the wrong creed or color, you probably won't accept it. "I charge the white man," the narration begins, listing accusations that include attacks on every known crime against humans. It has stylized epic rather than based on Alex Haies' *The Autobiography of Muhammad A. Lee* was sure to pick Denzel Washington for the title role. Washington's commanding performance boosts the movie's aim to sanctify and deify the man—from his early years as a thief and pimp to his conversion to Islam in prison to his tumultuous career as a disciple of Elijah Muhammad. Doggedly preachy, the movie ends after *Muhammad X*'s 1965 assassination. Meanwhile, Muslim fundamentalist sermons alternate with harangues for black separatism. "The only thing I like integrated is my coffee," says Muhammad, adding milk to his cup. He mellows in time, but the three-hour-and-21-minute movie meanders, pushing hard as a fierce paean to black pride while backing and filling to keep the mixed mass audience from going home mad. **VV**

Mel Gibson's screen presence gives a needed lift to *Forever Young* (Warner). He winningly plays a daredevil test pilot who in 1939 volunteers to be fast frozen by a scientific pal (George Wendt) working on a secret experiment in cryogenics. Mel decides, Hell, why not? when the girl he loves (Isabel Glasser) becomes comatose after a hit run accident. The rest is romance. Buff, revving when Gibson is thawed more than 50 years later having been frozen and forgotten until 1992. His encounters with Jamie Lee Curtis as a young mother and her fatherless son (Elijah Woods) trigger several unpredictable plot twists. Many others, however, are entirely foreseeable, further handicapped by heart-tugging sentimentality—evidently the product of a writer's brain that's been on ice for several decades as well. **VV**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by Bruce Williamson

- Aladdin** (Lasted only) A genius as the genie Robin Williams makes animation seem adult. **VVV**+
- The Bachelor** (Reviewed 1/93) Keith Carradine doesn't get the girl. **VVV**
- Bad Lieutenant** (12/92) Redemption is un-deep for Harvey Keitel. **VVV**
- Brain Slain's Oracle** (See review) More like Coppola's—his vampires are sexy but not so coherent. **VV**+
- The Crying Game** (1/93) Love bombs out for an Irish terrorist. **VVV**+
- Damage** (1/93) True to the book but not much else, from wrecks family values with the wrong woman. **VVV**
- Ethan Frome** (12/92) Liam Neeson as that celebrated philanderer. **VVV**
- A Few Good Men** (See review) Fine courtroom drama with Nicholson, Cruise and accused Marines. **VVV**
- Forever Young** (See review) Mel Gibson comes out of cold ice fast. **VV**
- Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time** (1/93) The fascinating life and times of Mr. Playboy. **VVV**+
- Indochina** (1/93) History made easy by lovely Catherine Deneuve. **VV**+
- Intervista** (1/93) Irresistible if you're already a Fellini buff. **VVV**
- In the Soup** (1/93) The cinematic to watch is Seymour Cassel. **VV**+
- The Last of the Mohicans** (12/92) Senters. Indian wars and Daniel Day-Lewis in superstar form. **VVV**
- The Lover** (11/92) A French symphony comes of age gracefully. **VVV**+
- Mac** (See review) Turf wars and directs his own family saga. **VVV**
- Muhammad X** (See review) Black pride by Washington and Lee. **VVV**
- Now About Day** (See review) Pseudodocumentary without a muzzle. **VV**
- Painting the Town** (1/93) Confessions of a dedicated party crasher. **VV**
- Peter's Friends** (1/93) A holiday weekend with very brainy Brits. **VVV**
- Rain Without Thunder** (See review) If abortion becaze a crime. **VV**+
- Reverend Dags** (12/92) High death toll on a classic caper. **VVV**+
- A River Runs Through It** (11/92) Redford's fish story measures up. **VVV**
- Strictly Ballroom** (See review) A danceathon down under. **VV**
- Under Siege** (1/93) Excitement at sea with Steven Seagal. **VVV**+
- Used People** (See review) Widows, weirdos and women in love. **VV**+

VVV Don't miss
VVV Good show

VV Worth a look
V Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



Country singer **Randy Travis** has three VCRs—one on his new bus, one back in Nashville and one at his vacation home on Maui, where the Grammy winner likes to settle in with his

wife, job and catch up on flicks such as *Little Man Tate*, *Airplane!* and *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*. Still, Travis does most of his vid viewing on the road. "After a show I have a bite and watch a tape while we're riding to the next town." His favorite in-transit tapes, old TV shows—namely, his own country favorites, *Bonanza* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. "One year the guys in the band gave me a set of all the Andy Griffiths as a Christmas present. I used to watch it as a kid—the writing was wonderful and the show had good morals. Parents could learn from the way Andy handled Opie." —**JOHN CLARK**

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Antonia and Jane Women friends kick each other in grass-is-always-greener Irish comedy with Imelda Staunton and Saira Reeves. Carry on! —**TC**

Night on Earth Director Jim Jarmusch zeroes in on five taxi trips in five cities. The best. Roberto Benigni as a Roman cabby confessing carnal sins in transit. —**TC**

Passed Away A family death sets up the grips in an all-star wake with Bob Hiskins, Tim Curry, Pamela Reed and other tongue-in-cheek mourners.

Period of Adjustment Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton and Tony Franciosa work out marital woes in a lightweight tender-loving 1962 comedy based on a play by Tennessee Williams, of all people.

Strangers in Good Company Older women you've never heard of star in Cynthia Scott's funny, lovely, young-at-heart gem about a bus marooned in the Canadian wilderness. A charmer. —**BILLY S. McILAMMON**

NFL on the VCR

Can't wait for Super Sunday? Tackle the latest from Polygram/NFL Films.

Master Blasters Zooms in on the game's grunting, hard-hitting defense. Best blasts from the past: the lethal blows of the Fifties when head taps, spearing (helmet ramming), clotheslining (forearm blows to the throat) and ear bawks (vicious blocks in the knees) were legal.

Talk of the NFL What *They're Really Saying*: Wireless mikes eavesdrop on huddles, sideline psych-outs and trades in the

trenches. So what are they saying? Mostly it's just, "Let's kick ass!"

NFL Country NFL meets C&W with pugilist clips set to ditties such as the Kentucky Headhunters' *Hull Softly on The Heart of Man*. For the MTV crowd, there's *NFL Beats*, with songs by Mellie's camp, Boyz II men and Elton. (Lowes blows. In one *Beats* clip, a mascot lacks another smack between his goalposts. Ouch.)

NFL Kids *A Field of Dreams*: Four kids wish upon an NFL star and wake up on a football field with Bengal Broomer Eason, Cowboy Michael Irvin, Raulo Raulo and Chief Christian Okumu. Must see for ten-year-old directors.

Pro Football's Hottest Cheerleaders Get up close and personal with the game's prettiest personnel—from squad trivets to sizzling calendar photo sessions. (At pregame though NFL brass had OK'd the vid, they were withholding use of its logo. Boo, hiss!) —**GARY S. WINTER**

(All tapes available from Polygram Video. *SHANE*—**TC**)

VIDEO LIMITS

Face it, TV's *The Outer Limits* always lived in the shadow of *The Twilight Zone*. Not anymore, thanks to a bountiful OK collection from MGM. A (\$12.98 each).

Galaxy Being: Cliff Robertson makes contact with friendly alien, then the townsfolk get dysfunctional. Vintage Cliff.

Sadler: Violent warrior from future discovers love and other warm fuzzies in suburbia. Script by Marlon Ellison.

The Fishermen: Four wounded U.S. soldiers get superhuman smarts, then build a spacecraft though none of them knows why. Stars young Robert Duvall.

The Invincible: Twisted government men worship disgusting creatures and want the world to do the same. Unnerving script. (Celeb lookout: Richard Dawson.)

Alphamans: Six intergalactic soldiers are taken prisoner on planet Ebon, then put through bizarre alien tortures. Paranoid and creepy. Martin Sheen stars.

The Man with the Power: Midquelquist prof (Donald Pleasence) develops cosmic extrasensory powers, but emotional overload undoes him. Great special effects.

The Quater: Drifter wanders into spooky roadside mansion, finding out-of-time weirdos and alien brain in attic. With Gloria Grahame.

A Possibility Study: Aliens kidnap entire Beverly Hills neighborhood for slave labor. It should only happen.

—**REBECCA RAHMANN**

VIDEOSYNTHESIS

Eyes on the Prize: First six tapes from the 14-hour history of the civil rights movement. Also available on laser disc (PBS \$19.95 each).

True North: Aerial and time-lapse photography celebrate nature's masterpieces, from glaciers to forests to the aurora borealis. (Miramax \$19.95).

Gourmet Vietnamese Cuisine: Six vid recipes, courtesy of chef Rosalie Nguyen of New England's La Maison Indochinoise. Delectable. (Tour du Monde \$29.95 each).

VIDEO VALENTINES	
VIDEO	MOVIE
PUNNY VALENTINES	Depth Becomes Mar (Sheep and Mawn in black magic collage for Wiles, wicked visuals, awesome Isabelle Rossellini). The Graduate (35th-anniversary release of she's-pid-enough to be your mom high comedy tape's serious Q&A with Dustin and new Mrs. Robinson by the Lemonheads).
LETHAL VALENTINES	Babing Cain John Lithgow torments wife with help from psychics & his over-the-top Dapkins. Unholy Trinity crazy cop Ray-cello stalks Kurt Russell's old lady, genre: <i>Orthello</i> . Shakespeare's Lustful <i>distrustful Moor</i> in Orson Welles' long lost 1932 version.
BITCH VALENTINES	Two Peaks <i>Fire Walk with Me</i> Lynch reveals Laura Palmer's sex-and-mechanics TV show. Single White Female Jennifer Jason Leigh's Bigger Fonda's come from hell ward-strewn, the howl scene. Passion Ivy Drew Barrymore as a scheming Lolita (rated and unrated versions).
FRENCH VALENTINES	On the Sex Beaches Chabrol's 1962 St. Tropez sex-fraught letterboxed by <i>L'Amour</i> . <i>From Voyager</i> <i>The Cage</i> over <i>Pollux</i> (the boy meets boy classic, with new subtitles as well as an English sound track) and <i>Breathless</i> (ace transfer of Godard's 1960 Parisian romp, Seberg is still, well, breathless).

STYLE

THE URBAN SKIER

By ditching the banding colors and flashy stripes of seasons past, skater designers have opened up new terrain—the city streets. One item that's making its mark around the globe is Thermonox's steel-tone and black Copenhagen parka (\$510). Although it is relatively light weight, the Copenhagen features a high tech lining called DuPont Thermonox, which maximizes warmth. The Men's Work Jacket in the North Face shows here, also has a light weight look, but it's warm, rugged and the perfect complement to black baggy pants or jeans (\$385).

Looking for something more versatile? Spyder offers a one-piece ski suit, the Combus, which zips apart at the waist so you can wear be jackets and pants separately. \$700. And many of the ski pants from Columbia Sportswear feature zip-in linings sturdy enough to be worn on their own—we like the one a parka that's actually

four jackets in one (\$200). Finally, if you really want to turn heads, check out the Atom, a funky striped pullover from Bonnier's new Fire and Ice collection (\$230).

BACK IN THE U.S.A.

Like some of the bands that made this style famous in the Sixties, the Beatles boot is enjoying a revival. Originally black leather, ankle-high and sensually pointed at the toe, the boot has been updated for spring by white uppers, nudes or footwear. Na Na Shoes offers a leather Beatle boot with a staccato heel, rhinestones and a western print (see p. 1100). In Boot's version comes in polished calf leather with tapered toe and elastic side gores (\$195). Cole Haan's is made of woven leather with a square toe and removable strap (\$285). Church's English Shoes has an ankle boot featuring a jodhpur buckle on the side (\$250). And J.M. Weston's suede, round-toe paddock boot (\$460) was timeless as the Felt Boots.



HOT SHOPPING: TORONTO

That most cosmopolitan Canadian city—Toronto, offers miles of spending opportunities. We suggest you begin in the Block.

CLOTHES LINE

How does Carl Weather's moving production company, *Weather Production*, rate on TV?



SCENTUAL SCENTS FOR HER

Don't overdo originality on your Valentine Day gift: give her perfume. It's one of the few gifts that you'll enjoy just as much as she does. Here are some sensational choices. **Take One** The latest edition of the Chanel collection combines spicy woods and floral notes. **Burne** This powdery feminine fragrance is the new from Christian Dior. **It's a Mystery** Calvin Klein compares this fruity, floral fragrance to a spontaneous kiss. **Gucci's Clear** A sexy, earthy scent with spicy, floral undertones. **Shalini** This rare scent from Ralph Lauren comes in a beautifully hand-cut crystal bottle. **Cash** Just out from Giorgio Armani: Cash is a floral bouquet that's as refined as the designer's signature. **One of Your Chosen Fragrances** If you're about \$100 for the cost and will over \$100 for a half ounce of perfume. But that's nothing. If you really want to splurge, get her the \$350 **limited-edition V.E. Versace** a floral blend from Gianni Versace which comes bottled in hand-carved Baccarat crystal. Just make sure she sees the receipt.

STYLE METER

WORKOUT CLOTHES	IN	OUT
TOPS	Baggy, wide-neck sweatshirts, mesh and jersey tops in team colors, retro baseball shirts	Cynell T-shirts, neon colors, reversibles left over from high school
BOTTOMS	Long, eventized shorts, fitted sweatpants in classic colors such as black, gray and white	Skintight bicycle pants or shorts, baggy, plastic-looking suits, loud colors, bald prints
FOOTWEAR	Cross trainers, block high tops, sports sandals, solid white sweat socks	Tennis low tops worn to the gym, overly detailed leather sneakers, slouchy, colorful socks

NARAH AND I FELL IN LOVE
AT THE MOVIES.

INITIALLY, HER DIAMOND HAD TO
BE A REAL SCENE-STEALER.



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AGS is the only national jewelry organization that has been awarded the ISO 9001 certification for quality management.



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A diamond is forever.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

SINCE THAT FIRST Egyptian scribbled on papyrus, books haven't changed much. But now there's a movement afoot to replace (or perhaps augment) that package of pages full of printed text with glowing screens, computer diskettes and CD-ROMs. Like latter-day Luddites, some booklovers rail against this corruption. Computer nerds keep grinning at their VDTs, confident that the future belongs to them.

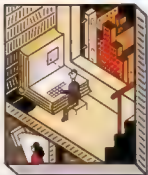
To see what lies over the horizon on this latest literary front, we decided to explore the brave new world of electronic books. The horizon, it turns out, is no farther away than your nearest Tower Records, where Aldous Huxley's classic *Braque New World* is available as a Voyager Expanded Book. On the same disk are his *Braque New World Revisited and Island*, and Neil Postman's jeremiad on the evils of TV, *Amusing Ourselves to Death*. Also in this electronic format are Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* (annotated by Martin Gardner), Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* and two dozen other titles, both recent and classic.

Expanded Books are \$19.95, which is less than the hardcover cost of their tree-killing cousins. The bad news is that you need a computer to read them. In this case, the computer of choice is an Apple portable Powerbook, though they will run on any Macintosh computer with a hard-disk drive and a 13-inch or larger monitor, a system that retails at about \$2500. Get past the financial hurdle and the fun begins.

The actual reading feels a bit awkward at first. Even computer users accustomed to reading text blocks while working with a word processing program will find the idea of "paging" through a novel on a backlit LCD disconcerting. But the ability to change the typeface of the text you are reading—or even more important, the ability to enlarge it—is a pleasant surprise.

The major benefit of these electronic editions is the flexibility to interact with the text on many levels by using annotation tools that are especially useful to students. You can "dog-ear" pages, mark passages with lines in the margin and with underlining in the text or "paper-clip" pages—just as you might do with a printed book. Additionally, you can type your own extensive notes in the margins, copy quotes into a notebook with a click of the mouse or read experts' annotations on different passages, such as those Gardner prepared for the *Alice* book.

Another useful feature of Voyager's computer-based texts is the ability to



Computer nerds explore the library from

The brave new world of electronic books is as close as the nearest Tower Records

find all occurrences of any word or phrase in the text or margin notes. For example, if you were halfway through a novel and could not remember the background of a character, you could click to his earlier appearances in the story and then continue reading.

The electronic version of *Jurassic Park* allows you to conjure up pictures of dinosaurs on-screen with sound effects of the growls and roars they may have made. This hunt—deliberately, I suspect—at the multimedia potential for creating "books" that are not limited to words on a page. Are you ready to take on Stephen King with visuals and sound effects?

A large student population is currently the most likely market for electronic editions because many students are already carrying laptop computers such as the Powerbook to make class notes. Also, the annotation tools are excellent for close analysis of text. Quite logically, Voyager has made an arrangement to create electronic editions of the Random House Modern Library classics, and the first ten titles are already available.

By comparison, Sony's entry in the electronic publishing area is modest. The DD-10EXB Data Discman player has a tiny screen and currently only three titles with audio features available: Grolier's *Electronic Encyclopedia*, Passport's *World Travel Translunar* and Ira Levin's *Sil-*

and less than half the cost of the Powerbook. But even with its handy automatic page turner, it is still a slow and clumsy way to read a novel. This unit is much more effective for information retrieval, which is the service emphasized in its 11 nonaudio electronic books. The Sony disc format holds the equivalent of 100,000 pages of text and graphics.

The simultaneous text-and-audio feature of the Discman makes it a useful tool for literacy and an excellent language guide. In the *World Travel Translunar*, phrases in eight languages including Japanese and Danish are provided in written form and pronounced by a native speaker. To practice your own accent, you can have the phrase repeated as often as wanted by pushing a button. There is potential for software development in this convenient hand-held unit which Sony needs to consider. It is more likely it will concentrate on the newly released Multimedia (J) ROM Bookman which can display video, text, graphics and audio simultaneously. But we don't see anything particularly bookish about this Bookman.

As the cost of ink and paper publishing rises and the ecological damage to forests increases, we will all be reading electronic versions of at least some of our newspapers, magazines and books in the future. One company, Booknik, is developing a device about the size of a notebook that will accept magnetically encoded text from a credit-card-sized storage device. To buy books, readers would simply insert their cards into vending machines in bookstores.

Beyond convenience and cost cutting there is also provocative potential for creativity in electronic books. The most exhilarating possibilities available right now are The Illuminated Books and Manuscripts from And Communications. But at a total hardware-software cost of about \$9000, they are too expensive to sell to schools by IBM, this dazzlingly imaginative package includes five documents—such as *Homer*, the Declaration of Independence and Martin Luther King's *Letter from Birmingham Jail*—and "illuminate" each of them with analysis, commentary and annotation of every sort. You can explore the linguistic, historical, artistic, social and philosophical aspects of these documents with simple interactive tools that use text, video and audio. We are quick to point out that the thinking processes are the same as those available to Shakespeare, but this technological enhancement of the reading experience is, in the vanguard, awesome.



MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

THE LOVE-HATE LIST

We'd like to have a drink with Larry Shandling. (Because *The Larry Sanders Show* is the smartest half hour on TV.)

Steven Meisel. (He knows what really went on behind the scenes of Madonna's sex book.)

We'd cross the street to avoid

Jackie Brown. (Don't preach about world peace unless you can keep the peace in your living room too.)

Naked Girl. (She's going bald sooner than a bald saint.)



HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT

Some grumps call him male bashing. We say lighten up. Dumb-men jokes are funny. In fact, since real men can take a joke, here are a few of our favorites.

Why are dumb-blond jokes not funny to men can understand them.

What's the difference between government bonds and men?

How can you force a man to do sit-ups? Take the remote control to his feet.

How many men does it take to fix a faucet? Two. One to get the yellow pages, one to dial the phone.

Why did NASA reject female astronauts? In case the crew gets into space, someone will be there to ask directions.

ARMED AND DANGEROUS

Gunmakers have isolated a new target audience: women. The number of women who own guns has doubled in the past 10 years. The latest figures show that nine percent of all gun owners are women. A new magazine, *Women of Guns*, has seen its circulation double in the past year. Gun adventure stories about women are popping up in the most unlikely places, including the venerable *Ladies Home Journal*.

DAD DID IT

You remember the images from men's movement gatherings: men baying at the moon, reciting tribal chants and weeping—all because they felt neglected by their fathers. The men's movement has lately received some unlikely company in the flash Dad department. In a forthcoming book, *The Father Daughter Dance*, authors Barbara Gougher and Joan Minunger cite the absence of the father during childhood as a key source of feminist anger. Gougher and Minunger see a special significance in the personal histories of several pillars of the women's movement. Both Germaine Greer and Susan Sontag wrote seminal works in the Seventies, both grew up father-deprived. More recently, Greer penned *Daddy, We Hardly Knew You*, detailing her search into her father's background. Gloria Steinem and Kate Millett also produced tomes that revealed much about their early abandonment by their fathers. "Perhaps it was true that for all their theories about the oppressiveness of the male presence," write the authors, "what had always been dry, cold, Germanic and Susan and Kate, and maybe a lot of other women, too, was really the oppressiveness of the male absence."



VALENTINE DAY QUIZ

It's Valentine's Day, and you're wondering if your relationship is as strong as it seems. Take this quiz to find out. The answers are at the bottom of the page. In light of this finding, and in honor of Valentine's Day, we developed our own take-home test of true love. Just agree or disagree with the following statements.

(1) I don't mind switching from the *Three Youngest Post* to *Madeira* Theater.

(2) It's not spaghetti, it's pasta.

(3) I love it when she comes to bed smothered in resin-A.

(4) It's easy for me to say, "I think that blow jobs are pucky, too."

(5) One word: masters.

(6) Calls at work about what to have for dinner are relaxing.

(7) I put the way my friends have mindless one-night stands.

(8) Saturday mornings were meant for housecleaning.

(9) My buddies are sex-obsessed boozers.

For each "yes" or "no" answer, write down a number. Add them up to see how you did.

If you agree with

0 to 2 statements: Mike Tyson has a better shot at getting a date.

3 to 5 statements: Lonely nights ahead.

6 to 8 statements: Break out the hair gel and check your Manner Card limit.

Heavy dating is in your future.

9 to 10 statements: You're in love! Don't panic—so were Woody and Mia and they got over it.

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VALENTINE DAY QUIZ

It's Valentine's Day, and you're wondering what your relationship is like. Take this quiz to find out. The statements below are based on the results of a survey of 100 couples. Just agree or disagree with the following statements.

- (1) I don't mind switching from the *Three Youngest Post* to *Madeira Theater*.
- (2) It's not spaghetti, it's pasta.
- (3) I love it when she comes to bed smothered in resin-A.
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(7) I put the way my friends have mindless one-night stands.

(8) Saturday mornings were meant for housecleaning.

(9) My buddies are sex-obsessed boozers.

For each statement, circle a number from 1 to 10, where 1 is a peach-colored Ladybug and 10 is a black and white cat.

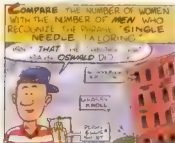
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HOT WHEELS

The new Chrysler LH cars are hot, and they say something terrific about American creativity and tenacity. The cars are good—no excuses needed. They drive right and they're full of thoughtful touches. Plus, they're man-size inside. A round of applause for Mr. Iacocca's cloning act.

REAL MEN GO TWO-DIMENSIONAL

Take heart, slackers: you have not been forgotten. A new comic strip by Jim Ryan details the lives of three young and distinctly nonrugged bachelors. This is not *Terry and the Pirates*. One character, Weasel (whom Ryan describes as "edgy, with a bad attitude"), works the copy machine in the bowels of a large corporation. Another character, Hank, "mostly watches TV right now," but Ryan claims Hank earns some money hanging drywall. And Sam, the star of the strip, lives a life where he's obligated to wear a tie.



company is trying to delude its employees that they are making a living wage." Ryan says, "I want to play off some of the stereotypes like the idea that men don't talk about their feelings. You can't get some guys to

shut up about their feelings." The world of *Gay Stuff* naturally includes a lot of stuff. Ryan periodically injects advertisements from the strip's fictional sponsors. One of our favorites is *Nongaur*, the second-rate razor for those days when you don't need to be girlfriend close.



LIP SERVICE

I've always suspected that women had richer, wilder fantasies than men. I must also add that I found them more capable of abandoning themselves more completely than men. In a good, healthy sense I would say to use an old-fashioned word: that they are more shameless than men.

—DENIS MCELROY

One of the things that we know historically and biologically is that males are designed to be relatively irresponsible.

—REPRESENTATIVE NEWT GINGRICH

"Being a man doesn't make you a better [pool] player. You should have seen me with my newborn changing diapers. Just because I was a woman didn't make that easier."

—PAM SUTKIN, THE WORLD'S TOP-RATED FEMALE POOL PLAYER

"If the kind of sex we saw in the movies happened every day who would go to the movies?"

—BRAD WHELAN, SCREENWRITER OF *Body of Evidence*

"Comparatively few fathers are committed to their children in the way that most women are. When men feel guilty, it is more often as husbands who do not do enough to help their wives than as fathers who do not do enough with their children."

—PENELPE LEACH PAUL HOLLAND

WHERE DO YOU STAND ON ABORTION, WOMEN IN COMBAT AND GUN CONTROL?

NOW YOU CAN TAKE PART IN A MANTRACK PHONE SURVEY

Has a pollster ever asked you a question? Have you ever read the results of a nationwide survey and wondered "Who answers these questions? That's not what I think at all." Mantrack wants to give you an opportunity to voice your opinion. Starting this month, we'll be asking your views on some important subjects. To give us your answers, call 800-NUM-8722 (the cost is only 75 cents per minute—and Playmate will tell you how to register your opinion. You must be 18 years or older to call and must have a touchtone phone. (The average length of each call is three minutes.) PLAYMATE operates the Mantrack Survey Line as a service to readers, and the price is low to give you an easy, inexpensive way to sound off. We'll publish the results, along with new questions, in subsequent issues.

This month's survey covers abortion, women in combat and gun control. Here are some of the questions you'll be answering when you call the Mantrack Survey Line.

ABORTION

(1) Under what circumstances do you believe that abortion should be legal? Should it be allowed on demand or only in circumstances such as rape, incest or when a mother's life is in danger? Or should it be illegal?

(2) Have you ever been in a relationship with a woman who decided to terminate a pregnancy by abortion? Were you in favor of this abortion?

(3) Should a man have some rights in determining whether his child is carried to term or aborted?

(4) Should RL-486, the French abortion pill, be made legally available in the United States?

WOMEN IN COMBAT

(1) In this month's Mantrack, former L.A. Times police chief Daryl Gates argues that women are fully qualified to serve in combat positions. Do you agree? If not, why do you think women should not be allowed in combat?

(2) Should women be required to register for the draft?

GUN CONTROL

(1) Should guns be legal? If you think gun control is needed, how stringent should it be?

(2) Do you own a gun?

(3) Have you ever been the victim of a crime involving a gun?

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By Marty Roper

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The controversy over whether or not women in the military should be sent into battle reminds me of arguments waged 20 years ago within the Los Angeles Police Department. The thinking then was that women did have a place in police work but not in the tough and tumble streets of Los Angeles.

When I entered the Police Academy in 1949, there was an addition to 80 male recruits, a group of 15 women. They carried guns with two-inch barrels in their purses, and when a fire erupted for guns with four-inch barrels, dropped their purses and pressed. Women were assigned to desks, just like men, and women's guns, and they were used as decoys to catch suspects but only if an arm of male cops had been established.

I never believed they should do anything more—or be promoted any higher. I was sure they were not strong enough, tall enough or tough enough to be charged with apprehending dangerous suspects.

How I came by those attitudes still mystifies me. From the time I was six, my mother worked 15 hours every day, never once complaining or causing my brother and me to feel neglected. Such was her strength of character that she made us want to do what she wanted us to do. So how did I develop an attitude that women had their place?

I wasn't alone. Throughout the Fifties and most of the Sixties, not much budged. The women knew their place, we knew their place and nobody questioned it.

A discrimination suit that was filed against the LAPD in the Seventies plunged the department into turmoil. The suit bounced around in the courts for years, with Chief Ed Davis fighting it. "There are times of the month," Davis finally declared, "when women just won't."

After I succeeded Davis as chief in 1978, the court ruled in favor of women, noting that the LAPD's physical standards could not be justified to the court's satisfaction. I remember one in particular. Police officers had to be able to scale an eight-foot fence.

"Can all women make officers to that?" asked the judge.

"Well, no. Not all of them."

"And how often is a police officer required to scale an eight-foot fence?"

"If it must be."

Personally, I fought the changing of the physical standards. I wasn't opposed to women, I was opposed to short people. I believe a five-foot-ten, muscular male is a far more commanding presence than one five-feet-three. But I was stuck. I loved the height requirement to five feet.

It didn't take long for women recruits to prove the obvious. Most can do what men do, and some do it better. This doesn't mean both sexes are physically equal. If you were to randomly

QUEST OPINION

BY DARYL GATES

select ten men and ten women recruits, you would probably find that seven or eight men would pre-qualify physically, along with two or three women.

But sheer physicality is not all that matters.

One night officer Stacy Lam was driving her 4x4 home from work when she realized she was being followed. In the trailing car unbeknownst to her were four hard-core gang members ready to steal her truck. When she reached her driveway and got out, one of the men, brandishing a .357 magnum, walked up to her. Stacy warned him she was a police officer. The guy no more than five feet away, shot her in the chest. The bullet nixed the lower portion of her heart, sliced her liver, destroyed her spleen and exited through the center of her back. With tremendous courage, she crawled out the truck, grabbed an nine-millimeter service revolver off the seat and calmly fired back at the instant hitting her assailant. He died and she survived by shooting three more rounds, killing him. She then collapsed. Despite the tremendous loss of blood and three cardiac arrests, Stacy Lam lived and was awarded the LAPD medal of valor.

A gun may be an equalizer. But it takes a certain amount of cool to know how to use one properly. Our women have proved over and over that they are just as action oriented as men.

The LAPD now has 1200 female officers. They ride motorcycles, take on suspects in high-speed chases, shoot to kill when necessary and perform as bravely and tirelessly as any man.

Problems of sexual harassment do arise. I have always had very little tolerance for men sexually harassing women. If some guy pinched my butt, I'd turn around and slug him. I believe women should be able to say, "F--- him."

again, buddy, I'll rap you across the mouth with my hammer. That's the kind of action that male officers would relate to and support.

The military may face different problems in integrating its combat forces. But I find the stirring-do platitudes of anti-generals sheer unadorned bullshit. Women have already proved that they can do almost any job and that some can do the job as well as, and often better than, some men.

Sell it to the military's job to win wars, and that must be the primary consideration. Women in the military, particularly in combat, require a commitment. That means more money and a more complicated organizational structure. But those problems only come thereafter be considered. Believe me when I tell you women can be cool, calculating killing machines if that's their assignment. If women can be accommodated, the military should put them to work.

In the LAPD, we were a little inconvenienced when we brought a woman in. It cost more to train them and to put in extra bathrooms and showers. But what we gained in loyalty, commitment, dedication and smarts was well worth the expense.



LET'S GIVE WOMEN SOLDIERS A CHANCE

when women just won't

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ROMANA CAMPBUCIA



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By ASA BABER

If you are an American male chances are you have been called a misogynist at one time or another in your life.

The charge of misogyny has been around for years now, and it is never a comfortable one to have thrown at you. How do you defend against it? And what can you say to those who so self-righteously stick it to you?

The first time the accusation of misogyny popped up in my life was in 1964 when *PLAYBOY* published a short story of mine. I was proud of my publishing luck, and I took a friend of mine into a bookstore near the University of Hawaii to see my work in print in a national magazine.

She was shocked and disgusted. "You sexist pig," she said. "Any man who publishes in *PLAYBOY* is a misogynist by definition." She then proceeded to tear up the magazine and scatter it across the bookstore floor.

OK, I confess. I knew she was pissed at me, but I had to look up the word so learn what it meant.

My dictionary defines a misogynist as "one who hates women." I consider it a valuable word, a necessary word, even if I do think it has been overused—and even if I think it cannot be fairly applied to me.

However, being the curious and troublemaking guy that I am, I often search through various dictionaries for misogyny's counterpart. What, I have wondered, is the word for those people who hate men? Does misogyny have a sister, and if so, what is her name?

The dictionaries I have checked define misogyny clearly and precisely. But, in most of them, misogyny's mate is harder to find.

Does this mean that our language is impoverished and politicized without our knowing it? Does it mean that men are left without a basic vocabulary for their own defense?

Fortunately, I met a man a couple of years ago who gave us some help. His name was Patrick M. Arnold. A Catholic priest, he wrote the book *Wildmen, Warriors & Kings: Masculine Spirituality and the Bible*, which came out in 1991.

The Greek word for misogyny's sister is *misandria* (mis-an-dree), yet one says that again: misandry.

What follows is the definition of



MISOGYNY'S SISTER

misandry from Pat's book. Maybe one day it will be in all our dictionaries.

Misandry (mis-an-dree) is a hatred of men. (1) the attribution of negative qualities to the entire male gender; (2) the claim that masculinity is the source of human vices such as domination, violence, oppression and racism; (3) a sexist assumption that (a) male genes, hormones and physiology, or (b) male cultural nurturing produce war, rape and physical abuse; (4) the assignment of blame solely to men for humanity's historic evils without including women's responsibilities in giving men credit for civilization's achievements; (5) the assumption that any male person is probably dominating, oppressive, violent, sexually abusive and spiritually immature.

As I read that definition, I recognized the truth of it. It made sense to me. And I realized how much I had needed that word to deal with some of the debates in my contentious world.

"Misandry is an ideological spin-off of extreme feminism," Pat wrote. "Its practice is by no means limited to women. Many men, full of self-hatred and guilt, also purvey it. Where it prevails, it pre-

sents a bizarre and Kafkaesque form of moral algebra to the males who live under it. Their very masculinity attaches to them a negative value. No matter how hard they try, no matter what they do to prove themselves, the best they can do is remove the minus male sign and work themselves up to an even zero: motionless, harmless and acceptable."

Misandry lives, in other words. That's just the way it is.

Now, at least, we have a more complete definition of it.

A question occurs, of course: When a man feels misandry's cold and clammy grip, what should he do about it?

I have some guidelines I use when misandry targets me.

(1) *When you see it and feel it, name it, at least to yourself.* The ultimate oppression is the oppression that has no name. When I men a lecture hall or TV studio or social situation where I feel misandry's perfected logic at work, I remind myself of what's happening: "Hello, misandry. I see you. I know what you are. I can name you now."

(2) *Denial sucks, so don't do it.* If people are placing a minus sign in front of me simply because I am male, better that I should spot it and name it than that I should ignore it and deny it. Denial is a cowardly act. It is also self-destructive. If I avoid noticing the minus sign attached to me, I set up a situation that will ultimately burn me.

(3) *Don't let it out.* Because you will never please your critics, even when you try. When you find yourself in one of those perpetual arguments about feminism and sex-related things, but male is such to you no good to capitulate to those misandrists who see masculinity as the root of all evil. When you are told that only men oppress and destroy and are aggressive, stand up for your sex. When you are told that only women are victims and on ly women are disadvantaged in this culture, don't buy that lament. Yes, you will probably be called a misogynist. But now you have a name to use in rebuttal.

Patrick M. Arnold, Society of Jesus, died a premature death in the fall of 1991. I miss him and I honor him. I think he gave us a great gift with his personal definition of a key word, and I hope we use it when we need it.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few months ago the Advisor ran a letter about multiple orgasms. I'm curious about a couple of things. How common are multiple orgasms, and are the women who have them different from women who experience just a single orgasm during lovemaking? P. L. St. Petersburg, Florida

Research published in the Archives of Sexual Behavior that studied 720 college educated female nurses found that 47.8 percent had experienced multiple orgasms via some method of stimulation. These methods included 26.1 percent via masturbation, 18.3 percent via petting and 24.7 percent via sexual intercourse. Of these, only seven percent had experienced multiple orgasms through all three types of sexual activity. In the multip orgasmic group, 34.7 percent reported that each successive orgasm was stronger, 16.1 percent that each was weaker, 35.1 percent that each varied in strength and 9.1 percent that there was no difference. The number of orgasms reported during a given multip orgasmic experience ranged from two to 20.¹ Now we know why nurses are so popular. The researchers tried to find differences between the multi and the solo. It seems that the more responsive women were more giving and receiving oral sex and using clitoral stimulation through finger pressure and vaginal stimulation through finger penetration during masturbation. They chose partners who give more nipple stimulation more clitoral stimulation and who allow women to come first. They were more likely to use sexual fantasies, erotic films, and erotic literature to enhance orgasm. The authors speculated that women who experience multiple orgasms are more sexually adventurous. It could be that being more explorative they continued stimulation after a single orgasm and thus learned to reach multiple orgasms. Alternatively, a desire to reach multiple orgasms may also have led women to experience a greater variety of sexual activities. Another factor, greater sexual desire, might account for both being adventurous and experiencing multiple orgasms. Can for it.

One of my friends has a radar detector that he uses only on long trips. He claims that they are of little use in the city since most speeding tickets are issued on interstates and thruways and that it's not safe to drive fast in the city anyway. Is he crazy? D. W. Minneapolis, Minnesota

Actually, he makes sense. John Lomelin and Drew Whalen, authors of *The Safe Motorist's Guide to Speedtrap* (available from Bonus Books, 1611 East Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611), make the same point. "Statutes show that 86 percent of all fatal accidents occur at speeds of 40 mph or less, and within a 25-mile radius of the victim's own home. (Not surprising, since most



driving takes place near home.) Under these circumstances, it's usually pointless to try to cut a few minutes or seconds off one's driving time. In fact, there's a strong incentive to drive a little slower than the law allows, to start out of the way of faster traffic and to allow extra room in the front and rear when it's necessary to slow to a stop. Some of the reasons for so much caution can be found on a list of the eight most frequent causes of fatal accidents on surface streets. They are: (1) Vehicles emerging from driveways or side roads without warning. (2) Merging or stopping without signaling. (3) Changing lanes without signaling. (4) Turning in front of oncoming traffic. (5) Running stoplights or stop signs at intersections. (6) Colliding with cars that have stopped for stoplights or signs. (7) Stopping within intersections. (8) Loss of control during unexpected braking or turning. (The first four are going when you meet up with one of these situations, the fewer options you'll have to keep from becoming involved, hence the wisdom of driving at or slightly below the speed limit on surface streets.) Note the fact that cops are busy writing tickets on interstates instead of judging the truly dangerous behavior on city streets is worth an entire sermon.

Help. I think I'm perverted. I love to go to a cheap motel and listen to people having sex in other rooms. I love to hear those squeaky beds creaking. What a turn-on. Am I weird? Also, I love dirty movies, but mostly I listen rather than look. Sometimes I can't help but look, but mostly it's the moaning and groaning that turns me on. When my boy friend eats my pussy it's the sound that makes me come. That slurping that sucking, that gulping. I'm getting

turned on just thinking about it. I've mentioned the motel trip to a few friends and they all think I'm sick. But I say it's harmless, safe sex. A. D., San Francisco, California

Years ago we wrote about using a Sony Walkman to make oral sex. Your partner could listen to the sounds through headphones when you place the unit close to the action. As for being turned on by sound, why not? Sex is part friction, part fantasy. There are only so many nerve endings and so many ways to touch them. By opening up your mind to psychological stimulation, the sounds of sex can pump up the volume. We know one artist who created an installation of boom boxes, incense burners, hand-held tape recorders, CB radios and full-scale stereos—each blasting out a separate sexual encounter taped from movies, telephone sex and real life. It was an aural infidelity that still echoes: Why not make your own?

Would you please touch on the basics regarding sadomasochistic behavior? My girlfriend and I were on the beach near Montauk Point, Long Island. It was rather secluded. After swimming in the ocean, we went back to our blanket to towel off. While doing so, I rolled my towel into a "rattail" and through I intended to give her just a love tap, I managed to produce an audible snap-whip-like snap. The towel barely kissed her muscular ass, but that was enough. Her entire body went taut, she turned to face me, her eyes squeezed shut, her lips puckered small and tight, she felt the pain. I just stood there. I didn't know what to do. Then her lips curved slightly upward at the corners and she whispered in a challenging tone, "Didn't hurt." Her defiant statement earned her one on the other cheek. It had the same effect. She drew a long deep breath through her nose and said, "Take me home." We packed up, drove home in silence and took showers. When I stepped out of the shower, I was confronted by my smoking girlfriend in her birthday suit. She rolled the towel she had in her hands and tried to whip me with it, but it only wrapped around my knee. She giggled and tossed the towel at me and said, "Your turn." She then turned around and placed her hands on the door frame, legs spread apart. I repeated the action that had taken place on the beach earlier, leaving matching marks below the ones already there, being a college lacrosse player. I was well practiced in such locker room antics. She took the towel from my hands, put it around my neck and dragged me into the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed and began sucking my cock like a champ. At times she had my entire cock in her mouth—

she'd never been able to do that before. While she was doing this, I spanked her. The harder I spanked, the more enthusiastically she sucked me. By the time I came I was spanking her so hard my hand was hurting. She swallowed every drop of come she could suck out of me. This is a girl who repeatedly told me she would never swallow—that it was too gross to even think about. So what gives? Why did the pain turn her on? Is it psychobiological, biological or just physical?—S. E., Chester, Pennsylvania

OK, America, are we hot yet? We don't think we need to touch on the basics regarding sodomite behavior; your letter pretty much covered them all. I partner thrived at being a sexual outlaw—and you, in new territory. She set the pace, directed the action and you both enjoyed the result.

Recently, I bought a mountain bike for commuting around town. I like the fit, tires, the handling, the look. But one of my cycling friends tells me that I should change tires—that knobbies don't work around the city. What's the scoop?—J. P., Boston, Massachusetts

Most people who buy mountain bikes never leave the pavement. For that matter, neither do those guys in the 4x4 urban assault vehicles. You buy the look, not the function. How friend u right. Knobbies are not the best for pavement—they bump and offer greater rolling resistance. If you want to improve commuting performance, go to your local bike shop and check out designer tires. Specialized offers a dozen fat-free designs, from all-out dirt to city slicks. The semiskids and full slicks are somewhat narrower than mountain tires, they run on a higher air pressure, offer less rolling resistance and are faster than knobbies. You can even buy Kevlar models to resist punctures and the occasional gunfire.

A buddy of mine heard a rumor that not all TVs labeled "stereo" are really stereo. Is that true?—D. W., San Diego, California

When the government authorized stereo TV broadcasting, it specified only the transmission system. Zenith designed the stereo transmission system incorporating dbx noise reduction. To properly receive stereo, your TV needs a dbx chip, which means the alt manufacturer must also pay a small royalty to the creators of the chip. The dbx counters at a few manufacturers figured they could save a couple of bucks per set if they substituted their own chip for the dbx chip. With out dbx, the TV reproduces enhanced monostereo. This fraud occurs only on sets with screen sizes 27 inches or smaller and without the Sublimity Audio Program feature normally found on stereo sets. Check for mention of dbx on the back of the TV, on the instruction manual or in the sales literature. If you're still puzzled, call the manufacturer. Don't let them get fresh with you. Any stereo TV without dbx is a lemon.

I am a 22-year-old male in the Army. I've enjoyed the last year of my life over the past few months with my girlfriend who is also in the Army. She is 19 and she's but she is very bold sexually. A few weeks ago we tried sex in the moon pool. While we were working on an engine, she put her hand on my crotch and kneed me. We went into the tool room and closed the door. She bent over the work bench and I entered her from behind. It was fantastic. Seconds later, someone knocked on the door. We hastily dressed and opened the door—to two supervisors who gaped at us suspiciously. We got them to accept that we were just looking for something so that they wouldn't file a report. When they left, I smiled and sighed in relief—but my girlfriend found the whole experience embarrassing and has been upset ever since. She now refuses to have sex in places where we could be caught. I really miss the excitement and our sex is not all that it used to be. What can I do to get her back to her old self?—P. B., Davis, California

Your girlfriend's hesitancy u understandable. Ranks are can be fun, but getting caught by someone who might file a report is different from scaring the horses or the innocent punners. If you want to try this again, pick a truly secluded place—out in the desert, deep in the forest or up in the balcony during a retrospective of Army training films.

I buy subscriptions to plays at all the local theater companies. A radio station has advertised the broadcasting of a series of plays to be presented at the same time. I'll be at the theater. How can I record these two-hour plays on my audio system while I'm out?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois

You sound like a David Mamet addict in need of a fix. Fortunately, your question applies to normal people such as rock concert and opera fans as well. There's no need to drag your VCR over and connect it to your audio system. You can record for more than three hours on ordinary audiocassettes. You have two options. Buy a dual-transport, autoreverse cassette deck that records on both transports. These start at about \$150. Near by alt models include a timer-start setting. They spend \$20 on an electronic timer that is similar in function to the one in your VCR. Plug the deck and your receiver into timers into the timer. Load the deck with two 90-minute cassettes (or the new 110-minute metal-tape cassettes), select record and timer-start, program the timer and leave. Or buy a monocomponent system or deluxe boom box with dual tape recording transports and a built-in clock timer. Follow the script in the instruction manual.

Several months ago I started doing my aerobic routine in my health club's pool rather than using the treadmill because it puts less stress on my already aggra-

vated knees and ankles. But the club's exercise instructor says that while water exercise is easier on my joints, I'll never be able to get my heart rate up to the level I achieve on a treadmill. Is he right?—G. G., New Haven, Connecticut

Exercising in a pool is less vigorous, reducing your heart rate by about ten beats per minute. The water not only slows down movement, it also keeps your muscles cool, so your heart doesn't have to work as hard pumping blood to carry heat away from the skin. Water aerobics may be easier, but if it's the cardiovascular rush you're after, hit the beach.

Even though condoms as a method of birth control have a pretty high rating for effectiveness, accidents do happen. What if one should break in the middle of sex?—M. C., Puerto Island, South Carolina

Whatever you do, don't panic. Scientific estimates place the chances of pregnancy from a single unprotected encounter at not greater than 10 percent. Since that's probably a little comfort, Michael Castleman's book "Sexual Solutions" offers several steps to take to minimize the risk. I use spermicidal condoms. The spermicide will likely neutralize any sperm that might leak out. Keep some foam on hand and insert three or four applications as quickly as possible to kill sperm before they pass through the cervix. Douching is not recommended, as it may increase the risk of pregnancy by pushing sperm through the cervix.

After a two-year relationship with a woman who was determined to turn me into someone I'm not, I've fallen in love with a woman who accepts me for who I am. It feels great and I swear my penis has grown larger. I thought that was impossible. Am I seeing things?—W. G., Mt Pleasant, Michigan

Not at all. Maximum attainable size can't be changed, but average size depends on blood flow into the organ, according to San Francisco sex therapist Lillian M. de. Blood flow, in turn, depends on relaxation. The more relaxed you are, the more blood flows into your penis, and the larger it becomes. Hot water is relaxing, which is why penises usually look larger after showering. Feeling accepted in a relationship is also relaxing. Your penis is simply showing its appreciation for your new lover.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advice Playbox, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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CLINTON AT THE BARRICADES

as inauguration looms, the president faces some hard realities. for starters, we can't blame tokyo or welfare for the lack of jobs

opinion By **ROBERT SCHEER**

This is the season of beginnings. And President Bill Clinton's inaugural speech will reverberate with references to a new world order and America's place in it. The talk will be about challenges from Tokyo, Hong Kong and Frankfurt in the competition for jobs, consumer markets and industrial orders, and how to put America back to work.

But if you want to know what's really going on in the world economy, start with a trip to Camden, New Jersey. This town used to be part of the industrial heartbeat of America. Now, 60 percent of its people live on welfare. As I discovered on a recent trip, its once vibrant factories are boarded up, its formerly bustling boulevards are desolate and a proud population of blue-collar workers is permanently unemployed. Most of the poor here are black, it's an old story—last hired and first fired. But the startling mark of our most recent recession is that white workers now outnumber blacks on the welfare rolls.

The problem in Camden, as in the rest of the nation, is that decent-paying manufacturing jobs have fled overseas. According to Labor Department estimates, 5.6 million American workers were laid off over the past five years. (As I write this, General Motors has proposed laying off as many as 110,000 workers.) Most were white and were never considered members of an underclass. The death of Camden and other industrial centers is not a matter of race but of jobs—good jobs.

A president can observe the landscape of despair in Camden, visible through out America—and do the easy thing—blame the victims. You've heard the pitch: All those black underclass people are coddled by an overly generous welfare system. Why should they work when they live so well on the dole? Bull. In real dollars, welfare pays 60 percent of what it did 20 years ago. It leaves a family 50 percent to 70 percent below the poverty line.

Contrary to much opinion, the poor did not wall themselves into existence through bad behavior. Welfare mothers have two children, just like the national average. The vast majority are on the rolls less than a few years and most of their offspring, despite the myth, do not go on the rolls when they are adults.

It is also a lie that the poor on welfare are responsible for our unbalanced budgets. Welfare accounts for a pitiful one percent of federal and 3.4 percent of state budgets. It is unseemly that politicians who looked the other way while the savings and loans robbed us blind for billions went to rack and ruin struggling mothers with kids.

What's the alternative? The hard-headed and hard-hearted neoliberals around Clinton will push the panacea of job training and job creation while threatening to eliminate from welfare those who don't comply. It may sound good to some, but it won't work. Clinton attempted this in Arkansas for 12 years and it failed there. Sure, thousands of mothers went back to school, but the cost of getting someone of grade-school education up to snuff for high-paying jobs is prohibitive. And when the jobs exist they are snapped up by middle-class kids with advanced degrees. What Clinton was able to do was to temporarily force some people off the welfare rolls and in to low-paying jobs at chicken processing plants. But they returned to welfare because such jobs pay too little to sustain family life and generally don't provide medical insurance.

The issue is not welfare, but jobs, and here is where the president faces a great challenge. If Camden had the old good jobs back, there would be lines around the block. Suddenly people would know how to get to work on time and hold the job. The problem is no one thinks those jobs are coming back. As New Jersey governor Jim Florio, who used to represent Camden in Congress, told me:

This isn't a traditional cyclical recession that we're in. We are going to have to move to a higher plane and that entails being able to have community colleges, technical programs and other skills needed to get jobs.

No one can oppose the expansion of educational opportunities that Florio and Clinton propose. But don't expect too much. The federal government spends \$650 million a year in job-training programs with only spotty success.

So what is to be done? Face up to the reality that the fed economy is never coming back and that no amount of job training or hand wringing about job cre-

ation will change that. We are no longer the dominant economy in the world, able to market everything we make. That was an accidental consequence of World War Two, which temporarily destroyed our industrial competitors.

We are now a normal country that must compete as an equal among equals. In some things we do very well, and in others we are not so hot. We are no longer very efficient in steel production but we do dominate the world's burgeoning entertainment market. Biomedical technology and computer software look similarly strong. People connected with the industries that fit into this world market will make out like bandits. Many will work for them in service jobs ranging from banking to housecleaning. And a significant number will not fit in at all.

This is a prescription for growing social disorder unless these increasingly sharp class divisions are somehow muted. The solution is for the productive people—say the Hollywood producers—to pay a higher rate for the services they obtain, say from the Latino housekeeper who cleans his house and raises his children, a civil black maid or social justice bar those who profit in the world market need to pay salaries at home to purchase some social tranquility. After the Los Angeles riots it should not be difficult to argue that an expanding outlaw class born of poverty will destroy us.

Unlike the sixties' promised golden parachutes—and other windfalls of the Reagan Bush years that left the rich richer and the public treasury depleted—the bottom of the working poor won't vote much. What we should be talking about here is what every western European nation has been doing for some time—guaranteeing a decent minimum standard of living to all.

As the Democratic Party platform proclaimed, "Someone who works should be poor." Clinton should remember that commitment—the tens of millions of working poor who voted for him in unprecedented numbers, instead of heeding the calls of lobbyists for well-heeled special interests. Most special interests now artfully swing for Clinton's attention, remained loyal to Bush to the end.

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IS SEX AN ASSUMED-RISK SPORT?

taking responsibility for what occurs during lovemaking

A young man water-skiing barefoot and backward strikes his head against an overhanging tree limb. He sues the operator of the boat.

A young woman joins in a half-time game of touch football. One of the players steps on one of her fingers. After three operations, she loses the finger. She sues the offending player.

A softball player sprints to catch a ball in a field covered with goose droppings. He slips and then sues the town for not exercising reasonable care to make field conditions safe.

All these suits failed. Judges held that in each the participants knew and "assumed the risks inherent in the game."

The concept is fairly easy to understand. A person looks at any voluntary activity riskier than checkers and says, "What did you expect? You knew the odds." If you knowingly participate in a sport or other type of activity that is dangerous, you cannot recover damages for any resulting injury, even if the other person was negligent.

Now, here's the million-dollar question: Is sex an assumed-risk sport? And its corollary: Who's responsible when you have unprotected intercourse?

The issue: When someone has an infection and does not tell you, is he or she trying to cause intentional injury? Is it reckless "outside the range of ordinary activity involved in the sport"? Does someone with a sexually transmitted disease have a legal duty to protect a partner from the particular risk of harm?

A few widely covered legal cases have addressed these points. Michelle Tish Carter, a waitress at a comedy club in Los Angeles, sued Robin Williams for \$6.2 million, claiming that he gave her herpes. Neither had inquired whether the other had a communicable disease before taking to bed. (Williams denies having any sexually transmitted disease.) That case was settled out of court.

Marc Christian charged that Rock Hudson had unprotected anal inter-

course with him and that Hudson had not mentioned his AIDS. Christian himself did not test positive for AIDS. Even so, a jury awarded him \$5.5 million from the Hudson estate.

One wonders if the roles were different—had Robin Williams been a struggling waiter sleeping with a struggling waitress or had Marc Christian slept with another rich man's houseboy—would there have been these suits? Most likely not.

There are however as many as 31 million Americans with herpes. How

New York Times: "It's almost as if you're talking about a sexual assault because without that information, a person can't give true informed consent to intercourse."

If knowing about the herpes virus isn't enough to make you use a condom, if knowing that you could catch a fatal virus such as HIV isn't enough to make you use a condom, will knowing that you'll be able to suffer in luxury make you behave differently? Will Michelle Tish Carter tell her next lover that she has herpes? Or will Marc Christian mention his exposure to AIDS?

There have been fewer than 20 civil lawsuits involving transmission of AIDS but more than 500 criminal prosecutions. The courts seem clear: If a person with HIV continues to have sex after learning he or she is infected and does not inform his or her partners, that person is a threat to society though the problems of proof are great.

When law and sex meet, it is to the detriment of both. We like the notion of sex as an assumed-risk sport. We would prefer to believe our partners are healthy, that we've chosen well and been attracted to an infection-free soul mate. Barring that, we cling to the idea that our partners will be open and honest in any discussion about their sexual status. Ethically there is no question that a person should inform a partner of risk. Realistically,

The presumption, of course, is that a person would be aware of any infection. But the herpes virus can be asymptomatic, while HIV can take months to show up on an antibody test. Since an infection can be passed on unknowingly, the risk to both partners remains the same, even after a meaningful dialog.

Ultimately the responsibility for protecting yourself lies not with your lover, your lawyer or a judge and jury. It's your life, protect it. If you are going to have sex, don't do it barefoot and backward.



many do you suppose knew the person who passed it on was infected? In the past two decades, there have been dozens of lawsuits against lovers who exchanged the herpes virus, an incurable, though nonfatal, lifelong companion. Because of this characteristic, the injury to the plaintiff is more evident than with STDs curable with antibiotics. Judges by and large are sympathetic to the victims. If a partner kept silent about herpes, or lied when asked, he or she erred.

Lawrence Gostin of the American Society of Law and Medicine told *The*

R E A D E R

HIGH JINKS

After reading "Infidelity Chic" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), I see the sexes are still at odds. Isn't it conceivable that someone can have an affair because it feels good and not simply as a manipulation of a partner? Occasionally, the adjective love is correct with the word affair. In our lives there are few experiences that produce the excitement that comes with an affair. However, with the excitement also comes tension. Although there is the potential for disaster affairs still flourish. So adulterers either are in denial or feel the payoff is worth the risk. Anyway, shouldn't we take it easier on ourselves? Affairs needn't be about relinquishing or asserting sexual power; often they're just powerful sex.

Judith E.
Silver Spring, Maryland

South Korea held public hearings to determine whether the government should drop adultery as a crime. The justice ministry argued that the existing law suppressed personal freedom, but conservative women's groups supported a provision calling for fines and a year in prison. So here are the alternatives: fella the free-wheeling wives of Dalma Heyn's *Endre Silence* or bread and water with your kumchi.

William Cox
Wilmington Delaware

JUST SAY NO

After reading Hugh M. Hefner's article "Just Say No" (*The Playboy Forum*, November), I am left with the impression that Hefner does not think much of Republican leaders. Repression, prohibition andtribution are terms he used to describe Republican presidential agendas, including the war on drugs. The irresponsible use of alcohol is reason enough to restrict other, more harmful drugs from being legalized or freely used. Hefner would also like the government to stay out of our bedrooms. I'll be perfectly happy to go along with him when my tax



FOR THE RECORD

FOR WHOM THE DRUG TOLLS

Andrew Sullivan, writing in *The New Republic*, offers an explanation of why the drug ecstasy is so popular with both gay and heterosexual clientele. The obvious explanation is that it's cheap and fun. But, as also, I think, the latest wrinkle in plague psychology. As an antidote to anxiety, the drug has truly found its perfect market. Ecstasy seems to be able to provide instant intimacy, intimacy without fear, either of disease or commitment. It acts as a depressant of sexual desire, accelerating a more aesthetic, formalized emotion. But, just as who has never known sexual ecstasy without fear of death, which comes to this generation, it allows for pleasurable purposes, which is companion replacement, and retains a historically deepened sense of loss, however brief, the service of communities where sexual intimacy is a luxury, rivaled only by becoming someone's HIV. For all these reasons, it is as ubiquitous as it is unsettling. It happens along that we care for unanchored sadness, an ear-muffler for the white noise of death.

It's a rare is longer spent on treating the fatal diseases, but people transmit behind closed doors. One must not come apart at the seams. What we need is a truthful analysis of the problems and rational solutions. And Mr. Hefner, a little bit of optimism wouldn't hurt.

Stephen Anderson
Mount Kisco, New York

BORDER PATROL

I read with interest both Barry Brown's letter and your comment on Canada's new rape-shield law ("Proof Positive," "Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, October). The amendments made by the justice minister still appear inadequate to prevent the law from breaching certain articles of the United Nations International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. Specifically, these articles require all persons to be equal before and under the law and ensure that everyone charged with a criminal offense shall have the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty. To require a rape suspect to prove his innocence would be a breach of this fundamental right under both Canadian law and the covenant. The law could be challenged before the U.N.'s Human Rights Committee, which monitors the application of the covenant. Women may need additional protection with respect to rape, but it should not come at the expense of basic human rights for all.

David Yarwood
Acot, England

THE BIG SCORE

Where can I get a copy of the *Purity Test* reported on by Shane DuBow in the July issue ("The Unofficial Collegiate Sex Quiz," *The Playboy Forum*)?

Timothy Lett
Irvine, California

The *Purity Test* is found on most campus computer bulletin boards. Typically, the test can be printed after you sign on, or you can pass a notice asking for a copy of the test.

COURT JESTERS

As chronicled in the article "Hate Speech" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), the definition of free speech will continue to be rewritten by a conservative Supreme Court. This could be of particular significance to the music industry. With musicians such as Ice-T and Sade Soulag advocating violence, the judiciary will inevitably be called on to evaluate the artistic merit of such work. The deciding factor will be

FORUM

R E S P O N S E

whether the justices find such work to be a constitutionally protected form of expression or merely fighting words not to mind.

Michael E. Tagliaferri
Thousand Oaks, California

NAMING NAMES

The ACLU observed the 1992 Banned Books Week with its first annual Arts Censors of the Year list. Recognized for their tireless efforts on behalf of censorship and suppression, the group of right-minded honorees are in a class by themselves. The ACLU list included Anne Imelda Radice, acting chair of the NEA, the Duval County Florida Public School District for removing 17 books, including *Snow White* and two novels by Stephen King, from school libraries in the past year; Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin for advocating sex-crime victims' compensation legislation; and the Reverend Donald Wildmon for "a lifetime of desecration to the United States Constitution." Perhaps the awards will help people recognize censorship when they see it.

Carl Mitchell
Bethesda, Maryland

SKIN FLINT

I never thought I'd see hard-core feminist Andrea Dworkin paired with *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, but a recent libel decision did just that. The supreme court of Wyoming ruled that Flynt had the constitutional right to call Dworkin a "repulsive presence," a "loudmouthed abusive man hater" and a "shit squeezing sphincter." Dworkin, whom Flynt also called "a crybaby who can dish out criticism but can't take it," filed suit. Despite her contention that Flynt's statements were defamatory to her, the court described Flynt as prone to "rhetorical hyperbole" further stating that as a critic, Flynt has a right to express his opinion about the meaning of her work. I agree with Flynt Dworkin, who's made a career out of man bashing, should get a grip and stop whining.

Joseph Taylor
Crestwood, Missouri

DOWN BY LAW

The Fifth & Ninth Circuit Court in New Orleans renewed my faith in the judicial system and the strength of the

Constitution by striking down the state's criminal ban on abortion. The 1991 Louisiana law banned all abortions except those performed to save the mother's life and in select cases of rape or incest. A three-judge panel ruled that under June 1992's U.S. Supreme Court's decision, the law violated a woman's right to seek an abortion before the point when a fetus can survive or as the courts put it, have its ability outside the womb. Thank God the Constitution's viability is still more what it was.

Amanda Green
New Orleans, Louisiana

Knowing it's a long-standing opposition to the death penalty, here's something you might find of interest. A federal district judge in Chicago ordered the resentencing of a man on death row on the basis of a study done by Hans Ziesel, a former University of Chicago law professor who died in 1991. Ziesel's study indicated that as many as 75 percent of jurors don't understand parts of the instructions given in death-penalty cases. Seventy-five percent is an overwhelming statistic. Imagine its significance when you're staring at an electric chair.

Mary Morgan
Mary New York, New York

OPERATION SCAPEGOAT

Want an example of the military's idea of cause and effect? Remove sexually explicit publications from base stores, and sexual harassment cases such as the Tailhook scandal won't occur. Pentagon officials are considering whether an outright ban of all sexually explicit publications would raise First Amendment issues. You can not restrict one specific kind of publication on the basis of one (or several) opinions about what is or isn't appropriate for adults to read. Perhaps if the military brass were paying more attention to the kinds of values they instill in their young recruits, they would have less time to stick their noses where they don't belong.

Ed Walson
Cincinnati, Ohio

The epic saga of the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his attempts to censor Paul Vule's Emmy-winning documentary *Damned in the U.S.A.* is hilarious. The irony of Wildmon's censure of an anticensorship project certainly isn't lost on those of us following the case. What's up with it?

Leanne Sanders
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Excluded in legal proceedings and exposed for more than a year, *"Damned"* finally opened in October at the Directors Guild Theater in Los Angeles. The U.S. Appellate Court in New Orleans, which ended the stalemate, pointed out that many of the film's images that Wildmon objected to were actually used in the American Film Institute Association's effort to raise funds and rally support for its cause. We congratulate *Vale Britain's Channel Four* (which picked up the legal defense tab) and anticensorship supporters worldwide.

We want to hear your point of view. Send reactions, information, opinions and queries to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response PLAYBOY 600 North Lake Shore Drive Chicago Illinois 60611 Fax number 312 951 2919



Send your comments, letters, and photos to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, Playboy 600 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. Fax: 312 951 2919. We'll publish your letters in the next issue of the Club. P.O. Box 3407, Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

THE LAST

the legacy of supreme court justice thurgood marshall

The article was adapted from "Dream Makers: Dream Breakers: The World of Justice Thurgood Marshall," by Carl T. Rowan, to be published by Little, Brown. Rowan is a nationally syndicated and award-winning journalist whose relationship with Marshall spanned three decades. As Marshall's fierce passion for individual rights succumbed to the conservative majority, he was particularly eloquent in their defense, as his diaries illustrate (see sidebar). Few knew Marshall as Rowan did, or could chronicle the intimate details of the life of this Supreme Court giant as well.

To try to write a book about the world of Justice Thurgood Marshall is tantamount to trying to write the social, legal, economic, political and moral history of this nation over most of the 20th century. Marshall's life encompasses the violent years of the great black migration out of the postbellum South, the years of frightening powers wielded by the Ku Klux Klan, the years of the Great Depression and of economic recovery, a postwar black revolution in the courtrooms and streets of America and a counterrevolution led by politicians who were and are determined to break the dreams of liberty that Marshall and black Americans embrace.

No one watched with greater interest and concern than Marshall, just four days after his retirement, when President George Bush announced he had decided to nominate Clarence Thomas to become the 106th justice of the nation's highest court and the second black person to serve there. Marshall has been circumspect in not criticizing Thomas publicly, but in a moment of sudden candor when the vote confirming Thomas was final, Marshall said to a close friend, "We've gone from chicken salad to chicken shit."

For 24 years Marshall gave to the Court something the humiliated and caricatured Justice Thomas will never deliver: a credible moral pressure on

other justices that sensitizes them to the rights of long-abused minorities, impoverished criminal defendants and pregnant women. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor wrote of Marshall in the *Stanford Law Review*: "His stories reflect the perspective of a man who immerses himself in human suffering and then translates that suffering in a way that others can bear and understand. He is

justice and fairness, in the written opinions of Marshall. But anyone who shared a few shorts with him, or engaged in a truly informal interview, realized that he had a special knack for bringing the majesty of the law to the level of the needs of a common Ameri- can, of whatever race, color or financial circumstance. Marshall deals with legalisms only when the strictures of his profession forced him to. His preference was to talk about law and justice in terms of every man's understanding of what is decent and fair.

It was this Marshall that the other justices saw inside their sanctimonious, their conference room. They came to know a Thurgood who could be just as prim, proper and scholarly as he felt he needed to be to prove his right to sit there, but who could suddenly be as rambunctious, irreverent or outrageous as he needed to be to make the other members of the Court understand that they didn't know a damn thing about being a poor pregnant woman, white or black, living in Appalachia or the poor east precincts of the District of Columbia, with no fancy hospitals, no highfalutin doctors, no medical technology to nourish the futures of babies lacking in their undernourished wombs. Marshall could make the other justices understand what it meant to be poor and poorly educated, cheated in almost every level of life and suddenly having to face the awesomeness of a courtroom appearance on a charge genuine or trumped up, without a relative who knew how to speak up, or dared to, or a lawyer well enough prepared to protect that person's rights.

"The trouble is," Marshall said of racism, "if you haven't been a Negro, you don't understand. They think you're just sensitive about something. Well, let's find out what you're sensitive about. When you're not eating, or you can't find a place to sleep, sure you get sensitive."

The stereotypical assumption was



'What do you do if you execute a man illegally unconstitutionally and find that out later? What do you say?' (lops)

a man who sees the world exactly as it is and pushes on to make it what it can become. No one could avoid being touched by his soul.

When the man talks, you sense a fierce pride of self and race that made it impossible for him to sell out the rights of black people just to become a dinner favorite at the White House or anywhere else.

We may discover a special sense of humanity, a common man's sense of

GOOD MAN

By CARL T. ROWAN

that Marshall would stand out on the Court as a barrier against racial discrimination. He did. Few people expected that Marshall would become a towering symbol of all the fundamental reasons why the United States came in to being. He was the Court's premier challenger of the powers of the sovereign of the state, to trample the rights of the people, especially those people without wealth, social clout, political power or any of the armor needed by a citizen under the siege of oppressive bureaucrats.

He possessed an instinct for the critical fact, the gut issue, often cloaked in a witty aside. "There is a very practical way to find out whether a confession has been coerced: ask 'How big was the cop?'"

As a special kind of torture for Marshall, the principal at his Baltimore high school would banish the big ne'er-do-well teenager to the furnace room. He would give Marshall a copy of the Constitution and tell him to memorize it. Harsh punishment, but it gave Marshall his first knowledge and understanding of a document that would become central to his life. One admirer of Thurgood Marshall has written that "he used the Constitution the way that Moses used the Ten Commandments."

In 1987, when the country fell into what some regarded as an ill-informed orgy of celebrations of the constitutional bicentennial, Marshall delivered a back-to-basics speech:

"I do not believe that the meaning of the Constitution was forever 'fixed' at the Philadelphia Convention. Nor do I find the wisdom, foresight and sense of justice exhibited by the framers to be particularly profound."

"To the contrary, the government they devised was defective from the start, requiring several amendments, a civil war and momentous social transformation to attain the system of constitutional government and its respect for the individual freedoms and hu-

man rights we hold as fundamental today.

Marshall's dedication to the First Amendment without which he felt the Constitution was no great document at all, showed up in a wide variety of his opinions.

More than any other justice on the Court during his tenure—with the possible exception of William Brennan—

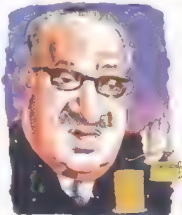
Marshall also worked to preserve even extend the liberties of white people of every citizen in the land, when he argued that the state could not decree what Americans could read or watch in the privacy of their homes.

Marshall wrote a ringing defense of privacy for the Court in *Stanley vs. Georgia*, a case involving a man who had been prosecuted for possessing obscene films. Justice Marshall rejected the argument that watching obscene materials in the privacy of one's home might lead to criminal conduct. "The state may no more prohibit mere possession of obscene matter on the ground that it may lead to antiscientific conduct than it may prohibit chemistry books on the ground that they may lead to the manufacture of homemade spirits."

Marshall fought government uses of unwarranted searches and seizures, unprecedented electronic surveillance or tainted evidence. He stood up for the rights of the accused, no matter how impoverished, to representation by a competent lawyer and for sentencing procedures that were not skewed in favor of the rich and intolerably against the poor. He struggled, vainly, to pull America away from the emotional belief that eye for an eye executions would somehow wipe out crime. He cried out against discrimination against women in the job market and in most other areas of American life.

Some of Marshall's crowning moments on the Court involved a woman's right to make her own decisions as to whether or not she would bring a child into this world. The Court's records indicate that no justice ever supported a woman's right to choose as uncompromisingly as did Marshall.

In *Roe vs. Wade* and *Doe vs. Moher* and *Pellier vs. Doe*, Marshall repeatedly tried to educate the Court and the country to the human dimension of abortion decisions. In *Pellier*, Marshall said, "An unwanted child may



"I think a man's home is his castle and if his home is his castle his bedroom is the middle of it. Nobody snoops around in my bedroom."

Marshall fought to expand the concept of the right to privacy and freedom of expression.

He worked as hard as any justice on the Supreme Court to expand the parameters of free speech and the other protections of the First Amendment. Since his appointment, he has issued decisions against government censorship, against racial discrimination in housing and in many other

IN DISSENT

by Henry Louis Gates Jr.
 Thurgood Marshall

overweight body
 with his nose
 stuck up in
 the air, looking
 through his
 pince-nez
 tubed in

Harrisburg
 one January, 1968
 against Attorney
 General Ramsey
 Clark, who said

that desegregation "brought
 the prejudiced sentimentality
 of the New American civil
 rights movement back to
 the streets of the South."
 He said that "it is
 not today's fight, but
 the cause of the Negro
 nation's racial discrimination
 and segregation that
 must be fought."
 "Race has nothing to
 do with the Negro," he
 said. "All we need to do
 is to find a way to
 deal with the Negro
 community that is
 based on race."

Justice Marshall said
 "The Constitution's guarantee
 of equal protection is
 not a mere promise
 that the Government
 shall not discriminate
 against the Negro
 citizen. It is a promise
 that the Negro citizen
 shall not be discrimi-
 nated against by the
 Government."
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New York, *NY*, April 1998

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be disruptive and destructive to the life
 of any woman, but the impact is felt
 most by those too poor to ameliorate
 those effects.

The enactments
 challenged here brutally coerce poor
 women to bear children whom soci-
 ety will scorn for every day of their
 lives. I am appalled at the ethical
 bankruptcy of those who preach a right
 to life that means, under present social
 policies, a bare existence in utter mis-
 ery for so many poor women and their
 children.

In the late Seventies the sense of the
 power and glory of being a Supreme
 Court justice began to fade for Mar-
 shall. He saw the impact of the depar-
 ture of Earl Warren, the efflux of the
 more conservative Warren Burger and
 of Republican appointments to the
 high tribunal.

Marshall's dissenters began to take on
 an edge of anger, sometimes outrage.
 But in his public utterances he stifled
 most of the fury that was welling up in-
 side him. He did not betray his feeling
 that political change toward activist
 conservatism threatened to wipe away
 every protection that he had won as a
 civil rights lawyer for the "ordinary
 people" of America.

But in 1979 Marshall decided he
 could no longer anguish in silence. In a
 May 27 speech to the annual meeting
 of judges and lawyers of the Second Ju-
 dicial Circuit in Pennsylvania, he at-
 tacked the Supreme Court, according
 to *The New York Times*, "for affording
 insufficient protection to constitu-
 tional rights."

Marshall would lapse back into silent
 deference for the customs and tradi-
 tions of the Court and then, when it
 was least expected, let go another ver-
 bal cannonade. His rights, even his
 dreams, were spied by his sense that
 some of the justices were ripping gap-
 ing holes in the safety net he had
 helped to build.

The years 1990 and 1991 became the
 most frustrating, angering, disillusion-
 ing years of Marshall's legal life. A
 string of Supreme Court decisions
 challenged, and mostly ran counter to,
 everything he had fought for as a
 lawyer and judge. It was clear by this
 time that the Court fashioned by Rea-
 gan and Bush had tilted dramatically
 in favor of the police, and that the
 clamor for law and order was prevail-
 ing over Marshall's interpretations of
 the Bill of Rights. But the changes in-
 volved much more than crime and the
 police. It was a new era of police powers.

As a result a series of Court de-
 cisions involving infringement of

individual rights, the gray-haired civil rights warrior ticked off 17 "endangered precedents." Among these, he said, Americans could expect the Court to overrule *Roe v. Wade* which said a woman has a constitutional right to abort a pregnancy. (Noted Main in *Parade*, in which the Court upheld an Alabama federal judge's decree that the state promote one black state trooper for every white trooper promoted in order to remedy "long-term, open and pervasive discrimination against blacks. *Poff v. Wilmington* in which the Court said the Eighth Amendment forbids execution of the insane. *Metro Broadcasting v. FCC*, in which the Court upheld Federal Communications Commission regulations setting audio broadcast licenses for minority applicants.

The law-and-order fever that swept America in the Eighties produced a ground swell of opinion in favor of victim-impact statements. These were to be read before a jury that was to decide whether someone convicted of a particularly heinous crime would get a life sentence or the death penalty. Beyond his absolute rejection of the death penalty, Marshall found revolting the idea that a jury that already knew the character of the crime and the criminal should be emotionalized at sentencing time by relatives' telling of their anguish. In his days as a lawyer, Marshall had seen numerous black men consigned to death, not by intellectual or legal considerations but by pure racial emotion on the part of jurors.

When the victim impact issue arose in 1987 in *Booth v. Maryland*, Marshall was on the winning side of a five-to-four vote that relatives could not be allowed to put on heartrending theater before jurors in hopes of inspiring a death sentence. In 1989, in *South Carolina v. Gathers*, Marshall again was in the majority in a five-to-four decision to forbid victim impact statements.

The decision that destroyed Marshall's hope, broke his spirit and heart, was *Payne v. Tennessee*, decided six to three on June 27, 1991. It, too, was a victim impact case.

On June 27, 1987, in Madison, Tennessee, Perry Tyrone Payne murdered 28-year-old Charvise Christopher and her two-year-old daughter Lacie and attacked her three-year-old son, Nicholas, who miraculously sur-

vived. In the sentencing phase of the trial, the judge permitted the state to bring in Charvise's mother, Mary Zvolanek, who told the jury how Nicholas had been affected by the slayings of his mother and sister.

The jury imposed a sentence of death. Payne appealed, arguing that Zvolanek's highly emotional statement to the jury violated his Eighth Amendment rights. The Tennessee Supreme Court held that the state judge was right in allowing the victim-impact statement. Payne then appealed to the Supreme Court, producing one of the

in this case could not constitutionally be introduced during the penalty phase of a capital trial. By another five-to-four vote, a majority of the Court rebuffed an attack upon this ruling just two years ago.

"Neither the law nor the facts underwent any change in the past five or years. Only the personnel of this Court has."

Marshall transferred to his dissent. "This truncation of the Court's duty to stand by its own precedents is astonishing. The majority sends a clear signal that constitutional principles are

implementing the personal liberties protected by the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment are open to reexamination. The continued vitality of literally scores of decisions must be understood to depend on nothing more than the prejudices of the individuals who now comprise a majority of this Court."

No one could read his final dissent without sensing that Marshall was an angry man, bitter toward some of the most recent arrivals on the Court, frustrated by his knowledge that he couldn't change them, worried that his seat would probably be filled by a black man who would ally himself with the most menacing whites that Marshall had ever confronted in the Court's conference room.

Thousands of encomiums eulogized Marshall as the protector of the poor and of other outcasts of America—of every color and origin. Many of his great victories seem enduring, some are eroding under the assaults of virulent conservatism and a few of his victories appear to have been Pyrrhic.

Some people may idolize him while others despise him, but there is no disagreement on the fact that Marshall had a profound effect on the legal and social freedoms of the people of America and the world.

Whether in the courtroom or in his personal life, Marshall never pretended to be other than what he was: driven, sometimes compassionate but often ornery, hardworking, hard-cussing and sometimes hard-drinking, hard to get along with under pressure but self-effacing and graceful in triumph.

He has left us all a legacy of greater freedom.



"If you're going to do what you did two hundred years ago, somebody's going to give me short pants and a tray so I can serve coffee."

most divisive brawl in the history of the high tribunal on the issue of victim impact statements. Late in the 1990-1991 term it became obvious that the Rehnquist Court was going to use the Payne case to trample the legal principle of *stare decisis*—that is, once the court decides on an issue, it becomes a law that Americans can count on.

Two hours before Marshall announced his retirement, he released his dissent which said, "Power, not reason, is the new currency of this Court's decision making. Four terms ago a five-justice majority of this Court held that victim-impact evidence of the type at issue

FORUM

NEW S F R O N T

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

STIFF TICKET

LOS ANGELES—An officer with the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department backed an allegedly parked late model Cadillac. No big deal. That is, until word leaked



out that the officer had reached in the driver's window and put the restraints on the dash—without noticing that the driver was dead. In the officer's defense, sheriff's department spokesman Sergeant Ron Spurr said, "He never looked in the car where the victim [was] seated." Why not? He was worried that a person nearby was a gang member who was going to attack him. It's the new David Gates community relations school at work.

UNREPORTED RAPE

MEMPHIS—A study of male rape victims who sought treatment at a sexual-assault center in Memphis indicates that fewer than two percent of the estimated 13,000 men raped every year report the assault to police. A University of Tennessee researcher estimates that one in 11 males and one in five females nationally are sexually assaulted in their lifetime, usually in childhood.

DICTATING DEATH

WASHINGTON, D.C. More than 10,000 pregnant women died and 200,000 children ended up in orphanages after Romania went "pro-life" in 1986. According to

a report in the American Journal of Public Health, illegal abortions caused Romanians' maternal death rate to soar and unwanted children to flood the country's institutions during the 23-year period when Nicolae Ceausescu's government tried to increase the population by outlawing abortions and contraceptives.

A VOTE AGAINST HOMOPHOBIA

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY—By a vote of four to three, the Kentucky Supreme Court struck down a state law against deviate sexual intercourse with another person of the same sex. Citing guarantees of privacy and equal rights under the Kentucky constitution, Justice Charles Leshon declared that just because a majority of citizens "finds one type of extramarital relationship more offensive than another does not provide sufficient basis for maintaining the sexual preference of citizens."

WEIGHING ANCHOR

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—As if the 1991 Tailhook sexual-assault scandal weren't enough, maybe the Navy is on hot water again. Top brass recently learned that Naval Air Station officers who had signed a 1955 pledge never to fraternize with sailors or shipboard training partners. In another incident, a 17-year-old female clerk at the Naval Academy bookstore took offense at being a "hooker" to a magazine officer. Moreover, she laughed at the director of her flight instructor's office. She had come to his office to report a violation of the store's reading material. "In retrospect," he said, "I should have looked at it myself." In response to all the flak, the Navy is writing up a toll-free sexual-harassment hotline to offer "advice and counseling."

NEW AIDS TEST?

BERKELEY, CA—California's company has applied to the Food and Drug Administration for a license to market a relatively inexpensive urine test for HIV infection. Anticipating a huge market among insurance companies, the military and private-sector employers, the Alameda Biomedical Corporation explained that urine as well as blood contains HIV antibodies but not the virus itself and thus would be safer to handle than blood in routine

screening for AIDS. It's safer for health technicians, but privacy advocates are worried about the broader implications of such an easily administered test.

IN YOUR GENES

WASHINGTON, D.C. Most Americans do not support an absolute right to privacy regarding personal medical conditions. Responding to a survey commissioned by the March of Dimes Birth Defects Foundation, a majority said that not only spouses and others directly affected but even insurance companies are entitled to know about carriers of genetic diseases. But most voters more than 40 percent liked the idea of gene therapy to improve the physical characteristics or intelligence level of children, which would amount to a form of the eugenics or genetic engineering reminiscent of some Nazi attempts to create a genetically "pure" race.

BOMBS AWAY

WALPOLE, WISCONSIN—AIDS activists protested Wisconsin's nonmedical ban on condoms for prisoners by dropping a load of rubbers into a state penitentiary from a



small plane. Authorities at the maximum-security prison spent two days rounding up the foul-wrapped contraband but allowed local citizens to harvest the many packets that overflowed their mark and littered the surrounding neighborhood.



Don't ever let
anyone
 monkey with your swing.

Ted Williams

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

DANNY DEVITO

a candid conversation with the five-foot giant of the movies about his "taxi" ride to fame—from handdresser to the penguin to "hoffa"

In Hollywood, some ha-... begins calling him the new Robert Redford. He doesn't have the height (he... or the track record, but if his... from TV star to big-screen... big-screen director is any measurement, then Danny DeVito can surely stand tall with the Redfords. He is one of an elite group of artists to find success both in front of and behind the camera. A diminutive dynamo (he stands five feet tall), who began his double duty as actor and director only five years ago, DeVito took an important step last month with his most ambitious project to date, *Hoffa*. Twentieth Century-Fox's \$42-million epic starring Jack Nicholson as Jimmy Hoffa, the Teamster boss who disappeared in 1975.

It's not as if DeVito was doing poorly as an actor. After breaking onto the big screen in 1973 in the small but memorable role of Mr. Martina, the lead mental patient in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, DeVito headed into a five-year stint as Louie DePalma, the lovable loner who managed traffic at a cab company on the hit sitcom "Taxi." Although he won fans and captured an Emmy for his interpretation of the post-sexed patasha, in 1983 he was dispatched to his last job. The series was canceled.

DeVito returned to the movies—and he's

been there ever since. After solid supporting performances in James Brooks' *Terms of Endearment* and the Michael Douglas-kathleen Turner adventure movies *Romancing the Stone* and *Jewel of the Nile*, DeVito began to carve a niche for himself in the parts he played. Borrowing elements from his beloved *Taxi* character ("There's a little bit of Louie in everybody," DeVito admits), he combined them with personality quirks unique to each new role. DeVito was perfectly bombing as Joe Piscopo's sidekick in Brian DePalma's less-than-successful *Wargames*—he was at his funniest best as the hateful Sam Stone, who plots the murder of his wife (Bette Midler) in 1986's *Ruthless People*—he played a convincing aluminum-siding salesman in Saxxy Baltimore on Barry Levinson's *Tin Men* (co-starring Rick and Dave) and he even pulled off the role of Arnold Schwarzenegger's long-lost but not-so-identical brother in *Texas*.

In 1987 DeVito made his most important career move. Having nurtured for more than three decades the dream of film directing, the starlet playing with home-movie cameras as a child, DeVito made his feature film debut with the dark comedy *Three Menzies from the Train*. He also agreed to act in the film—co-starring with Billy Crystal as a vengeful schizophrenic bent on killing his dom-

inating mother. The plot of *Three Menzies* may have made audiences wince, but it also won them over.

DeVito's next directorial effort was another stabler, *The Wives of the Rovers*, a creepy divorce story that retained him—as director and fellow actor—with Douglas and Turner.

Rovers was DeVito's pitch-black come-ude to marital disharmony; he played a divorce lawyer culminating in a jarring finale that found Douglas and Turner crashing to their deaths atop a falling chandelier. The film's far-from-happy ending helped reaffirm the role bestowed on him by longtime friend Douglas: "the prince of darkness." It's a sobriquet DeVito doesn't exactly reject—but one he doesn't embrace either. "What do you call dark humor?" he asks. "Anything that's not light?" After *Rovers*, he concentrated on acting, playing Larry the lapidator, the handsome corporate takeover artist in *Oh, er People's Money*.

In keeping with his wiser side, DeVito portrayed the Penguin in last year's *Batman Returns* as a character more in keeping with the original comic-book creature than Burgess Meredith's TV-series villain. And later this year he'll star in a film called *Jack the Bear*. "The movie's about a widower who's the host of a late-night TV horror show," he says. "It's also about his two sons



The movie isn't a whitewash. It's Jimmy Hoffa, warts and all. From what I've learned, Hoffa may have made a great president—not of the Brotherhood of Teamsters but of the United States.

When I walked in to do a reading for *Taxi*, I found the script there on the coffee table and said, "Who wrote this shit? I thought that would be a good play to get the part of Louie." And it worked.

"I guess I always wanted to be a star. I sat in the movie theater and said, 'I can do that. But I never really admitted it. It would've been like, 'Hey, are you crazy, Danny? Who do you think you are, Larry Grant?'"

the monsters that you carry inside you and the real ones that exist walking around the street."

But from now on, the yardstick by which DeVito's success will be measured is "Hoffa." Featuring what he calls a "cut" of this sound, the film promises to be controversial with a portrait of Hoffa that goes beyond the cardboard image of tyranny. "A label DeVito argues is not conventionally associated with the union boss. It's a gambler, he's not a real really have to take from Joseph Monahan. 'Cicopatria' to Mike Lee. Monahan's films are often less interested in a film's historical accuracy than they are with being entertained. Yet with Hoffa, DeVito insists he has satisfied both criteria.

Born in Neptune, New Jersey on November 17, 1944, and raised in nearby Asbury Park, DeVito is the youngest of the three children of Daniel and Julia DeVito. By the time he was 16, he was a streetwise Italian kid who could run with twenty boys, two gangs of straight pool, the local pool hall was owned by his father. "I'm not that age. DeVito was enamored with movie-making and shocking people. One night he and some buddies gathered in front of his dad's pool hall. They fought a loud argument that ended with one boy pulling a gun and apparently shooting a second boy. A black truck that belonged to the father of the third member of the crew then whisked them all away. "We hopped in and burned rubber and off there," DeVito recalls. "And everybody's still standing there with their mouths open. DeVito had directed and filmed the entire phone shoot-out. He titled it 'A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."

After high school, DeVito started working as a gardener, then as a boulevard styling hair at his sister Angela's salon. Realizing that more money could be made by learning the art of commerce, he applied for a makeup course at New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. In order to enroll, DeVito had to audition with a monologue, then take acting classes if he was accepted. He was accepted and, in no time, performing had replaced cosmetics.

In 1970, DeVito landed the role of Martin—a greedy, lustful slob—in the stage revival of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." He was a show-up for the role in the subsequent film. While performing in another off-Broadway show called "The Shrinking Bride," DeVito met actress Rhea Perlman, who had been in the audience one night. Within two weeks, DeVito and Perlman were living together, they were married 11 years later. By then, both had become television stars—DeVito on "Taxi" and Perlman on "Cheers." Today they have three children: Lucy, age nine; Grace, seven; and Jake, five.

To interview the often elusive DeVito, PLAYBOY sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with the actor-director on the Sony Pictures lot in Culver City, California. Linderman's most recent Playboy interview assignment was last July, when he interviewed DeVito's "Batman Returns" nemesis, Michael Kea-

ton. Here is Linderman's report.

When we met DeVito, as hard as work editing Hoffa. He hoped to show how our interview session in this fifteen-minute burst—just 1:00 to 1:15 p.m.—over matches in the Sony community. I got there early the first day and noticed that as DeVito's arrival in the room, throughout the room suddenly became silent, waiting, expectant. That's how quiet it became as he walked along.

When he sat down and crossed his hands—and after he ordered his customary first course—a bowl of matzo ball soup—I expected to be talking with a guy who had a lot in common with Louis (in Palms) of Tax, Sam Stone of Rialto, or even the main character of "The War of the Roses." I was dead wrong. DeVito was nothing of all like the mean and manipulative he'd made famous. During our first session, in fact, he was reserved to the point of being almost emotionally incapable of talking about himself.

"But once I was able to get DeVito to an outdoor pool table, and especially to relax, some of it in what is known as the Sony lot as 'Cutter's Alley'—he had a much easier time opening up. But make no mistake, he's

"Hoffa did what he had to do, and as far as I could see, he really didn't do anything illegal."

still very different, except when he's working. If we guess that as soon as he truly decides that interviewing can be interpreted as a worthwhile aspect of filmmaking, he'll show down journalists, and which way he wants just as Louis would.

PLAYBOY: You just finished acting in and directing Hoffa, a film that honors a labor leader who most people believe was corrupt. When this interview is published, the review will already be in. Do you think you'll be accused of doing a whitewash?

DEVITO: No, because the movie isn't a whitewash. It's Jimmy Hoffa, warts and all, and I don't go over on anything. Certain things are known about Hoffa. He was incredibly dedicated to his friends; he was extremely loyal to his wife and his family. In my opinion, from what I've learned about him, Hoffa would have made a great president, not of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters but of the United States.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a reach, isn't it?

DEVITO: Well, Hoffa was there on every issue on every deal. He was clear as

clear, could be on every single thing about his union. I think he was an honest guy. He just looked you in the eye and dealt with you the way you dealt with him.

Before I started this movie, I had the same impression of Jimmy Hoffa: a lot of people have—that he was the head of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, that he had ties to the Mob and that he disappeared from the face of the earth. What I didn't have any idea about was the kind of twenty-four-hour-a-day guy he was. Hoffa cared more about working men and women than he did about anything else. He was an incredible leader who was there all the time for anybody who needed him and who selflessly gave himself over to the Teamsters. He did all of this in a heroic way.

PLAYBOY: Did you research Hoffa's life extensively?

DEVITO: I did, yeah. After becoming interested in the screenplay by David Mamet, I got more interested in Hoffa himself. So I read everybody's opinion of him.

PLAYBOY: What did the research tell you?

DEVITO: It seemed as if everybody knew him, everybody was his best friend and everybody killed him. Everyone was there when he died and everyone knew exactly where he was buried. It got to be fascinating. But I ended up feeling that Hoffa did what he had to do, which was to take care of the people in the union. And as far as I could see, he really didn't do anything illegal.

PLAYBOY: A number of Las Vegas casinos were financed by Teamster pension funds. That may or may not have been illegal, but it certainly was questionable.

DEVITO: Right. But under Hoffa, the Teamsters built a lot of things, including hospitals in the U.S. and orphanages in Israel. Still, we focus on the casinos. What's wrong with the casinos?

PLAYBOY: In theory, nothing, except that some of the people who owned them were mobsters.

DEVITO: Before those casinos could be built, there were hearings in Nevada. Those hearings included people such as the governor of Nevada, who was pretty high up to be the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: Indeed, you go into this project with the conventional notion that Hoffa was at least shady.

DEVITO: Absolutely, that he was a hood, that he was a gangster in the title. In fact, he lived a simple life. There could be some president, if the International Union was in the same business in which he and Hoffa's wife, Josephine, raised their children. She was in the labor movement as well. They met in a poker hole. People have always believed he was a thingy-a-guy who was sucking money in his pocket. People say Teamster money built the casinos in Las Vegas, and that every time someone gambled there, Hoffa was making money. That isn't

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Source: U.S. Census Bureau, *Marriage, Divorce, Remarriage*, 1993.

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true. The Teutister loans Hoffa made were legal loans, whether he was loaning money to a man or a group of people or an organization. And the returns to the people in the unions were enormous.

PLAYBOY: Most people would respond to that by saying, "Look at the kind of characters he was loaning the money to."

DEVITO: You're talking about the people he was in business with.

PLAYBOY: They weren't exactly the charitable type.

DEVITO: So are we now saying that every body who does business with people in Vegas is a criminal? That's ridiculous just because a man makes a loan to a person thought to be a shady character does that suddenly make him guilty? I don't think it works that way.

PLAYBOY: You don't anticipate a reviewer saying, "Here's a film that goes easy on Hoffa and tries to make him a good and strong man?"

DEVITO: The movie doesn't go easy on anything. As I said before, this is not a whitewash of Hoffa. It is Hoffa.

PLAYBOY: Warts and all.

DEVITO: Warts and all. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Why did you cast Jack Nicholson as Hoffa?

DEVITO: Jack's a brilliant actor and he was always at the top of my list. When I mentioned to him that I was doing the movie, he was in the middle of filming *The Untouchables*. He was busy and I didn't know if I had a shot at him. In a lot of ways, it's uncanny how much like Hoffa he is. Jack's trustworthy, dedicated to his art and dedicated to his friends. And, like Hoffa, he's also Dutch-Irish. Everything checked. So it was like, bingo! Let me have Jack.

PLAYBOY: Want to say anything about how he did?

DEVITO: Jack is one of the hardest-working actors I've ever had the pleasure of being associated with. He works constantly and he plays hard, but he is totally dedicated to what he's doing. I don't believe there were five minutes during the day where he wasn't working while he was on the set. Jack likes to improvise and really dig into his characters, as he did in *Hoffa*. I think you'll agree that it is one of his finest performances.

PLAYBOY: Good enough to be nominated for an Academy Award?

DEVITO: My expectations for him are very high.

PLAYBOY: What are your chances of getting nominated for directing the film? Do you think you have a shot?

DEVITO: I have high hopes for that, too. I want to be worthy of recognition by my peers. But, mostly, I just want the audience to enjoy the movie as much as I do.

PLAYBOY: Would you be shocked if all these nominations actually came about?

DEVITO: Probably, yes. Very shocked. It's just one of those things. You watch the Academy Awards when you're a kid—it's thrilling to watch them—and you can't

imagine what it would be like to be there.

PLAYBOY: You and Nicholson go way back, don't you?

DEVITO: Yeah, we've been friends since 1974 when we filmed *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. This will be the fourth movie we've done together—*Backlash*, *Next of Kin*, *South Term*, *Entrapment*, and now *Hoffa*. After *Backlash*, we've recommended me to a lot of directors ever since he did a job. When he did *Midnight Breaker*, he recommended me to Arthur Penn. Penn didn't hire me, but I appreciated what Jack did. He's a very kind guy and I've always admired him as a human being and as an actor. We're from the same neighborhood in New Jersey—he's from Neptune and I'm from Asbury Park, which is a mile or two away. We didn't know each other growing up, but a cousin of mine was real close to Jack's sister. Always used to hear about him. We'd be sitting around in a coffee shop and there'd be talk about this young kid Nicholson who went to California to become an actor.

PLAYBOY: Was that part of the reason you chose to give acting a shot?

DEVITO: No, I just remember hearing about him.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you started out as a hairdresser working with your sister Angela and then decided to become a Hollywood makeup man?

DEVITO: Well, I don't know about Hollywood, but yeah, I wanted to learn makeup. My sister owned a shop and I was doing hair there. I knew I could make more money by branching out and doing makeup. The only problem was that I didn't know where people learned how to do that. One day, I saw an ad for a makeup course offered at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. So I drove up there and talked to a woman who was the Academy's makeup artist. She said, "Oh, I can teach you how to do theatrical makeup. I can also teach you how to do regular makeup." I said, "Well, what kind of a deal can I make with you? I can't come during the day because I'm working in the shop." She said, "The only way we can do this is if you enroll in our night school." I asked, "How do I get in?" She told me, "You have to audition with a monologue." A few days later I did a monologue and was accepted. So I began commuting from Asbury Park to Manhattan.

PLAYBOY: At that point, had you thought about becoming an actor?

DEVITO: I was a big movie fan, and I guess down deep, I always wanted to be a movie star. You go to a movie and see an actor and you relate to him. You say to yourself, "I can do that." That's who I am. In *Clint Eastwood*, I'm Edward G. Robinson. In *Peter Lorre*, depending on who you are, you know. Thinking back, I'm sure there were times when I sat in the movie theater and said "I can

do that." But I never really admitted it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DEVITO: Because it would've been like "Hey, are you crazy, Danny? Who do you think you are, Cary Grant?" So it wasn't something I went after. When I got admitted to the school, I concentrated on makeup. I was there only for that. But I had to take all the other classes, too.

PLAYBOY: You obviously liked them.

DEVITO: Yeah. And then I read a play in two and did scene studies, and pretty soon I got hooked on acting. So I had to break the news to my sister that I was going to New York to become an actor.

PLAYBOY: You wanted out of Asbury Park?

DEVITO: Asbury Park was a great place to grow up, but it was time for a change. New York was always my favorite place to be. My father was from Brooklyn and every summer I'd go back there for a month. My cousin would come to Jersey in July. He would spend a month with us, and then I would go to Flatbush for the month of August. Those Augusts were the best times of my childhood. I did more Hackberry Finn things in Brooklyn than I did in Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: Flatbush was all swamps. We used to build rafts and light the catfish and float out in the middle of the weeds and listen to the crickets—it was great. That was in the Fifties.

PLAYBOY: How long did you study at the American Academy?

DEVITO: Two years. I finished up in 1966. Then I got a job right away in summer theater. That was good because, by then, I enjoyed getting out of New York. I went to the Eugene O'Neill Foundation in Connecticut for a while and did a play there. That's where I met Michael Douglas. He was a hippie on a motorcycle and we became good friends.

PLAYBOY: What happened to you and the stage?


DEVITO: When I thought of acting, it was always him acting. I was reading installments of *The Godfather* in *The New Yorker* and when I found out that Richard Brooks was going to make the movie, I thought it would be great to get a crack. I wanted to pay Perry Smith. So I flew out to Los Angeles hoping to meet Brooks with the idea of having a little after a little and then my idea of the role. When I got out here and finally got to see the casting director, the party was already over. Robert Blake played Perry Smith and did a wonderful job, and they were getting ready to shoot the movie. I didn't have any ideas they were so far along. But it was a nice trip and I wound up staying around Hollywood for almost two years. Sunset Strip was fascinating, but after a year and a half or so, I hadn't found any work as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think you had made a terrible mistake?

DEVITO: No, never that. I was never



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came time for me to say to my two lies, they were important to me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your career as an actor. I told Zan, how would you characterize the roles that you played?

DEVITO: Mostly comic. Like Hog in *Guns South*. I don't think my role in *Cuddles Next* was a comic role, though there was some humor in Martin's quest for sexual satisfaction. Then there was *Terms of Endearment*, which was my first serious role. But Zan was a real comic role. I just saw a great episode where Iggy, Chris Lloyd, gets another job as a door-to-door salesman. He goes into a woman's apartment with his attaché case and says, "Does your vacuum cleaner really work? Does it really pick up as well as it should?" And the woman says, "I'm not sure." And Iggy, in his pair of dithers, her rug and says, "Will your vacuum pick this up?" She says, "Well, I think so." Then Iggy says, "But what about this?" And he takes milk, butter, grease and ketchup and grinds them into her rug. And she says, "Oh no! Is your vacuum cleaner going to get all this out?" And he says, "That's why they call it the Miracle Vacuum." He turns his back, opens his attaché case, pulls out a book and says, "Is there anywhere I can plug this in?" Then he does a double take and says, "Oh God, I didn't get the vacuum cleaner job, I'm selling encyclopedias!"

PLAYBOY: How did you land the role of Louise DePalma in *Taxi*?

DEVITO: Before my audition, I read the script and saw what kind of character he was. When I walked in to do a reading, I took the script, threw it in the office table and said, "One thing I want to know before we start: Who wrote this shit?" I'd actually heard that joke in a Truffaut movie. In *Day for Night*, Valentin Coste tells this story about how, in Italy, when actors are had on the stage, the audience throw cabbages and other vegetables at them. An actor was doing *Hamlet*, and they were bombing him with stuff. He walks down to the apron of the stage and says, "Hey, what do you want from me? I didn't write this shit." So I thought that would be a good move—a ploy to get the part of Louise and also in character with him. And it worked. [As Louise] Suckers!

PLAYBOY: How do you remember *Taxi*? Everbody's come to with this show was wonderful. They never let you down, no matter what. They were until things worked. They always gave you the confidence and spirit to try anything, and you knew they were going to be there for you. So it wasn't so bad to fall on your face.

PLAYBOY: Did you personally like the character of Louise DePalma?

DEVITO: I liked him very much. I appreciated his sense of the world and the place he felt he was in. He was lucky to have people care about him as they did,

even though he was sometimes very mean to them. And I think, as was exhibited in some of the shows, that they did care about Louise very much—and that he cared about them. It was a tough job—somebody had to boss those people around—and be difficult.

PLAYBOY: One of your great roles.

DEVITO: Absolutely, but it was a give and take. It's a negotiating.

PLAYBOY: Before you began working on *Taxi*, you must have an idea that it would become your show.

DEVITO: I hated him, that it was possible. I remember walking down the street in New York with John Belushi just before I started working on *Taxi*. I knew John from *Guns South* and we were talking about my doing the show. He was telling me all about Andy Kaufman, who was on *Taxi*. John knew Andy and was one of the first people to see his work, in a café. Anyway, I remember what it was like with John on the street. People were yelling at him, "Hey, Johnny, do the samurai guy," and they'd hit him with all the different characters he had on *Saturday Night Live*. It was great. And John

"That was the year 'Taxi' won a lot of Emmys. And they still canceled us. They're creepolous. I don't even like to talk about them."

said to me, "You know, you're in for this. We were walking in John and when he said that I felt like—from his mouth, a God's curse."

PLAYBOY: Bob Kaufman and Belushi died two or three years after that. How were you affected by their deaths?

DEVITO: When Andy died, everybody involved in *Taxi* was horrified and shocked. I was a great fan of his. I was very saddened to John's death. I had a lot of hopes that John and I would work together. We always talked about getting together on other movies someday. I thought it was going to be so much fun. I just loved being with him. He was an extremely talented guy. He was unique and had so much energy and such a remarkable comic sense. There was no limit to what he could have done. [John was special.]

PLAYBOY: So why was *Taxi* eventually canceled?

DEVITO: I don't know. We got canceled twice. Once by ABC after four years and once by NBC after a year.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to imagine that the

ratings weren't there.

DEVITO: Here's what I think happened. A network has to care about a show in order for the ratings to stay up there. Chern, for example, started in something like last place during its first season. But the network took care of that show—kept it in the same time slot, made sure it grabbed its audience. I don't think that the people at ABC gave a good rat's ass about *Taxi* at all. Second, I don't want to put rats in their categories.

PLAYBOY: It's amazing, though. The show was so popular—and it remains popular in syndication.

DEVITO: We're talking about a unique thing here. We're talking about people who gave a shit. A unique who didn't give a shit. The people who didn't give a shit about the show—their. You know what I'm saying. They did not care about the show. At one point, we were in every night of the week on a Tuesday night one week, Wednesday night another week, Thursday night the next week. That's a good way to lose an audience. And we did. And they canceled us. And good for them—let them do what they have to do.

PLAYBOY: How did you and the rest of the cast feel when the ax finally fell?

DEVITO: Well, as if we were a family being wrenched apart by these bastards. It was an appalling. I went on *Saturday Night Live* that year and blew up ABC—did a huge film of the blowing up the building. That was the year *Taxi* won a lot of Emmys. And they still canceled us. These creepolous. And they still like to talk about them as if it's not worth a shit. Whenever they are, I don't even know who they are.

PLAYBOY: How long did the NBC experiment last?

DEVITO: A year.

PLAYBOY: How was that?

DEVITO: I was OK. It was a good time to say goodbye. We knew the show wasn't going to continue. So it was time for us. I appreciate what NBC did for us by bringing us back for a year. We had a lot of fun this season and we got to say goodbye. It was like having the ring suddenly pulled off your finger.

PLAYBOY: Do you still keep in touch with the crew from *Taxi*?

DEVITO: Oh, yeah. A lot. I see Marilu Heinnes and Tony Danza. I saw Jeff Conaway, including Chris Lloyd, Ed Weinberger. And Jim Brooks and I did *War of the Roses* together. As a matter of fact, right now we're both working here on the Sony lot. He's doing his film in a building two buildings away. We can throw stones in each other's windows and talk.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *Arrested*. One of that show's most popular characters, Warren G. (Carla Turell's Bob), has a lot in common with *Taxi*'s Louie DePalma. Is that

a touch of malice and loyalty to the people with whom she works. Any coincidence that Rhea Perlman, who plays Carla, is your wife?

DEVITO: It's only coincidence. The character Rhea plays really stands on her own. I think it's true that Carla reminds people of Louise DePalma, but there's a little bit of Louise in everybody. She's no exception.

PLAYBOY: Do you help Rhea prepare for some of Carla's more outrageous antics?

DEVITO: Not really. The Charles brothers, who were producers of *Law*, created *Charles* as well. They obviously thought it was a good idea to have somebody with that certain demeanor on the show. Carla's a very colorful character. She gets away with a lot, just as Louise did.

PLAYBOY: What's your assessment of your wife as an actress? How far do you think she can go?

DEVITO: There's no limit to where Rhea can go. She's a really talented woman. I believe this is the final season for *Charles*, and Rhea's going to be doing a lot of things after the series is finished. She's got great range, but it's been eleven years since anyone's seen her do anything but *Charles*.

PLAYBOY: Do the two of you plan to act in films together?

DEVITO: We have a couple projects in development that we want to star in, so there are things in the works. But it's not something that we're actively pursuing right now.

PLAYBOY: After breaking the Louise DePalma mold with *Term of Endearment*, you went on to act in a number of comedies in which you're faced.

DEVITO: Well, the situations were different. The characters in *Remember the Time* and *Jeepers* in *The Air* were like a Louise Sam Stone in *Rhino*. *Rhino* wasn't exactly Louise, but he did have some of Louise's qualities. But I just didn't want to let go of. Same thing with Larry the Lipquidator in *Other People's Money*. Larry was more worldly than Louise, which had to do with his being a college graduate who traveled extensively and spoke a couple of languages. Nevertheless, he had a bawling way about him and he definitely shared some colors with Louise—who was intelligent in a street sense but limited in his experiences with the regulars and have been played street-wise. I imagine that but by me. Anyway, I finally got to play a good guy in *Tim Men*.

PLAYBOY: We didn't view you as a good guy in that film.

DEVITO: But I was!

PLAYBOY: Explain.

DEVITO: There were two groups of salesmen—mine and Richard Dreyfuss. But I didn't get to hang out too much with Dreyfuss on the set because he was like the opposition—the bad guy. It came as a real shock to him.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

DEVITO: Well, I remember that during the first day of shooting we had the scene where Dreyfuss buys a new Cadillac and backs out of the dealership. Meanwhile, I'm driving down the street and we collide. [While writer-director] Barry Levinson was setting up the shot, Richard and I were sitting in chairs in the stage of a prop truck. It was a hot day. We had a real hard time sitting in such a scene. We were sitting there, sweating over it. And I said, "How can he be playing Richard and going in a circle." And he doesn't do these scenes that he does and said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Well, obviously, I'm the good guy. In this position and in the bad guy. That's a little bit of a trick. It's a real tricky job. You, because you're usually the good guy, the audience knows you're an actor." And he said, "Well, Richard, first of all, you back out in your Cadillac and hit my car." And he said, "No, you hit me." And I said, "No, Richard, I had the right way. I took any of those little books they give you at the Motor Vehicle Bureau in Texas. You're the bad guy. Not a moment from this scene, I never reveal my wife played in Barbara Hershey away."

Well, Richard gets up and says, "I'm sorry, and I'll see him along." Barry said whether or not he was the bad guy. Then we shot. He went and more combat material.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy working with Barbara Hershey?

DEVITO: Yeah. We had a scene in a bathroom where she washes her hair. That was great for me physically because as soon as I finished, I had to do a bad-guy scene with Barbara. I went out a diet. I lost about 20 or 30 pounds. So the fat was good to me a lot of ways.

PLAYBOY: You interrupted it with the *Not a Love*. So you more that about your love life. How does it appear to be a good time to make love to?

DEVITO: Yeah, we had a ball. With some we were in Mexico, playing in Los Angeles and Venezuela, and had a great time. The same thing with *Jeepers* in *The Air*. You know, that was so good. In Mexico. We were in front of a million people. We had a lot of fun. It was really a great time. And a son-of-a-bitch with me. I was the central figure of Mexico. It's beautiful. And Mr. Backside a woman.

PLAYBOY: Did you not get along?

DEVITO: Yeah. Rhea was so nice. And we had a great time. He really is boyfriend and I know how much I enjoyed him. I enjoyed him.

PLAYBOY: In *Other People's Money*, you played the role of a hard-hearted takeover artist. In real life, did you get caught up in the money frenzy of the Eighties?

DEVITO: Not at all.

PLAYBOY: How often would people come to you with deals for you to invest in?

DEVITO: People don't come to me with deals. I'm not known as a financial expert. I'm an actor. I got three kids. I have no time for that kind of speculation. I don't mind investing in a school, because that's the kind of thing that's useful. That's where my brain is.

PLAYBOY: Do you employ someone to watch over your money?

DEVITO: I have people who do the books for me and send me the bills. But I don't have them look for investments. I can make a killing on.

[The conversation picked up the next day over lunch. DeVito appeared to be almost despondent.]

PLAYBOY: You know what's going on right now is fucked.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

DEVITO: In the world.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about Bosnia? News of Serbian detention camps had been broadcast on television the night before.

DEVITO: Yeah, it's fucked. It's hard to keep your mind on anything else. It's terrible. And no one seems to give a shit that people over there are being tortured. Not only them, people all over the world. We have to help them, to do something. Babies are being bombed over there. What's the matter with people? What the fuck. Nobody learns in this world. It's all lies. They're a people in concentration camps, they're torturing them, they're killing them. It's terrible. And I don't know what to do about it. I take the pleasure out of everything, in terms of doing and thinking of something else. It just takes the pleasure out of everything.

PLAYBOY: Mmm.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the interview.

DEVITO: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about *Flamingo Returns*.

DEVITO: [Smiles faintly.] Yeah, that was good. It was an incredible experience from the beginning, starting with my meeting with Tim Burton, where he explained his concept of the Penguin character. It was fun learning things about the Penguin—how he was raised by birds, then taken around by a circus company so he could be gawked at. In the picture, I was a great one for the circus. One part of it was very uncomfortable. They made muds, sorry, boys. I had to put on long silk underwear—a silk garter suit—and was completely covered with grease and then painted parts. They did a few of those body molds, and when they were finished they were like, "Oh, you're a man."

PLAYBOY: We've been told that even before Michael Keaton was cast as Catwoman, most people in Hollywood considered you a lock for the role of the Penguin. True?

DEVITO: Before anything, after to me about it. There were a few moments that I was going to do it. I was a fan of Batman comic books when I was a kid, and

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I also liked the TV show. But I didn't see myself playing the Penguin. Then Tim Burton asked me to meet with him, and I decided to listen to what he had to say. What he had to say was pretty exciting.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: I liked his physical take on the character, which was more like a bird than the comic book version of the Penguin. Tim gave me a painting he did that had a kind of a circus background with stripes in front that were like bars. And behind them was a little round faced boy with sharp, pointy features, tiny flippers and a bulbous body. The background was down, and the legend on the bottom of the painting said, "My name is Jimmy but they call me the hideous Penguin Boy." That was intriguing and challenging, and it made the difference about whether or not I thought *Batman Returns* would be good. And it was good. The only drawback was that I wasn't able to socialize or communicate with people during the filming, including the crew and my family.

PLAYBOY: You didn't want your wife and children to see you in costume.

DEVITO: No one came to see me. No one was allowed to see me. From the beginning, I realized that to be in the same room with Oswald Cobblepot—that was the Penguin's real name—was uncomfortable for other people, and for myself as well. Having my wife and children and my agent and publicist come down to the set and see me in my Penguin get-up wouldn't have been fair to anybody. In fact, it would have been horrible. Usually, while I'm working, I don't want anybody around because I need total concentration and focus. But the Penguin was a special case. So I just stayed in my trailer. About the only times I socialized were when Vincent Schiavelli, he played an organ-grinder in the movie—made lunch. Vincent is a wonderful cook, and every afternoon he would make some sort of Italian meal for me and my son and once in a while people from the cast—usually Chris Walken and Michelle Pfeiffer—would eat with us.

PLAYBOY: Was life a little more lighthearted making *Batman*?

DEVITO: That was a different story, and a funny one. When we began that movie the script called for me to have the kind of relationship with Arnold Schwarzenegger's character, Julius, that a street-wise guy would have with a little bumkin. It wasn't unlike some of the relationships I had with the people on *Baywatch*, except that Arnold wasn't my employee. Also, on *Batman* I could rule the room in a much greater way. I was more of a con man with Julius than I was with the gang on *Baywatch*. Those guys had to do what I said or else they'd be out on the street.

PLAYBOY: In *Batman*, it appeared as if you turned Schwarzenegger on to a whole new strain of comedy.

DEVITO: Arnold is used to experimenting. In his way, he really wants to do other things. I imagine he was going through the same thing *Batman* goes through when doing a television series.

If you do one action movie after another where you have to say these cute lines just before you demolish your opponent, there's eventually a saturation in that. The movies had to wait around to do around the time of *Batman* were kind of a departure for him.

Arnold is a very hard worker. He has this kind of determination about what he wants to do. As far as his comic abilities are concerned, he's a funny guy—always has been—who likes to joke around and break chops. Arnold is very comfortable with that side of himself, and all of his friends know it. He's got a good sense of humor and he handles people with a light touch.

PLAYBOY: Was *Batman* a stroll in the park for you?

DEVITO: No, I worked hard. Arnold's character, Julius, was on a quest to right a wrong. He really needed Vincent's character, his blood brother—to find out mother. I got heavily involved with the concept and the writing of *Batman*. I thought, "Terrific idea, but let's see what else we can do with it. I felt it would be nice to make a good film that had a strong story and well-developed characters. I've always been interested in finding movies that are fun to do but have something else going for them."

PLAYBOY: Which you did when you co-starred in *Thru the Moon from the Train*. That movie also marked your debut as a feature film director. Why did you choose *Thru the Moon* for such an important career move?

DEVITO: I read the screenplay, liked it and had some ideas about it. Like *Batman* it could have been a joke—a very light, over-the-top movie.

PLAYBOY: And it wasn't.

DEVITO: No. I made sure of that. *Thru the Moon* from the Train's dark humor comes out of the sick relationship the character Owen has with his mother. He wants to take her. So it's a dark and scary, for its time. And I'm proud to say that.

PLAYBOY: What else is important to you when you direct?

DEVITO: I like to know as much as possible about the characters. For instance, when I was a kid, I was the only boy in the family. I had two older sisters, Angela and Theresa. If you were a cousin or a friend from down the block, when you came over I would take you into my room and show you all my stuff—like if I had dinosaurs, an Erector set, whatever I was into. I'd show it to you. You share it, right? It's a made bonding kind of thing. Anyway, I asked for such a scene in *Thru the Moon*, and the writer, Stu Silver, came up with one. My character,

Owens shows Larry [Billy Crystal] his coin collection. And it's a unique coin collection because it's not made up of rare coins—the coins aren't worth more than their face value. But they're worth a lot to Owens. They're all small change that his father had let him keep. It was a sweet and lovely scene. That whole movie was an enjoyable experience.

PLAYBOY: Like *Three Men on a Couch*?

DEVITO: Yeah, *chronology*, even a piece of cake, and there were other people in town who were able and willing to direct *Three Men on a Couch*. That was a big risk for Orion Pictures to take, a real leap of faith.

PLAYBOY: Were you confident that you'd direct *The War of the Roses*?

DEVITO: No. It was a big movie at the studio and, as I said before, it's not that easy to move from acting to directing at the studio. I knew the writers, Jim [Brooks] and Michael [Leeson] would let me do it in a second, but it was going to be a lot tougher to get the people—the *scaratti* folks—over at Twentieth Century Fox to go along. Those are the ones who are saying, "You're going to let Danny direct this? This is a big movie. Why don't you get somebody who's already done one?"

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to direct and act in that film?

DEVITO: Well, as with *Three Men on a Couch*, that it could be dark and funny. It was a chance to find humor in an angry

divorce fight, which is a serious thing to make fun of. Plus, I had wanted to work with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner again. We'd had such a ball with *Remember the Stars and Jewel of the Nile*.

PLAYBOY: We've read that Turner and Douglas battled from start to finish on *War of the Roses*. How did that affect you?

DEVITO: It didn't affect me at all.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DEVITO: Because the stories about Michael and Kathleen fighting with each other are all bullshit. I guess being a journalist is a tough job, because you always have to come up with interesting angles and new stuff. There were some uncomfortable times during the movie, but that's because I put them through hell. And they deserved it. [Laughs] It's possible that end sequence with the chandelier. I don't remember exactly how long that took to shoot, but every day they got started with picture-plane jobs and then I wanted them to close scenes.

PLAYBOY: Were they really hanging up in the air?

DEVITO: They certainly were. We attached them to a chandelier and swung them up thirty-five feet. It was very uncomfortable for them.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that there was some real concern about how *The War of the Roses* ended?

DEVITO: There was no question that the ending was going to be a problem be-

cause we killed off the two stars of the movie—two of the three stars of the movie. Thank you very much. We never thought of changing it, though we did pitch around a few different ideas.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DEVITO: That Michael and Kathleen didn't die. That it was all a horrible lie that my character was telling his new client just to save the guy's marriage. I think we talked about the screaming for eight minutes—not just that specific idea, all the ideas.

PLAYBOY: If you knew you were satisfied with the ending, why discuss changes?

DEVITO: Because of the low numbers we got at previews. You take a movie out and show it to an audience so you can get a feeling for how it plays. We got such low numbers that people were saying we were in for real trouble. The low scores came because we killed off Kathleen and Michael at the end, and we were told that people weren't going to like that. So when you ask the critics, "Well, what would you recommend the movie to?" what are they going to say? That they'll recommend it to their two friends down the block who are having some difficulties decorating their apartment. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: When the studio executives saw your preview numbers, did they panic?

DEVITO: No, not at all. *War of the Roses* was



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furnished just as Joe Roth came in and took over Twentieth Century Fox. And never did we get a bounk from him, like "Change the ending!" It was more like "Where OK, the two stars are dead." In some cases people might panic about this. The point is, Fox didn't.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear any epic divorce stories that even approached the one you filmed in *War of the Roses*?

DEVITO: I believe the only one that struck me that way was one I heard about on the radio. It was a weird thing about some woman who poured paint into either the gas tank or the engine of some guy's Ferrari. Then I heard another story about a woman cutting the nose out of a guy's Picasso painting. Those are the little revenge things that can happen during divorces—things we explored by having Oliver cutting the heels off Barbara's shoes. All of these different material things.

PLAYBOY: After the movie, did people ever approach you for marital advice?

DEVITO: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you now have opinions about the best and worst ways to handle a divorce?

DEVITO: I think Oliver and Barbara Rose handled it the worst way. At the time I made the film I thought divorce was a dangerous arena to tread in. There was a line in the movie—"There's no such thing as a civilized divorce"—that I think is pretty true. You have to be careful about it because of the pain involved—coupled with the instigation factor. I remember somebody telling you, "You should be doing this and. . . We are not letting him get away with that." Both men and women are vulnerable suggestions in that situation. And suggestions are sometimes made in private now. I have heard women threaten and men threaten. I have seen men threaten or anything, but there are a lot of drivers who churn fees during divorce cases. It's a business and you've got to be careful. When people want to see a divorce, there was a compromising thing that happened—you ought to be adult enough to work it out. But too often people get their feelings hurt, their hearts stepped on. It's messy and sordid.

PLAYBOY: Having directed and acted in *Thelma & Louise*, *War of the Roses* and *Hoffa*, are you determined to direct most of the movies you appear in?

DEVITO: I'm not matured. I like to do it—and it's exciting. If you ever wanted to throw yourself into your work totally, this is it. You get right inside of everything, including the music. You work with the artists, the actors, the technicians, everyone involved on the film.

PLAYBOY: So the job is a lot less solitary than simply acting?

DEVITO: Very much so. [Laughs] Oh, God. [Fortwäh!] There's never a dull mo-

ment. Seriously, it's great to experience. First of all, working with actors—you can't compare that to anything else. And designing everything in the movie is also something. Sometimes when I drink, I stay behind the camera and concentrate on that. But in *Hoffa*, for example, I have a wonderful role. I play Bobby Caaro, who is a compilation of several people. I've never played a part like that. I couldn't pass it up. As soon as I read the script, I knew I wanted to play that part.

PLAYBOY: And you never had concerns that you may have bitten off more than you could chew?

DEVITO: Three or four weeks into a movie, I usually say to everybody, "This is the last time I'm going to do both." But that goes away. I love the thrill of getting into a new costume, of never having a second when I'm not thinking about anything but the project.

PLAYBOY: What's the down side?

DEVITO: It would be great to be able to film scenes over and over again, which is why I admire and envy Woody Allen. If he takes a look at one of his movies and doesn't like it, he probably gets to shoot the whole thing over again.

PLAYBOY: Would you do that if they let you?

DEVITO: Probably not, because you have to move on. Life goes on. Daylight comes and everybody wants to go home.

PLAYBOY: Except the director.

DEVITO: That's right, and now I'm doing something bigger than I've ever done before. I've never been involved in a movie for this long a stretch. I got *Hoffa* three years ago and I became emotionally attached to it. The script of this thing is bigger than every dream I have ever had. I've been beginning to be afraid that since we were going to make the movie, we might never succeed in something so complex.

PLAYBOY: In what way specifically?

DEVITO: First of all, we knew that *Hoffa* was going to be expensive to make.

PLAYBOY: How much did it cost?

DEVITO: I can't know, but he told me it was \$16 million. I've never seen that many million dollars. I've done *It's a Wonderful Life*, *Grease*, *Scenes from a Marriage*, *Witness*, *Scenes from a Marriage*. I guess it's the idea of a big picture, but it's that big—when scenes in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: How much larger did we see the studio?

DEVITO: Well, when we started out, Twentieth Century Fox was only a square about 7. But they saw the picture. The kind of picture, some strange things. But honestly, I had no power to make it happen, and I did.

PLAYBOY: Missing?

DEVITO: I bet so, but it was a real good thing. I've seen Twentieth Century Fox that somebody was willing to work for nothing because he wanted to make the

movie. Otherwise, *Hoffa* never would have been made.

PLAYBOY: The idea being that if the movie's a winner, you get a piece of it?

DEVITO: Hello? What? What did you say?

PLAYBOY: You heard what we said. You worked for peanuts, but if *Hoffa*'s a winner, you get a piece of it. And if not, the studio has already cut its losses.

DEVITO: Right.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take to negotiate that little deal?

DEVITO: I guess it took a year and a half.

PLAYBOY: Has that now become a standard part of a director's contract?

DEVITO: Not all the time. But I think what's happening in the business is that people don't really want to make big risk, expensive movies anymore. And they don't want to make movies that die. They want to make money.

PLAYBOY: They do. The last movie you appeared in was marketed so thoroughly that McDonald's was selling cups with Batman characters on them.

DEVITO: Yeah, but I really think that's an exception. People don't want to spend a hundred million dollars to make a movie.

PLAYBOY: Does having a huge movie such as this take you to an entirely different plane as a director?

DEVITO: Yeah, and the cost of that movie will be up on the screen for all to see. We do strike scenes in *Hoffa* that are like the taking of *Annie* scene in *Lawrence of Arabia*. There's an energy to Mamet's script that's unique and captivating. I imagine he read lots of books about *Hoffa*, threw them all away and then created this piece with so many characters. Mamet creates a dramatic line and quality or at least things called about earlier. *Hoffa* is a very, very dramatic in his meaning, energy, his just to take care of his family and to be a great family which was the reasons.

PLAYBOY: And you're satisfied that those elements in Mamet's script were indeed elements in *Hoffa*'s life?

DEVITO: Absolutely. Now all I have to do is finish editing the picture.

PLAYBOY: It's been only a handful of years since you directed your first film. Are you surprised that you've become such a strong presence in Hollywood so quickly?

DEVITO: No. I'm excited, I don't know. I'm just happy that it happened. I always thought I could do it—and now I'm hoping that I'll do it better. And I appreciate your kind words. [Laughs] A guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do.

PLAYBOY: So what's next for you?

DEVITO: I don't know. I'll read some things, look around, hope that something ticks my fancy. But right now I've got to finish editing this picture. Then maybe I'll go skating. Yeah. How's that?

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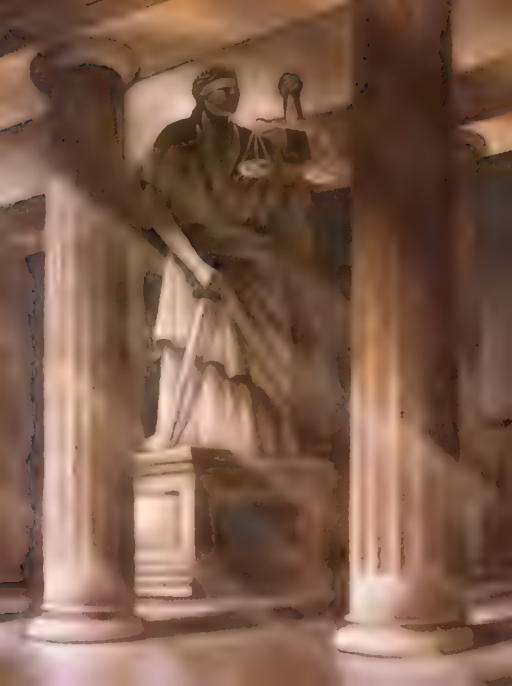
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NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

los angeles' former
top prosecutor argues that until
cops face the same
justice as everyone else, riots
will threaten our cities

article

By VINCENT BUGLIOSI

"In the minority communities, I sense a fire in the systems of the masses, a fire that can only be extinguished by justice."

I spoke these words when I ran for district attorney of Los Angeles County in 1972. Even before I ran, I was aware—it was common knowledge at the D.A.'s office, where I was a prosecutor—that there was a virulent strain of Los Angeles police who were manhandling and mistreating members of the minority communities. But when I went to the ghettos and barrios during my campaign and pledged to enforce the law equally, I heard shocking testimonials about police brutality and examples of how some police were treating members of these communities like second-class citizens. When I sought the support of police officer associations, I told them I intended to increase the conviction rate in felony jury trials. But I also told them something they had never heard before—or, regrettably, since—from a D.A. candidate:

I candidly warned them that if I became D.A., I was going to "come down hard on you guys" if excessive force continued. My disclosure did not meet with disapproval. One reason is that I was accurately perceived as being pro-police and pro-law enforcement. I had worked closely with the police for several years as a prosecutor at the D.A.'s office. During some complex murder cases they had even asked my superiors to assign me as prosecutor. I've always spoken publicly for increased pay for police. With their daily risk of death, police are the poorest paid members of our society.

Another reason my bold statement was not met with recrimination was that the police know that only a small percentage of them use excessive force. I'd say it's roughly five percent, though I've heard slightly higher estimates. The vast majority of police officers have respect for people and the law. Rogue cops not only are

responsible for creating enormous animosity in the minority communities, they are also harmful to law enforcement in general—just as the small sliver of Italians in the Mafia hurt the reputation of law-abiding Italian Americans. Good cops know this.

For instance, there is no question that the Los Angeles Police Department—along with the L.A. County Sheriff's Department among the latest most innovative and least corrupt departments in the country—has suffered immeasurably from the conduct of the officers in the Rodney King case. Following the King beating and verdict, anti LAPD venom is at an all-time high. KILL THE LAPD and LAPD 1st (a reference to the penal code section for murder) are scrawled on the walls in South Central Los Angeles. So a small percentage of police stain the blue uniform and, by the hostility they create, endanger the lives of thousands of innocent officers—the majority of the force. The latter clearly have a vested interest in weeding out the outlaw officers.

In the wake of the L.A. riots sparked by the verdict in the King trial, most politicians and concerned citizens asked what could be done to avoid another monstrous civil riot. Obviously, the poverty and economic deprivation of the rioters was one cause of the riots. Despite the wacky belief of some on the far right that there is something which inheres in the genes of blacks that predisposes them to crime, the cause of most crime, manifestly, is poverty. How many people of easy circumstances were looting and pillaging during the recent riots? Look at a map of any large American city. It is no coincidence that, without exception, the area with the highest crime rate—whether it is populated by blacks, browns or whites—has the highest poverty and unemployment rates, the worst schools and social conditions. Divest the residents of Bel Air or Grosse Pointe, Michigan of almost all their money and possessions and keep them in that deprived state for a meaningful period of time. See if crimes such as theft and burglary don't rise dramatically.

Two weeks after the Los Angeles riots ended the costliest in American history—mayors from major American cities led close to 200,000 protesters in a march on the nation's capital demanding billions of federal dollars in urban aid to avert a repeat of the riots. And in a statewide poll conducted in May by the *Los Angeles Times*, registered voters were asked which action would be "the most important to prevent violence like the Los Angeles riots from occurring again." An improved econo-

my with more jobs led the long list of responses. However, we must not lose sight of the fact that, even given the indigence of the rioters, without the King beating and not-guilty verdicts, the riots would not have happened.

Although blacks have been denied economic justice for centuries in this country, the historical record shows it is when they feel they have been physically mistreated or mistreated by law enforcement that they have engaged in large-scale violence. For example, in the past half century—not including the riots by blacks throughout the nation following the assassination of Martin Luther King—there have been five massive race riots started by blacks. They were spawned not by economic injustice but by what blacks perceived as a physical violation by law enforcement. The first before South Central were the Watts riot in L.A. in 1965, the Newark and Detroit riots of 1967 and the riot in the Liberty City and Brownsville ghettos of Miami in 1980. (The Detroit race riot of June 20, 1943—which lasted only 24 hours—was a riot started by whites, not blacks. A fight between a black man and a white man exacerbated existing racial tensions and the riot began when mobs of whites invaded a black section of the city.)

The six-day Watts riot in August 1965 was ignited when rumors spread in the black community that two white California Highway Patrol officers had beaten and kicked 21-year-old Marquette Frye into their squad car. (Frye had been suspected of driving under the influence after one of the officers spotted his car weaving recklessly.) The riot that followed his arrest resulted in 34 deaths and more than \$40 million in property damage.

The Newark riot in July 1967 started when a black cab driver tried to pass a slow-moving police vehicle. Two white officers allegedly struck and injured the cabbie during a traffic arrest. Within minutes, a crowd of blacks converged on precinct headquarters and buried rocks and bottles. By the end of the riot four days later, 26 people were dead, with an estimated \$15 million in property damage.

The five-day Detroit riot the following week started when police arrested 73 customers of an after-hours club where black-power harangues and antiestablishment curses were regularly served up with the booze. As the paid wagons ferried the angry arrestees to the police station, a bottle thrown by one of 200 protesters smashed a squad car window. When the riot was over there were 45 deaths and more than \$50 million in property damage.

The three-day Miami riot followed the acquittal of four Dade County policemen indicted in the fatal beating of a black 35-year-old motorcycleist, Arthur Lee McDuffie, by officers Marine and associate manager of a local insurance company who, like Rodney King led the police on a high-speed chase. The riot was violent and close to \$2 million in property damage. It was always a shame when someone gets hurt," said one 38-year-old Miami black man after the riot. But the police are setting up protest white people from their enemy and haters.

As far back as 1921, a writer cited by the *Chicago Commission on Race Relations* wrote: "Riots are provoked rather than started by white prejudice. Most riots have occurred in the South, East, and West. Houston and Birmingham, Ala., have had terrible outbreaks provoked by white threats who, in nine out of ten cases, carry their prejudices with them whenever they enter black belts (ghettos)."

Police brutality obviously is not confined to Los Angeles. As Hubert Williams, president of the Washington D.C.-based Police Foundation and former chief of police in Newark, New Jersey, says, "Police use of excessive force is a significant problem in this country, particularly in our inner cities. Steven Hawkins, assistant counsel at the NAACP Legal Defense Fund headquarters in New York, adds that from rural America to America's big cities, police brutality has been and continues to be pervasive in the black and Latino communities.

Although members of minority communities are by far the most frequent victims of police brutality, the *Los Angeles Daily News* observed that "regue cops administer street justice to any suspect who angers them." Often this includes punishment—taken place after a high-speed chase, when a suspect talks back—"contempt of cop" or when someone is slow to obey an order. Attorney Allen Bell, a former police officer, says: "There is a side of the West of course, but the police you get beat the most thing different in this, not the King case was that it was caught on tape."

In the aftermath of the King beating in March 1991, everyone tried to say, "same, same." A LAPD chief David Gates received the blame of blame for allegedly fostering a militant climate in the department. Ultimately after a long and painful career he was forced into retirement.

But the moment the media public officials and nearly everyone else started blaming the chief of police for the beating and unfolding conflagration, I

(continued on page 156)



Pauline
Wilson

Guess who!"



STEPHANIE'S SECRET

SUPERMODEL MS. SEYMOUR, WHO DOES SO MUCH FOR THE CLOTHES SHE'S PAID TO WEAR, FEELS BEST WRAPPED IN NOTHING AT ALL

LOOK CLOSE. Keep looking. Study every pose, every photo from here to the picnic on page 77, if you haven't already, and remember one thing: There is no S on Stephanie Seymour's chest. Although you seldom see her name in print without the word supermodel attached, the S word isn't sufficient to specify Ms. S. "Celebrity" is better, but that rings of empty glamour. "Beauty" is not enough. In fact, this famously beautiful woman resists any single word. That's one of her secrets. Like anyone worth dreaming of, Stephanie is a bit of a mystery enigmatically wrapped. In this portfolio by Sante D'Orazio, she is wonderfully wrapped in nothing at all. *Harper's Bazaar* called her "one of the world's most sought-after and highly paid models." By way of self-definition, she tells us, "I'm a model, a mother, but mainly just a normal gal." Now, on the isle of St. Barth's in the Caribbean, you can see this superb model modeling nothing but herself. "I do love posing nude. For me the feeling in these pictures is freedom and strength. Put clothes on me and I wouldn't look pretty anymore, I'd look sad!" Stephanie, 24, took Manhattan by storm in 1985 as the latest in a line of long, leggy cover girls launched by the Elite modeling agency. Romantically linked to Elite guru John Casablancas, Stephanie became a star. Her love life was tabloid fodder, her privacy gone for good. Soon came four

stellar appearances in *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue, along with fashion shoots for magazines from the West Coast to the Ivory Coast to the Côte d'Azur. *Allure* magazine named Stephanie, along with her friendly rivals Cindy Crawford, Naomi Campbell and Elle Macpherson, as the embodiment of "perfection for the Nineties." "I don't have the perfect Barbie-doll face," she says modestly, "but I did get famous for this body." Less perfect than Stephanie's flesh was the

psychic cost of stardom. First, a fling with Warren Beatty utilized celebrity hounds.

Then came her relationship with Axl Rose of Guns n' Roses—producing a gossipfest that welcomed Stephanie to the jungle of heavy-metal fame. Axl gave her a \$20,000 ring after a lovers' spat, the papers said. Axl reportedly canceled a concert because she had dumped him for Charlie Sheen—a story denied by Rose's spokesman (Sheen's

spokesman did confirm the romance, however) Axl ripped "old man" Beatty's "parasitic needs" onstage in Paris. He was just sticking up for the god he loved. "Axl is the most honest, open, bright and sensitive man I know," she says of the noted musical maniac. "I'm sad the world doesn't know him the way I do or the world would love him, too. You know what we do? We go to the grocery store and then cook. He's a little domestic head." She has a son from a marriage that



So vivid are Stephanie's portrayals of feminine fire in her *Victoria's Secret* catalogs (above) that many people think Stephanie is Victoria. But there is nothing Victorian about Ms. Seymour. She is most comfortable in the nude, she says. Men of all ages—from Charlie Sheen to Warren Beatty, if you believe the gossip—love her for it. And for those who have loved her in lingerie, the best is yet to come.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SANTE D'ORAZIO



ended last year. "We're toilet training now. Glamorous, huh?" Not as glamorous as her Victoria's Secret spreads, and not close to these pages. Now for the news: "I don't think I'll do any more nudes. It's done. The pictures are strong and unique and maybe a bit shocking. I didn't hold anything back," says Stephanie. "So save this issue, people. It's my grand finale." Five years ago Stephanie was in such demand on New York City's social circuit that it seemed she never slept. "Life was moving too fast," she says. Weary of that sleepless town, she returned to California, her home state. Stephanie lives in Los Angeles and communes with the sea, generally dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, not a gown. "I'm no fashion plate at home," she says. "That would be like work." Although she played Axl's bride in a Guns n' Roses video, in real life they're not Man n'







Wife and aren't telling if they will be. "I don't want to mix it," says superstitious Stephanie. What not about Stephanie? She magnetizes men. Her eyes, which make her green in four seconds, are thought to be a cure. Ditto her modeling technique. A photographer's friend calls her sensuous creations. Maybe her secret is secrets. Stephanie seems to keep them behind a rose changeable eyes. "I am a very private person," she says. "I don't perceive as sharing my feelings impulsively. I think a person's feelings should be sacred." Stephanie Seymour, supermodel? Why not, she asks. "I guess it's good to be a super-something." Her credentials are in order. Like most of us, she's a Naomi Campbell and a few others. She's a generous, gregarious and seldom seen in public without a famous man beside her. But Stephanie is also a devoted mother, an independent thinker, a celebrity in her own right. More than her looks or her press clips, she is, in one fan's words, a superwoman.







H I D D E N A G E N D A S

she taught me the secret of attracting beautiful women
what she wanted in return was strictly unfair

FICTION BY MARSHALL BOSWELL

MY BEST FRIEND'S girlfriend—or, I should say his fiancée—taught me a remarkably effective method of picking up women, and I don't care what your feelings are on the matter, I'm here to tell you the lady knew what she was talking about. She told me what to do, I did it and it worked. Simple as that.

"The thing you have to remember," Pamela told me, "the key thing, is that women aren't trying to impress men. Not really, anyway. What they're doing is competing against one another."

Brennan was out of town. That I was suffered to spend evenings in his apartment, with his fiancée. In his absence surely testifies to the amount of trust he invested in me. I admit this freely. Brennan and Pamela's apartment was an opulent affair, with a living room as

big as an airport hangar and an assortment of leather furnishings so plush and pre-frigate that they threatened to swallow you whole in their aromatic embrace.

"Explain," I said.

It's simple, Ryan. When a woman walks into a bar, what's the first thing she looks at?"

"The guys," I answered, though even then I knew I was just her straight man.

"Wrong. The first thing she looks for are other women. She walks in and scopes out the prettiest women there. That's how she knows what the competition is—by looking at the women first."

"But I thought the men did that."

"Exactly. The women are the center. Don't you realize it? Both men and women look at women. Think of

Niger, think of *Cosmo*."

"So where do the men come in?"

"Men," Pamela said, leaning forward. "are just the spoils."

"Do you talk to Brennan this way?"

"Of course not. Now listen closely, because I'm about to tell you something not many men know. But first let me ask you a question. How do you make yourself more attractive to a woman?"

I arched my eyebrows, did a basset hound drop of my head and said, "Be thematic."

"Cute. But you're dead wrong. If you want to make yourself attractive to women, make sure you're seen with a beautiful woman."

I should point out here that I met Pamela before Brennan did. I should also point out that I introduced Pamela to Brennan. Our lives, it seems to me,



"I just noticed you're sitting all alone"

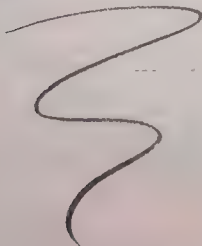
WRITING on the WALL

the wit and wisdom

left on the

stalls of higher learning

at the university of california



ARTICLE BY ELIZABETH C. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD ELLI

WHY DO women take so long in the rest room? They're creating graffiti. That's what I concluded after numerous trips to women's rooms in a liberal arts building at the University of California at Berkeley, where I was doing postgraduate work. I found the most interesting stuff every time. It was what I found in the bathroom—armed with my notebook and tape recorder—for when my hand got tired—I began to transcribe what I saw in the campus' most well-read and well-written women's bathroom.

ON RELATIONSHIPS

I'm 21 years old and I've had 11 lovers. Is that normal?

—Define normal.

—Do you mean serious lovers or casual flings—one-night stands?

Honey, at the time I was 21, I'd had 15 lovers. It seemed pretty normal to me and my friends, but that was before AIDS.

—Did you love all 11? Or did you just have intercourse with 11 males?

Who said anything about males only?

—You're doing great. By the time I was 21, I was turning tricks.

—Whatever. I feel right to you. Is normal—just have safe sex.

—Statistics say the average woman has nine lovers in a lifetime. I'm 23—I've had 14. I guess it's an old statistic.

—What is normal? Most of my friends, including me, have had at least three and we're 22. Are we slow? Or do we have different definitions of the word lover?

—I know many women who are 25 and older who have had 30-plus lovers. It depends on how you feel about a person, not on what anyone else says. The better I feel about a guy, the more comfortable I am with sex. But the fewer lovers I have, I have a boyfriend who keeps me satisfied and I don't want anyone else.

A woman like you, as you can see, is a lot better off right now, any time, than you were because at the end of your life you can say, "I had 11. It's not bad. I had the same lover for three and a half years. He's my first and only."

•
When do you do show a boyfriend that you're wonderful and generous and sexy and intelligent and fun? Know what you're doing?

—Do you have to show a boyfriend that you're sexy all your life?

—Yeah, sex is great. But what about the next morning and the rest of your life? Sex becomes less important.

Is he young? Give him a chance.

Teach him right. Say erotic things to him, tell him fantasies, eat figs in bed. After a year, if no luck, move on.

—Teach him passion—or at least try.
—Passion is rooted in doing what it is that you love. It is a feeling of being absolutely absorbed in something that feels very good to your mind, body and soul. There are many things in my life that I'm passionate about. Sex usually takes a backseat to all of them.

I love Fernando. But he's married and has a kid. He's showing interest in me also. Should I walk away?

—Yes, you slut, he's a pig.
—Some friendly advice.
Think about his wife and her pain.
—The guilt and trauma you'll go through with love relations with a married man are not worth it.

—I was in the same situation. I pursued the relationship until I figured out it was worthless, that I didn't mean half as much to him as he meant to me. There are lots of other men who are loyal and trustworthy. Any man who will cheat on his wife is definitely not worth the trouble.

—He will cheat on you, too.

I like my boyfriend because we match. We're both good-looking, with brown hair and very toned bodies. Can I help but be proud of us?

—You're not just proud, you're insecure enough to have to brag. Is he as insecure as you?

—My love is 6'4" and while I'm 5'1" and Indian, but our minds match and that's why we're in love.

—Truly loving someone means loving your differences as well as loving your similarities.

—Like, how totally boss. Gee, you're so great. I wish I could be like you: dumb, insecure and superior.

—Congratulatory! I bet you two make a cute couple. More power to you.

—What kind of insipid nonsense is this? I like my boyfriend because we match. Are you human beings or Linderbergs?

How do you say to having an affair with my professor? We're now friends, but I would consider it a relationship.

—Run like the plague. Bad, bad idea.
—Run fast, far away—don't do it.

—I suggest warning your classmates of the your professor, as she cheated the semester. Going for it that way is the authorized guess, though, won't be a problem.

That's what we decided to do. Thanks for the advice.

Maybe the authorities thing that attracts her to the professor.

Wanted: A nice, sexy in to participate in a ménage à trois with me and my boyfriend. Must be willing to have sex with both of us.

—Fine. How about with a couple?
—Are you all AIDS-free?
—OK. What's your phone number?
—Have safe sex, whatever the answer. Most people haven't been tested and still think the answer is definitely yes.

—Why is it always female-male-female? Why not male-female-male? Or female-female-male?

—I tried both and male-female-male is just too much work.

I need a big, strong construction worker to keep me warm at night. Men.



Male or female?
Get a vibrator. I'm the same IQ.
—Excuse me.

Very curious if you're a degree kid who's probably never done an honest classwork.

ON ORAL SEX

Last night we tried and got in my face and said that it was pretty pleasant and that it is indeed more enjoyable than him, is this abnormal? Please help. I want to know.

—The point is, do only what you feel comfortable with. Nothing is abnormal if it feels good between two or more consenting people.

—I don't think it's weird or abnormal. The passion of sex sometimes makes people say things that they wouldn't normally say. Besides, men love oral sex. I think they enjoy it more than most women do.

—I totally agree.
—No way!

My boyfriend seems to enjoy having vaginal intercourse.

—I think it's normal.
—I don't yourself fucks.
—Amen.

No, this is not normal. It is an abomination. You need to really think about yourself and to get yourself together because you both have serious problems. Good luck you.

—I'm a homosexual.
—Who has he problem?

—Fah... I've never seen each other before. I'm not sure if you can be sure. Use a life and a mind of your own. If there's a God, He created the clitoris, which has no purpose but to give pleasure. So what does that tell you? When you stop criticizing others, you might learn to enjoy your own experiences more.

Come on, you winners—you take yourselves too seriously. Wake up. This is a joke.

—Now older more experienced men I've been with do this, but the younger ones are less likely to do it well. I'm a.

I'm not sure, but my girlfriend likes giving taking my vagina and it feels perfectly normal to me.

I wish I had a girlfriend to have more.

I'm addicted to cock. Don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't love it. I have my pussy eaten, but nothing is better than a sure stiff stick.

—Ask me.
—Can you enjoy both?

I can do both, yes. I get a real throbby woman, and I've never wanted cock again. Signed, I wish you home.

—I'm curious. Do you like feeling that voice saying somebody or do you enjoy the softness of both?

ON ANAL SEX

I finally took a up the rear. It felt good but I did hurt. Was it normal?

Yeah, if your boyfriend's using like a clinch, it's fine.

Yeah, because of a damn alien parasite on your anus.

—Well, do. (reprinted on page 147)



AS CARS HAVE IMPROVED, it's become more difficult to narrow the choices.

That's why *PLAYBOY* has once again assembled a panel of six opinionated automotive mavens (see page 165) to evaluate 1993 cars in a variety of categories. For the third consecutive year, as part of our new-car roundup, we're also presenting *Playboy's* Car of the Year award. The winner is pictured overleaf: **Best Bang for Your Buck:** When it comes to getting the most for your driving dollar, the Honda Civic came out ahead. According to *PLAYBOY* Senior Editor David Stevens, a "tough and fast" with an in-your-face rasp, exhaust and kick-ass acceleration. With a base price of about \$8400, it still sets the gold standard for affordable small cars," said *PLAYBOY* Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross. Champion race-car driver Bobby Rahal

agreed, adding, "There is none better. Room, handling and Honda quality: it's the best way to start." James R. Healey, *USA Today's* auto writer, preferred the Saturn SL. In addition to citing the car's crisp and tight handling, Healey pointed out that Saturn's customer-satisfaction scores are just behind Lexus and Infiniti. *Car and Driver* columnist Brock Yates liked the Nissan Sentra E. "It may be buck-ugly, but it's a sweet little runner and a hoot in traffic." The Ford Escort also got a nod. "I know it's not sexy," said John Davis, producer of the TV show *Motorweek '91*, "but when you look at Ford's one-price policy—that is, any of the four Escort bodies for about eleven grand with air conditioning and a stereo—you have to admit it's a great buy." **Hottest Pocket Rocket:** This race was a tie between Mazda's redesigned MX-6 RS and the Eagle Talon TSi. According to Healey, other cars might outgimmick or outhandle the MX-6 slightly, but none has its "sweetly enduring lines," Stevens agreed. "This is one sexy little runner

that's built for comfort and speed—like a chauvinist's idea of the perfect woman." Gross also liked the MX-6, pointing out that Mazda's chief stylist took design cues from several Italian classics, including the Alfa Romeo Sprint Speciale. Davis, Yates and Rahal all chose the Eagle Talon TSi. "It's been around awhile," said Yates, "but in its better form, the peppy little Talon remains a wonderful driver and a world-class value." Citing automotive history, Davis added, "The first sports cars were crude and unreliable and you wore them like a suit that was too small. That was their charm. Take away the crude, add a reliable turbocharged engine and you have the Eagle Talon TSi." **Most Improved Old Model:** "The big winner here has to be Volkswagen's Corrado SLC," said Gross. Adding a V-6 engine totally transforms the old four-cylinder Corrado into a Jekyll and Hyde street screamer. Davis seconded the motion. "What a difference a V-6 heart transplant..." *text continued on page 162,*

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

five leading car writers
team up with superstar race driver
bobby rahal to pick
this year's hottest wheels; plus,
playboy's 1993 car
of the year

article by KEN GROSS



Don't You Know Me?





Front view of the Volvo 920 GLE, 1992





In 1944 Billy Eckstine (on trombone, above) organized the first bop big band. It included Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Dexter Gordon; above at left, Thelonious Monk (center) — one of the first bop pianists — was too original and idiosyncratic for these aggregations. Bop 78s (below) never dented the pop charts. Naturally Parker was featured on the first jazz LP in 1949 (right).



when that boom was catalyzed by the first bop jam for big bands, played by Monk, Miles, and Bud, big bands as a format combined through the format that Miles, although his compositions are no longer omnipresent, got to 772; he has extended to

trumpets, vibraphone, and piano technique to the point where his harmonic innovations, coupled with the stark, snubber quality of his approach and the completely stable, serene dynamics, gave him among the most important and influential figures in jazz today.

Drumming: Art Blakey said it more emphatically. Monk is the guy who started it all. He came before bebop, Parker, and coolidge.

Dead at 23, Charlie Christian (below left) was on the scene with Benny Goodman (center) only from 1939 to 1941. He played the recently invented electric guitar in a new single-note melodic style. Guitarist Arnold Corcoran (right) is proof that fame can be ephemeral.



trumpets, so at Monk's when he wasn't on the road with whatever band he was in at the moment. Another Monk's regular was Charlie Christian, then with Benny Goodman. His only competition for the title of first great electric jazz guitar player would be French (and Dutch) Reinhardt.

Electric jazz guitar was a invention of the Thirties and had been relegated to the rhythm section. The joke was that Louis Armstrong's guitarist, Freddie Green, had played more quarter notes than anyone on earth. But Christian started playing single-string melodic lines, treating the electric



Sarah Vaughan (above) was doing for vocals what others were doing for their various instruments—completely changing the game. All were indebted to Parker (left) who poured out musical ideas like a boundless fountain.



"Hey, eh see ooo
bop sh-do, always
reminds me of you
Eh eh ooo see ooo
ooo uh ooo, I'm
beboppin' too."
—GILLESPIE 1949



Bop inspired a new generation of jazz clubs along the lines of Bop City (left) built on the music made by such innovators as Max Roach (for left) and Bill Powell (below). Roach was the first "melodic" jazz drummer and Powell was both the most southern and most influential jazz pianist of the time.

guitar as another lead instrument.

He was seen as a young man for his brilliant and bawdy. Born in Dallas but raised in Oklahoma City, Christian was a high school guitar player. He played as a kid in teen clubs and was 20 years old when he quit school and moved to New York. Hammond heard him and got Christian into the Benny Goodman band in 1945. Goodman was at his jazziest in the small groups—sexties general assembly for recording sessions and Christian was soon a part of these sessions. A typical one in October 1946 included Goodman, Christian, Lester Young on tenor sax,



Buck Clayton on trumpet, Count Basie on piano and Jo Jones on drums. Goodman was 41 years old. Christian was 21. Christian came down with rubber chills. He died the next year, helped off by pneumonia in some friends who went to visit him in his Brooklyn hospital and took some more of a cold, deep and a great voice. They probably did.

Jazz critic Barry Ulanov and others have said that Christian deserves consideration more than he usually gets for helping to invent this new music.

He played up at Minors in Harlem in his first experimental sessions which started in the early 1940s. He altered chords, the fresher melodies. All of the musicians who played with him then as well as those who heard



him followed Charlie Parker around the clubs, recording his solos on wire recorders. Parker (right) brought a baby-faced Miles Davis (for right) in as part of his 1947 quintet. The legendary jazz club Birdland was named after Parker. He often played there above all with Gillespie in 1951.





men asked on his age, he said that he was 40 years old. He said he had been associated with Parker and

He will stew in the
mess of his own

But the truth is, we're not, and that's long been so. He put that way of thinking to rest.

and all the best. The revenues, often based on highly entrenched, hereditary patterns, were a somewhat highly unpredictable

Minton's usual drummer was Kenny Clarke, generally credited as being the first bebop drummer. But even though he was inspired by Count Basie's bop-influenced swing career had been in the Teddy and the Duke band with Coleman, where the young phenomphop stungies also bashed heads about horns and bop-influenced progressions. Clarke's nickname was Klook-mop, coined by Teddy. Hal for the new bebop boom. Clarke drops while passing. The name was inspired by the sound one tune called *Top Be-Wha* by a group, which was called a *top be-Wha* group.

shift the bookkeeping dates from the bass drum to the lighter snare and the cymbals, meaning the bass drum—play off the hi-hat on 8 measures.

Born in Pittsburgh, Clarke grew up in a middle-class home. He was a member of the war playing in a group led by Duke's ear, older, trumpet player, Ray Little, an "outgoing, friendly, thoughtful" leader, and three years older than Clarke himself, and jazz player, age 16, a leader in the school band. He was one of the founding members of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

The scene at Miami's airport, where the setting was a conspiracy he was plotting in the revolution with Duvalier's army, contained many of the same general ideas with his ideas. Bayly

[illegible]

On this was when I started hanging the progressions and started playing the whole chord instead of the melody. Play the melody with both ear and the hands and you don't even hear the melody.



By 1947 beb was ascendant, there was even sheet music for beb. But Miles Davis was a charmer, forever transforming himself. His association with arranger Gil Evans led to Miles short-lived but ground-breaking quartet, which was recorded in 1949 and 1950. That's his trumpet from those days (center page), and that's Miles, above, in the studio during the *Birth of the Cool* sessions that would inspire much of *Filles 1922*. *Spring/Summer Miles* is to the right.

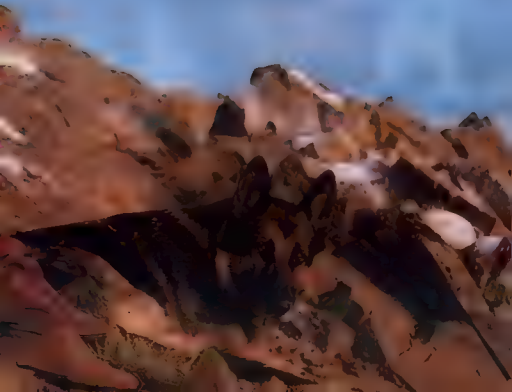


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA



Peak Performer

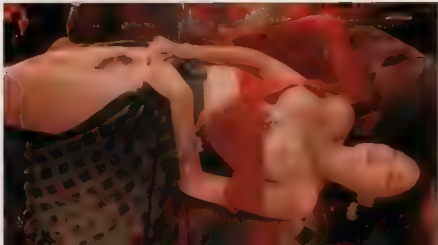
when jennifer leroy left her colorado home,
she took the steam out of steamboat springs



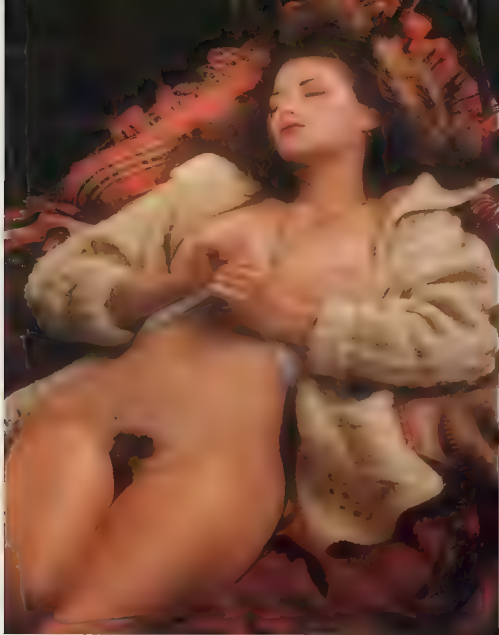


JENNIFER LAMON is 19 years old this month, assuming you're reading your February issue in January, she's a migma person. If you were a friend of Max February, you might have gift-wrapped a sweater, because he boxed a gold ring with garnets on it, swees! Jams are made of this—taken the old Commodore to a getaway beach vacation. She likes beachies. And she could use the rest. Since Jennifer said she'd met Enigma in a home state two-plus years ago, she's been out and inspiring as a model, good work that you can get a rest-exhausting. At 16, she left Steamboat Springs for New York City, where she was signed by an agent and sent to the fashion showways of Paris. Her mom went with her, but Mom left after two weeks. That was OK. I kicked the Paris in three months. The new year took her west to the Rockies. I.A. Tokyo Taipei. Fambel for West-beg-time. I was working six days a week, three jobs a day, sometimes. Jennifer marvels. Print advertising, magazine covers. The jiggs, gowns, who worked on college correspondence courses a night was a bit. Amazing, she admits. I really appreciated the work. Jennifer's plans include continuing her education and, of course, her travels.

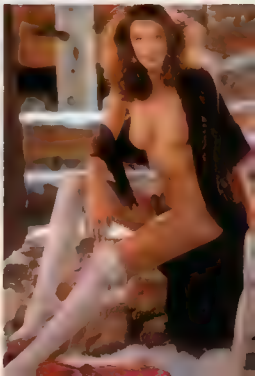
"My mom is a happening chick," Jennifer says. "Have you seen the Cher movie *Marmalade*? That's my mom. Half the time I'm with her in having an asthma attack from laughing so hard."







The perfect man for Miss February is "honest, rugged, the Sam Elliott type. I'm not one of those women who have to have a man jumping around opening doors and pulling out chairs. That stuff makes me nervous. Don't try to impress me. Just make me smile."





Growing up, Jennifer plied the slopes of Snowbird ski resort in Utah (where she's pictured on the opening spread). She became so proficient in the sport that she began strutting her stuff with a Steamboat Springs ski team. Besides the downhill thrills, small-town life meant security: doors unlocked, car keys in the ignition. Now she enjoys living in West Hollywood, but sometimes misses home. "Living in a city, I've had to learn how to close that door in myself."





MISS FEBRUARY

MISS FEBRUARY'S PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





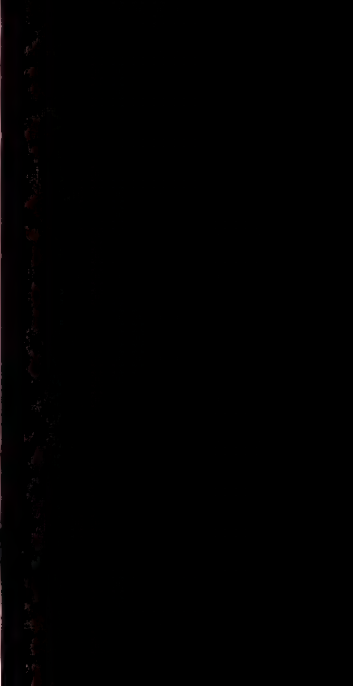
PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer LeRoiBUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 120BIRTH DATE: 1-7-74 BIRTHPLACE: Craig, ColoradoAMBITIONS: As I knew, I wouldn't tellEveryone can just kiss my... face!TURN-ONS: Hidden tattoos, a wicked smile,attitude. An all-around Bad Boy!TURN-OFFS: Small-town Gossip. Hey 'I'llKeep your noses out of my business!WHEN I WAS YOUNGER: I was s-o-o-a-g-sweet,innocent and naive.THEN I LEARNED: The acts of life: Sex!(Safe Sex, Please. You know that.)NOW I KNOW: Boys aren't tricky. I canhave what I want, when I want it!P.S.: You may think I'm a bitch, butI'm not. I'm just a mart... Person.Lianna make something of it? Huh?Kick your ass down
the hill!

Tawian '93

Hubert where I
come





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The old guy was on trial for selling drugs, and a neighbor was called as a witness. The prosecutor asked, "Did you ever get any cocaine from the defendant?"

"No, sir," answered the man.

"Did you ever get any from his wife?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever get any from his daughters?"

"Excuse me, sir, the witness said *are we* still talking about cocaine?"

Heard about the new status symbol for the Nineties? A job.



We were sorry to hear that a young friend of ours dropped out of med school. He really wanted to be a doctor but just couldn't stand the sight of money.

When a Las Vegas vacationer won \$500 at the tables, he ordered the best hooker in town. "Two hundred fifty for a blow job," she said.

"Two hundred fifty."

"Look," she said, "do you see that BMW in the parking lot? I paid cash for it because I gave the best blow jobs in town." The man paid and was not disappointed.

The next day, the man won \$1000 and sought out the same hooker. "I want to do it Greek style," he said. "How much?"

"Five hundred," she said. "See that penthouse over there? It belongs to me because I have the best ass in town." The man paid and was not disappointed.

The following evening, he asked for the same hooker. "I just want some pussy tonight," he said.

"That's a thousand," she said. "See that shopping center over there?"

"When I tell me you own that, too," he said.

"No. But I would," she replied, "if I had a pussy."

Concerned about her teenager, a mother sought the advice of a psychologist. "My son likes girly pictures," she said. "I found them while straightening his underwear drawer."

"I don't think there's anything to worry about, Mrs. Brandon," the doctor said. "It's only a phase he'll be going through for the rest of his life."

While traversing a steep mountain wall, a mountain-climbing party was horrified to see a large section of ice give way, carrying with it one member of the group. After the hapless climber fell into an abyss, his friends above shouted to him, "John, are you alive?"

"Yes!" he shouted back.

"Are your hands OK?"

"Yes!"

"Are your feet OK?"

"Yes!"

"Can you climb back up?"

"Shut, no. I'm still falling!"

Why is sex with your spouse like a convenience store? There's not much variety, but what else is open at three A.M.?

On the brink of closing the biggest business deal of their lives, Fred's partner, Henry, died of a heart attack. Fred, desperate for his late partner's advice, decided to go to a psychic. When he was seated in her chambers, he noticed three prices listed for her services: \$25, \$50 and \$75. "What do I get for twenty-five dollars?" he asked.

"For twenty-five, you can talk to Henry," the psychic replied. "And for fifty, he will talk back to you."

"And for seventy-five?" he asked.

"For seventy-five, you can talk to Henry and he will talk back to you—while I'm drinking a glass of water."



Sent to prison as a first-time offender, a former English instructor was told by a longtime inmate that if he made amorous advances toward the warden's wife, she'd get him released quickly.

"But I can't do that," he protested. "It's im-proper to end a sentence with a proposition."

After watching his friend down drink after drink, Dan finally insisted he talk about what was bothering him.

"It's my girlfriend."

"That figures," Dan said. "What's wrong?"

"When I asked her if she could learn to love me," he said, "she asked me how much I was willing to spend on her education."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post card please to: Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 6001 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Now can we talk about computers?"





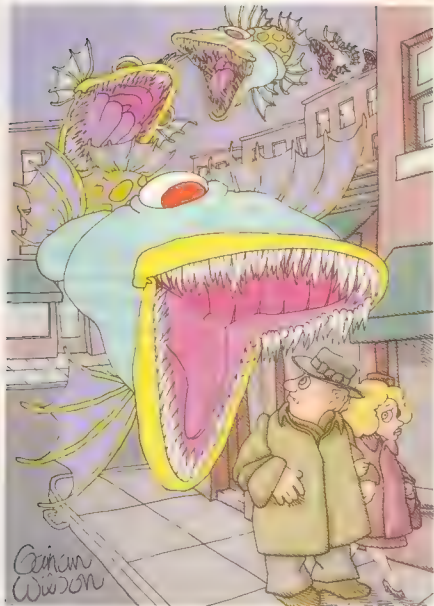
Lorenzo Lamas and his wife, Kathleen Munroe, are co-starring in the syndicated TV series *Renegade*. He plays a street-cop-turned-bounty-hunter and she's a computer whiz who helps him track down the bad guys. Left: Lamas enjoys a different kind of action in a suede shirt, \$925, a cashmere V-neck pullover, \$847, and cashmere pants, \$998, all by Industria Collection. Opposite: He's draped in a suede shirt, by Silverado, \$175, and suede jeans with knee-up slits, by Mario Valentino, \$756. (Kathleen's outfits are by Colvin Klein and Tahari.)





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Where Else to Buy on page 157.



"I don't like the looks of this"

FOUR YEARS AFTER PAN AM 103 EXPLODED OVER
LOCKERBIE, OUR GOVERNMENT HAS PINNED
THE BOMBING ON LIBYA. BUT NEW EVIDENCE
SUGGESTS WE FINGERED THE WRONG GUYS

TRAIL OF TERROR

article by **MORGAN STRONG**

THIS IS THE tale of a suitcase. It was a particularly lethal suitcase. At a designated hour, a timer inside it detonated enough Semtex explosive to blow a Boeing 747 out of the air. What most of us remember are the pictures: The pancaked husk of the fuselage in a field at Lockerbie, Scotland. The body bags. The investigators in a hangar poring over the reconstructed scraps of what was once Pan Am flight 103.

That was in December 1988. Four years later we still have no clear answer as to who was responsible for the deaths of 253 passengers and 11 people on the ground. The Justice Department claimed that Muammar el Qaddafi did it. On November 14, 1991, it announced the indictments of two Libyans and charged them with conspiring to hijack a suitcase from its origin in Malta. The bomb in the suitcase was supposedly transferred from Air Malta flight 180 in Frankfurt to the Pan Am plane bound for London and New York. As evidence, investigators produced the remains of a shirt that one of the Libyan suspects purchased at a shop in Malta. The shirt charred from the explosion was said to have been wrapped

around a cassette player that contained the bomb. A tiny piece of a circuit board was also found in a search that covered 845 square miles of Scottish countryside and was identified as part of a timer device traceable to Libya.

Time magazine didn't buy the story. Last April it disputed the Justice Department's claims and instead fingered a Syrian arms dealer by the name of Monzer al-Kassar. Although somewhat vague on the details of how the bomb was placed on the airplane, *Time* implicated the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine General Command in the person of Ahmed Jibril. According to *Time*, this alliance of a Syrian thug and Palestinian radicals aimed to thwart the release of American hostages in Beirut. The actual targets suggested in this theory were two U.S. intelligence operatives, Charles McKee and Matthew Gannon, who had been in Lebanon to explore a possible military rescue of the hostages and who went down with the plane.

Had *Time*, as it trumpeted, produced the untold story of Pan Am 103? Unlikely, maybe, but one with troubles of its own. Months after the *Time* article, separate cover stories in *New York* magazine and the *Washington Post* continued on page 124.







TIM ALLEN

Tim Allen, the 39-year-old star of *Home Improvement*, may be a blond, sandy-haired, friendly-looking guy, but he's got a dark, twisted sense of humor. "I've always been a comedian. And a larger-than-life. When I was 10, I saw the married couple who lived in the old Ann Lee, the Taylor Arms mansion. But this was during the Depression. I was living in the city through what was called a public housing program. And I saw the regular *Home Improvement* people helping the poor people. You're supposed to have a high conscience. *Home Improvement* is just a guy looking at the complete American manning up from the time of the Depression. And I grew up in the reforming years, rebuilding Edin. [Allen's father met and lived in Edinburg, Texas, when he was a young man.] I was a young man when the German ground the school. I was a student. The school was destroyed. He and his wife, the girls were in there. And his wife died. A girl, which serves him right."

1 **PLAYBOY:** You probe the male psyche—avoiding the misogyny of Andrew Dice Clay and the growl-out humor of Howard Stern. What went wrong? **ALLEN:** I just couldn't commit. [Laughs] My comedy celebrates what's cool about guys. Guys love brand names, especially two-brand names and

**america's
handiest man
hammers
out advice
on feminine
danger
zones, tools
you never
use and why
daughters
are better**

big-block motors. That's how men communicate. They do not say, "That's a nice outfit." They say, "Hey, is that your butt out there?" And the other guy knows that means you respect old Chrysler products big-block 426s. It's a language most women don't understand, so it keeps us private."

2. **PLAYBOY:** Share a manly fantasy. **ALLEN:** [Laughs] Bodyguard. I am

and Ion and Ugo dressed in kila. Each one three hundred pounds. We'd go to restaurants and these guys would say, "Are you going to get back, officer? I'm a security guard." I also wonder just how a guy what is really happen. I guess like me had this. I was I was going to the store and I was in the store in an uncomfortable situation. You know, you got some nice tits. And you can't really make it, put on a bra. I was like, I could walk in and just take it. I was going to a garage, the mechanic says, "And you got nice tits. Has anybody ever said that? I'm not gay, but that's a good word for it." I don't know why I thought that. I've never seen a guy to get a girl in Houston and the guys were so like they looked like candy."

3 **PLAYBOY:** And how would you rewire women? **ALLEN:** Sleep them, not masturbating when they walk around cinders. Have them hush conversations while they're looking at you. My wife does this all the time. "Yeah, yeah, the most important thing is wanda wanda" then they're quiet. A week later, I said, "You all about that?" And you can't say they didn't. You didn't hear it. There's more. Less the value of a good stereo. They hate low music. And get their temperature regulated better. They're always cold. They don't like the extremes. Everything that men really like, women don't like at all. I don't know, expensive, Schwab, designer houses, the home stages. Men really like those things. Most women would rather sit around for an hour than drive a tank."

4. **PLAYBOY:** What makes you uncomfortable about being a man? **ALLEN:** Any of the traits I attribute to guys that I feel I won't always get away from. Like glaring at women. No matter how much I think of myself as a pretty guy who looks great, I regard women as objects. I look at women as objects all the time and I can't help that. I'm so aggressive. I think I was here at the time. I have true things. This stuff comes out sometimes. I'm a girl. Women love that these things. Men have dark sides that can hurt everybody. When women are dark,

they manipulate. When men are dark, we blow up bridges."

5 **PLAYBOY:** Although you've had fist bows Bob Vila on *Home Improvement* have you ever actually cut wood with the man?

ALLEN: He came to my house in Michigan, where we did a project together for his show. I'm putting in a new garage and a family room. His crew wanted to do a run-through but Bob knows me well enough and said, "Nah." Then he just went around the house and asked, "What are you doing here?" And I blurted out as though I knew what I was doing. I did it just as he would. "Well, Bob, what we've done here is we've poured our foundation." He was throwing me off with these big words: "You're using double-ought blah-blah-blah," and I said, "No, we're not. We're using triple." Everything he said, I upped it. "How are you heating the place?" I said, "We're using a coil of low-level uranium six inches under the floor. The natural breakdown of reactive materials causes heat." He said, with a straight face, "Is that a danger to your family?" I said, "It's an unseen danger. You don't see it, therefore it doesn't exist. Maybe generations from now we'll look like frogs, but now we heat our house for almost five thousand years penny-free." He said, "There's no basement here!" I said, "Actually, we built the basement off-site. We will finish the basement then lift the entire house and set the basement underneath. That's cheaper." This went on for an hour. As we were talking, my crew finished doing the floor, and then Bob walked right through the wet concrete. Think about it. Construction guys, who were amazed to be at this job site with Tim Taylor, the fake, and Bob Vila, the real guy, who've switched roles, are yelling "Hey, hey, hey!" at Bob as he slows through the concrete."

6 **PLAYBOY:** What is the only sensible response when a woman asks, "Do you like my dress? How do I look?" **ALLEN:** Being married is different from dating. Dating, you have no fucking choice. You can't commit to anything but "great." Marriage—my wife does this to me all the time: "You're going



*"Don't tell me he's just your personal trainer. I used
to be just your personal trainer!"*

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

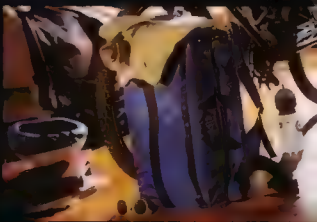


A striking marriage of design and technology, Rang & Olsen's 160-watt aluminum-lined stainless steel hi-amplified loudspeakers are compatible with both stereo and home-theater systems, 50000+ db. They're shown with the Sonosnet 9000 Compact Music System, about \$2995.

Jason's embossed-ostrich-leather Perma Focus 2000 Theater Glasses, with fixed focus from 13' to infinity and a reading light, give you the best view in the house. \$995.



It's 10 to work with the Stalder C-625, a nylon garment bag with padded backpack harness straps and pockets that protect clothing from wrinkling. Ship + Cargo Sports, \$245.



Sharp's E-6330 Travel Organizer includes a world clock, a currency converter, a 600-number telephone directory, an appointment calendar and much more. \$60.

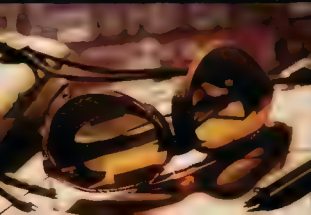




Walk and roll with the Metroblade, Rollerblade's newest in-line skate, featuring a rugged single-buckle boot frame and removable shoes for hooking it, about \$225.



For men who prefer to shave electric, there's the new Braun Flex Control Rechargeable Shaver featuring a pivoting head that adjusts to the contours of a face, \$130.



Pan Optix sport goggles look like sunglasses and function like goggles. The foam-lined frame seals out wind, snow and sand, and a dual-lens system eliminates fogging, \$180.

Where & How to Buy on page 157

A close-up photograph of a vintage camera lens, likely a bellows camera, with a large, multi-ribbed lens element. The camera is positioned diagonally across the frame. In the foreground, a leather-bound book with gold-plate detailing is visible, showing its spine and cover. A person's hand is partially visible in the background, holding the camera. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the textures of the leather and the metallic surfaces of the camera.

Plates include a pocket camera with a lens doubling cup, from William-Weyne & Co., \$110; and an elegant leather-bound and gold-plated Victorian book, by Putter's, \$195.

TRAIL OF TERROR

(continued from page 114)

"He had a bag that contained documents, but it was later exchanged with the one containing explosives."

journalism *Heura* raised doubts about the veracity of *Time*'s sources and the credibility of its reporting. Indeed, during the four years since the bombing, virtually every story has been refuted or questioned. Many sources have been exposed as double or triple agents. If there is one overwhelming legacy to the tragedy over Scotland, it is the web of obfuscation that overshadowed the event.

I was aware of this last spring when I was offered an interview with a man who claimed to be familiar with the details of what had happened to Pan Am 103. The intermediaries who proposed the interview had proved reliable in the past, having led me to Abu Nidal, among others. They told me that the man they wanted me to meet had been the intelligence chief of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command. The PFLP-GC is a radical Palestinian group that has intermittently aligned itself with Syria, Iran and Libya. The former intelligence chief's name is Maher Tunayib, a 47-year-old Popular Front veteran and a member of its executive committee for nearly seven years. Also part of his dossier is that he was a 1981 graduate of a Soviet military academy. Tunayib, 44, is reported to be an explosives expert who defected over a whim in policy with a more violent faction of the Popular Front. He was granted temporary asylum in the Middle East and may be the highest-ranking foreign member of the PFLP-GC to defect. I verified his identity with a high-level Middle East intelligence agent familiar with the Popular Front operations in Lebanon. I met with Tunayib, under heavy guard and in extreme secrecy, in a Middle Eastern country.

What follows, with minor editing, is a transcript of my interview with Tunayib. If the talk veers erratically, it reflects the intrigue that prevails in the Middle East. Here, every story has its mirror image, every informant its shadow, and fact-finding can be a tortuous endeavor.

PLAYBOY: Are you a member of the group that organized the Pan Am 103 attack?

TUNAYIB: No. I am not in the group that carried out the action, but I am aware of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you know how the opera-

tion was launched, and do you know the members of the group that carried it out?

TUNAYIB: I know a few of them. **PLAYBOY:** Do you know how the bomb was brought on board the airplane?

TUNAYIB: Yes, the operation began in America and passed through Lebanon and then continued as far as Lockerbie, Scotland. The group has organized the operation and it for money.

PLAYBOY: Who paid the group?

TUNAYIB: Several sources. I am not identifying them exactly, but they ought to be generally known.

PLAYBOY: Where did the money come from?

TUNAYIB: I don't know. I can say for sure it came from the Middle East. **PLAYBOY:** There are reports that Iran sponsored the group.

TUNAYIB: It is possible. **PLAYBOY:** Therefore, you have no details and no proof.

TUNAYIB: I have no precise knowledge. **PLAYBOY:** It was also reported that Ahmed Jibril planned and executed the operation with funds received from Iran. Is that true?

TUNAYIB: It is a group from among his supporters, but Jibril himself had no knowledge of them.

PLAYBOY: Jibril, therefore, didn't know that the bomb was going to be placed on Pan Am 103?

TUNAYIB: I don't believe so. **PLAYBOY:** Who carried the bomb on board and how was it actually brought on the plane?

TUNAYIB: The entire operation started in the U.S. By that I mean Khalid Jaafar. Khalid Jaafar had connections to fundamentalists in Lebanon.

(Tunayib was the first to mention Jaafar, a 29-year-old resident of Dearborn, Michigan, who was killed on the plane. Within hours of the Lockerbie crash, CBS News and other networks carried a top Drug Enforcement Administration official, Michael Paschke, becoming had received reports that Paschke had received reports from the DEA. According to a high-ranking Senate investigator, Paschke threatened the DEA not to mention Washington to relay his concern that Jaafar might be somehow responsible for the bombing. Paschke has admitted making a deal, but in an interview with *Time*, he denied he knew anyone on the plane. Jaafar surfaced again in special segments of an October 1990

NBC Nightly News, in which correspondent Brian Ross reported Jaafar's suspected involvement in the bombing and referred to undercover DEA operations designed to snare drug dealers in Detroit who deal in heroin from the Bekaa Valley.

PLAYBOY: Khalid Jaafar was a courier for the Drug Enforcement Administration. Is that true?

TUNAYIB: I think Jaafar was connected to the DEA under the U.S. Law state of it.

PLAYBOY: He was also in contact with a Shiite group in Detroit, where he is from. Is that correct?

TUNAYIB: Yes, he has a relation with the Shiites in Detroit that he maintained for the benefit of fundamentalists in Lebanon.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell me exactly what happened?

TUNAYIB: The operation had been organized by fundamentalist groups in the U.S. They knew that Jaafar worked with the DEA. They wanted to take advantage of the relationship between Jaafar and the DEA to organize some operations in the future—whether smuggling or something for the benefit of the fundamentalist group. Khalid Jaafar traveled frequently to Lebanon with the knowledge of U.S. intelligence in order to follow the activities of drug traffickers from Lebanon to America and Europe. The last time he came to Lebanon, there was coordination between the fundamentalists and the group following Jibril. During that trip he was with two agents from U.S. intelligence who accompanied him all the way to Jurnyah [in Lebanon]. He believed he was carrying documents that concerned fundamentalists in Lebanon. He had a bag that did contain documents, but it was later exchanged with the one containing explosives. He then went to Jurnyah to wait for the American agents. He told them he had received the desired documents. They then accompanied him on his trip to Cyprus, and his bag was not searched at the airport. It is occurred with the knowledge of the CIA.

[The possible role of the CIA in the crash of Pan Am 103 is particularly convoluted. *Time*, among others, reported that the CIA was running a rogue drug-smuggling operation using a Kazakh network to effect the hostages release. In his latest *McKee* and *Carroll* had stumbled upon the secret group and cut short their own mission and were returning to Washington to blow the whistle.]

PLAYBOY: You're saying that Khalid Jaafar was transporting documents for Hezbollah. Is that correct?

(continued on page 144)



"So that's why he kept pigeons on Wall Street!"

BEING IN *Nothingness*

text by HARRY CREWS

the granitic novelist reflects on the
tender zone where flesh meets fantasy



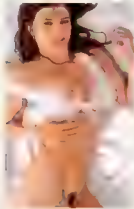
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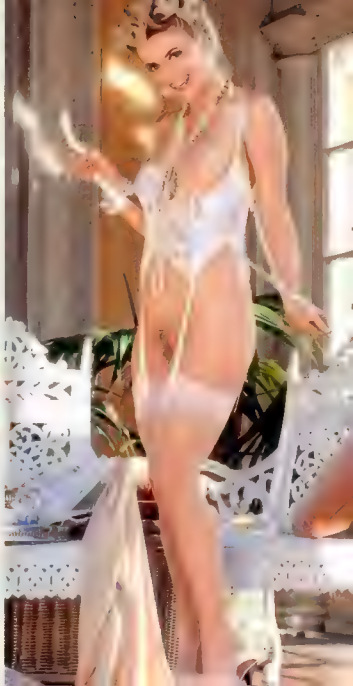


AM TOLD there are men—and women—who do not much care for lingerie. They don't even like the fairly simple stuff women use primarily to sleep in, such as a camisole and tap pants, a chemise or a teddy. And to such people the notion of a satin bustier with black garters holding black silk stockings is cause for stroke-country blood pressure. The main quarrel these people have with lingerie, as I've been able to understand it, is that it smacks of fantasy.

Good enough. If these people have no fantasy life, or prefer to think they don't, that's righteous with me. But I'm here to say that Mrs. Crews' baby boy, Harry, does. Always has. Fantasy has been the stuff of my life. I want to be moved and grooved and taken where I've never been before. And so do the women given us here on these pages, wearing fine mesh. *(text concluded on page 148)*



The dressing (or, more precisely, undressing) rooms on the preceding pages are occupied by (left to right) Natasha Alexander, May 1991 Playmate Carrie Yasel, Melinda Armstrong, October 1990 Playmate Brittany York, Lisa Boyle and December 1989 Playmate Petra Verlaak. Hats off to gardeners Lisa Boyle and December 1990 Playmate Morgan Fox (far left). For Brittany York (above), allure equals lace. For Kristine Rose (right), it's pearls, stockings and a bustier.





Yasmin (right) exudes sophistication and poise, while the playful trio below—Kristine Rose (left), Melinda Armstrong (center) and February 1991 Playmate Crispy Thom—beat the summer heat by splashing around in the bare essentials.



June 1986 Playmate Rebecca Ferretti (left) and Nikki Cooper (right) enjoy a moment of solitude. Street clothes may add to a woman's personal power or charm, lingerie showcases her mystique and her femininity like nothing else.





Wendy Kaye (above), our star-spangled July 1991 Playmate, doesn't need streamers and sparklers to get our attention. Fishnet stockings and a sheer bodysuit do it every time. Below, Crissy Thom (left) beckons seafarers and land-lubbers as she vogues in nautical naughtiness. Kristine Rose (right) slips into the past and out of her camouflage.









Karen Boyia (above) allows the night air to wash over her by sleeping in a mere whisper of lingerie. Moonlight may be the most sensuous wrap of all. Brittany York (below), a confessed thrill seeker and sportswoman, takes in the noon sun and contemplates the view from what we hope is a private sun deck. After all, what would the neighbors think?





It's no secret. Sexuality is all about mood, and nothing sets that mood like the potent alchemy of silk and lace underthings. Wendy Kaye (top left) and Sami Greaves (top right) are having too much fun to settle in for the night. On the other hand, Sami Greaves (above) invites the pleasures this night may bring. A farewell glimpse of Petra Verkoik (right) wraps up our celebration of being in nothingness.



HIDDEN AGENDAS

(continued from page 80)

"She's been scoping you out," Pamela said. "From the moment we walked in she's been taking your number."

[illegible]

A waiter came to the bar and brandished a ten-dollar bill. "No immediate action," one bartender quipped at me and said as quickly as I glared away. This was not so. I became apparent that I must say something. I thought for a moment. I was drawing a blank. I had a vague recollection that once I scored as a pitcher I'd have something to say, but until then—

"There she is!" Pamela yelled.
"Who?"
"Over there, the girl in red."

[illegible]

She's been taking your number, I swear.

to you. She glances over her shoulder every five seconds like the way you see it. She's shocked again. See what I mean? Are there any more?

She is right. My Mediterranean beauty has gone sour. Hence, she has gained a name. What's more, her face smoothes an astonishing look of ennui and melancholy.

Here, Peter's seen, it's like he comes from a higher world, the bathers seem not to see, he drinks. Ten to one she's walking into the ladies' room when you walk out. Ten to one."

"Let's call it a round of drinks," I said, taking my ten back. "You pay if she stays where she is. I'll pay if she moves."

As I stood toward the john, Pamela sat up to the bar and I heard her—just like the coffee the waitress and I did. There, Pamela stood at the same hallway and studied herself in the rear purpose at a free mirror. Besides the a man-made blouse, she interpreted with her and again I stared at the way. What I should appear. What would I do then. Not only would I mean that Pamela was right, it would also mean that I would finally, definitely, and forever have to talk to her. But I couldn't have forever, so after a while, I turned up, made a pretense of washing my hands and pushed open the door.

There she was.

[illegible]

The size ratio among her children
with flying in the United States.

Then, very soon after, asked the door open and disappeared into the strong—women when

1. *gracia* (grace) 1. *gracia* (grace)

“I saw she missed sipping her drink.
“Just like clockwork.”

Her name—the girl in red—was Thelma. "It means 'I want' in Greek," she explained.

How did I finally approach her? Easy: I didn't. Twenty minutes after she emerged from the bathroom Thella

made her languorous way to the bar and stood, five-dollar bill in hand, right next to me. As is usually my way, I acted as if she were nowhere in sight, a strategy that might have delivered me of all social contact with her entirely had I not been elbowed to the side.

There he—Pamela mouthed raising her eyebrows and elbows g me again. I smiled a bit as I looked at her and she did this, and gave her my look.

But Pamela didn't let up. I felt myself being pushed, and not gently, into Thelma, who was encouraging my permission—she grabbed my shoulder and said, "Whoooo."

wee! I would have

"No problem," whereupon—miracle of miracles—she shook the liquor off her fingers, extended her hand and introduced herself.

And that was all it took. The acquaintance was made, names were exchanged and questions were asked. Taking on a strange woman's name is like trying to master a ping-pong ball in a day by flailing your head back and bowing. I, too, gave my best verbal aids, furnished a bar, said some stupid things, then, like a gift from above, it came to me.

"So, Thelma," I began, after we had said everything there was to say about each other's names, "corroborate something for me, a theory. I guess you could call it. My friend here"—with a flourish of my hand I indicated Pamela, who was already deep in conversation with (mon dieu!) the bodybuilder I had encountered in the bathroom—"claims that women, when they walk into a bar, don't necessarily check out the men first. According to her—and I'm not saying one way or another, this is her theory—women check out the other women first. That is to say, women in bars compete against one another. Now, based on your experience, would you *concur*?"

It really *is* interesting to know—because it's often taken for granted—that women check out other women first. What do you think, Vera?

Henson: "He's said let me think about that for a second."

This led to a wide-ranging conversation on men and women, dating and marriage, virginity and changing sex attitudes, and how to be a good father. And, of course, with Philby's offer to do the same for me.

When I sprang forward to help her she acted as if she didn't hear me. Instead she tried to grab the hair and throw me (the fork) in her hand. Come here, she said, pointing at me towards the

1100

How can a second curve get
She squeezed so that my lips made an O, and then she scraped between my
front teeth and my right molar with her
pinkie nail. There goes

A pop-pop kerne. You had a kerne
stack in your teeth.

"Oh." I waited half a heartbeat for my



Intalanch

Hey! Here's a gal on a game show who I used to screen.

goes to uncurl. "Anyway, like I said, Thella's going to drive me home, so, you know," I tried to make this sound prodigious, but I'm not sure that I succeeded.

Pamela gave Thella a long, hard look, as if she were casting the girl for a bit part in a movie, and said, "OK, I approve. You owe me."

"For what?"

"You'll see." And, adjusting the collar on my shirt, she spun me around and sent me in my way.

"Who was that, woman?" Thella asked as we got into the car.

"Nobody. I lied. And then added 'My best friend's fiancée' actually. As if that explained everything."

The next day Pamela called me at work.

"Well?"

"She stole my watch," I told her.

Which insofar as I could tell, was true. Here's what happened: Thella did in fact drive me home, and we did in fact fall into an uneasy, tongue-on-my-unmade-bed. There were problems with

the condom—there are *always* problems with the condom—and I don't remember enjoying myself all that much, but we nevertheless managed to make happen what everyone who goes out on a weeknight hopes will happen. Although I remember wondering, just before I drifted off to a troubled and ominous sleep, as I had been trying to ardently but unsuccessfully do what I had just succeeded in doing, still wondering, with the next-day happy-and-secure-in-the-knowledge-that-I-had-been-pursued, that I had been despoiled. For in the end, this is actually all we want: the messy dance itself is nothing more, really, than tantalizingly unreachable fruit. If only we could remember this in the bedroom. I should point out, however, that my storming sunny disposition was quite possibly inspired by the fact that, somewhere before the first light of dawn, Thella nudged me awake to tell me that she had to get home and feed her cat. She was fully dressed—earrings and all—and her mascara-speckled her eyelashes in little

dots. Disturbingly, she had brushed her teeth.

"You're sure?" I said, reaching out groggily but *forgive me*—inwardly passed that she was leaving.

"It was fun," she said, and pecked me on the cheek. "I'm sure I'll see you around."

And when I awoke two hours later, still naked but in any case alone, I turned to my bedside table to discover that my watch—a \$600 Seiko with three dials and an alarm—was gone.

"That's wild," Pamela said, her voice quiet, as if she were very far away. Then she brightened up and said, "So tell, tell, tell. How was it? Did you get her in the bed? What?"

"I told you. It was OK. Just a hookup. And I lost my watch." *Just a hookup.* As if I did this every night. And no. I didn't get her number. Nor did she bother with mine.

You start the laughter. Anyway, Casanova, don't worry about me—I'm sure that was your next question. I shook the bodybuilders and found my own way home, thank you.

"Sorry," I said, and I suppose I meant it on several accounts.

"Don't be. I had fun. I feel great, and I think we should do it again. Brennan goes to New York Tuesday and he'll be gone for three days. Let's make it a date."

"Pamela, what is he, *he* calls?" I was starting to sound like a nervous adulterer.

"He didn't last night, did he? Listen, Ry, don't freak over this. I checked my messages twice at three times. I can handle it. This ain't your problem. We're not doing anything."

So why all the secrets? Why not tell him. I'm his best friend. He trusts me. My teeth chacked together as if to force back the words.

"I would defeat the purpose."

"What purpose? My voice was rising. Around me my coworkers, long accustomed to seeing the piddle my day away, hardly took notice, but still. Are you *missing*—think you I mean. I *you* are why, *that* thing."

"I *write*," she said. I was, but ask someone else using Get a clue, Ryah. If you're going to learn about women, you're going to have to pay attention to details.

And so, in it went. The next Tues day, Pamela and I went to O'Grady's, an Irish pub two blocks down from Radio. Within 45 minutes of our arrival, the two of us had hooked me up with a sleek, smooth-skinned Asian named Lee. By Pamela's own admission, Lee was an even better catch than Thella. "You're moving up," she whispered with a mischievous grin. "Watch out, or I might get jealous." Again, I asked Lee if she looked at the women first, and again we talked about the gender gap—only this



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time I had Thella to offer up as a test case. "Interesting. A friend of mine named Thella says women generally, etc." All systems were go. The only problem was, we both had come with friends. "I'd ask my roommate to take us home," Lee said sheepishly, "but that would be as I mean like—"

"I'll take care of it," I said. Needless to say, Pamela was more than happy to help.

So as to put me behind the wheel and Lee in the passenger seat, Pamela sat in back, a gesture that at first seemed thoughtful and generous but soon revealed itself to be otherwise. The whole way back to my apartment, Pamela leaned forward and pelted Lee with a barrage of innocuous questions—"Where do you live? What seniority were you in? Do you know us-and-so?"—while her left hand lodged snugly between the driver's side door and my seat, performing a Dance of the Seven Veils for my electrified rib cage. I squirmed, I giggled, I slammed on the brakes. And the moment we arrived at my place, she stopped. Incredible. Holding the seat forward so she could climb out, I tried to meet her gaze, but she blithely continued her conversation with Lee, and then ranned away without telling me goodbye. The omission stayed with me long after she left, the way one's cheek tingles hours after receiving a slap. Although I told myself it was nothing—the just-for-fun, that's all—I couldn't shake the notion that I had done something wrong. Or maybe I had done something right. Who knew? I hounded over the matter all night, both before and after Lee went home, but by morning I had approached no closer to the truth than when I had begun. I started to wonder if I'd ever figure Pamela out.

And a week or so later I did. More or less. Anyway We were back at Rodin's and I was on the edge of making my third move in as many weeks, when I felt Pamela grab my arm. "Don't," she said.

The woman in question was named Shama, a lovely blue-skinned Indian so extraordinarily beautiful my mouth went dry the moment she introduced herself. Her eyes were as black and glossy as marble, and the slightest hint of shadow grazed her upper lip. By my own admission, Shama started to tell it. "Don't," I repeated, my face flushed.

"What?" I said. Shama had exuded interest in the museum and I was fishing for my apartment key.

"Just don't," Pamela whispered. "Don't leave with that girl."

"Why not?"

Because, Ryan, I just wish you would."

And there it was. Precisely what for five years I had been waiting for. I had a sudden vision of me and Brennan sitting in his kitchen with a six pack of beer de-

scribing the various accents of my betrayal. Then I thought quickly about the year Brennan and I shared a dorm room. Grabbing Pamela's arm, I said, "But why? Just tell me why."

"I don't know why," I said.

"Pamela, listen to me. If you don't want me to, I won't. I swear to you, I won't. But only if you don't want me to."

She was asking, of course, how I'd either wanted it then or didn't want it now. I began to feel something—uncertain, with my hand was unstable, and I saw expressions. We were at each other but what seemed like a long time and felt something caught her eye. When I turned, I saw Shama watching from the back.

Look, Pamela said, jerking her arm away. Forget it. OK, just forget it. I said nothing. And she whatever she had you want. Her eyes were so close to my face. "And what if I don't want to?" I asked.

I didn't react with Shama. Neither did I say I didn't, in essence and she said I was rejected. The next morning at work I was a wreck. Twice I dialed Brennan's number and twice I hung up before the first ring. Nothing got done. The day was frittered away in nervous anticipation and anxious projection. I began thinking about a new job, a new school, continuing living. I was ready to make any sacrifice any change. In fact, I was a bit disappointed to how much I was.

Finally, when she called. "That's my score. It was the first thing she said."

No, Pam, I went home alone.

So, said, she was generous. So any way I would be because I just got off the phone with Brennan and he says he'd see if I could come over for dinner. He says he's been a month since he's seen me without me. I remember.

He's seen, she didn't remember. I reflected, grudgingly, that she was seeing through me. That he was.

Enough had. I had my own little special bag of tricks, of course, but I had to consider a common sense.

"It's Thursday night, Ryan. The paper goes to press this afternoon. I know your schedule, remember. Don't let me."

He was saying yes.

Yes, he was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

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He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

He was saying yes. He was saying yes.

and then imagine someone better looking. Brennan's smile always evoked for me the approach of a lowridin' Jaguar XJ6, the front grille so cool and elegant you want to take a rock and smash it before it speeds by. When he greeted me at the door he was dressed in casual wear—jeans, sweatshirt (top-Siders)—and yet he seemed uncomfortable, as if his body had forgotten how to adjust to such ease. The sweatshirt was too clean, the sleeves were pushed up a bit too primly, the jeans betrayed a crease along the shin. Oh, I realized, he was how adults dressed that is for occasions. Everything in the after world, since we've entered it, was uncomfortable.

I thought he said putting my shoulder on a really big table. I might extend a hand to one with you.

Someone after the media. I failed around for something else to say but my mind drew a blank. I must have said in the bar that first night with Pamela. Just to fill the void, I said, "I'm sorry about something so serious. But it's been a year, a couple of weeks, what's up."

Oh, I know all about you, just a couple of weeks. I looked at me for a frigid, unfathomable second and then cracked a knowing, jagged smile. Ryan, buddy, Pamela told me everything.

Oh, then did I realize he was leading me into the kitchen where Pamela, wrapped in a towel, was in an apron, stood at the sink washing lettuce. Oh, she said as we entered, "that's what you think. Offering me her cheek, something she didn't do. Suddenly occurred to me, when Brennan was around, she asked, 'I didn't tell him anything.'"

Then I told him all, man, in the rest—Brennan said.

And he'll have a heart to it, I told him. I assure.

"Baby, don't you know that guys tell their friends everything."

"Of course I do, sweetie. And women tell their friends everything they do, too. Their boyfriends."

"Beer?"

This last was from me. During the entire exchange Brennan and Pamela had smiled and nodded as if I weren't even in the room. All of which begged the question, What exactly had Pamela told him?

Handing me a beer, Brennan said, "So far Pamela says you've scored a Greek, an Asian and an Indian."

"Not true," I mumbled, trying to smile. "The Indian got away."

Pamela shook her hands dry, turned off the faucet and said, "Brennan thinks I'm voyeuristic—the way I drill you about your personal life."

"No, no, I didn't say that. I said you were nostalgic for the single life. There's a big difference."

"Nostalgic, voyeuristic—it's pretty

much for same long I can think about it turning back to me she said Brennan and Forks is a good idea that I can work with.

[illegible]

Figure 1

[illegible]

having been on the ca. Pacific side
between the two at very young ages
or early.

Allegorically, it is said that Jesus' death

[illegible]

Stacy

Get Down & Dirty

参考文献

— *Journal of the American Medical Association*

Gentleman Jack

FROM JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY

— 222 —

"What a night," Pamela said after Brennan finally consented to being tucked into bed.

"Maybe I should go," I said.

She was curled up on the couch, comfy and casual in gray stretch pants and a pinstriped Oxford shirt unbuttoned so low I could see the front clasp of her bra. Her fingers caressed a heart-shaped pocket hanging from a chain around her neck, and when she drew the chain along her bottom lip, my heart—I can feel—kicked like a race horse.

"No, Ryan, stay." She patted the couch as one might pet a dog. "We need to talk."

She gave me a look that broached no dissent, so I sat down.

"OK," I said. "I'll ask the first question. What exactly did you tell him? I've been sitting here all night—what Brennan wants to kill me or give me the Congressional Medal."

"He likes you. Ry, he really does. And he misses you. Work is wiping him out, you have no idea. The pressure, you know, it's starting to get to him. So it was great of you to come over. I think it's just what he needed."

She was talking as if Brennan were her fiancé and I were his friend—which for some reason bothered me immensely.

I told him about calling you at work—surely you figured that out. And that's it."

"Of course that's it. What do you think I said? How stupid do you think I am?"

"But why did you say anything at all? I

thought secrecy was the A-one priority here."

"I don't know I just did. It seemed right. He was talking about work and about how glad he was that you were coming over, so I said I called you at work and asked you about your nights, that type of thing. And he understood, he really did. He started blaming himself and..." She turned and looked long-nosed down the hall. "I don't know what got into him, but he was so sweet tonight—don't you think so?"

I couldn't stand it. I wanted to wake Brennan and tell him what his loving housewife had said to me last night. I also wanted, at that moment, to hear her say it again. She was so close my eyes tingled from her scent and each time she shifted on the couch her knee warmly brushed my thigh—a casual gesture though I had my doubts. I wanted her to bend toward me and kiss me on the lips, a desire so vocal and real I could taste her on my mouth.

But instead, I said, "Look, forget all that. We've got to decide what we're going to do."

"About what?"

"About us, that's what. About what happened last night. Are you or are you not going to tell Brennan about that?"

"But nothing happened last night."

"Of course nothing happened, but something *almost* happened. Or did I just imagine it?"

For a long time she sat silently and stared at the floor. Then she reached

over, took my hand and placed it in her lap. "Look," she said, "you're one of my closest, dearest friends—maybe the closest guy friend I have. You should know that I care about you so much, Ryan, sometimes I wonder what might have happened if you knew I had never met Brennan. I really do." She laughed but when I failed to respond she assumed a different tone. "The thing is, I did meet Brennan, right? And I really think he needs me right now. I have to be there for him. I said some things last night, some things I probably shouldn't have said."

"So you're taking it all back."

"Yes, I mean, no, I don't know. Look, I meant what I said, I think but that doesn't mean I'm ready to throw away my relationship with Brennan just because I felt a pang of, what? Jealousy, I guess. Or something. Jesus, I don't know. I'm sorry. Ryan, you'll have to forgive me, I—"

"Why is everybody asking me to forgive them? Don't you get it, Pamela? Don't you see?"

"See what, Ryan?" She gazed at me intently and pulled my hand deeper into her lap, her fingers interlocking with mine. "What am I supposed to see?"

"I mean, haven't you figured it out yet?" My voice trailed off. The tingling in my hand increased. My leg muscles tensed, as if in preparation for flight.

She moved closer. "Just say it, Ryan. What are you trying to tell me?"

And so I told her. In the white rush of her galvanic presence, I blurted out the three words. The big three. I said them right there on Brennan's leather couch. My mouth opened and out they came.

Pamela and I stared at each other for what seemed like a long time, my heart racing all the while. I could feel a whole new destiny opening inside me like a flower in bloom. My hand shook.

Finally she blinked slowly, sat back and smiled. "Ryan, sweetie, don't you think I know that?"

I took my hand back. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I've known you for more than five years. I've seen the way you look at me, the way you act when I'm around. Women can always tell these things."

"So you've known?" My voice I realized was much louder than it should have been. Just how drunk was Brennan? You asked me to take you out to come over here and all that—you've been sitting next to me for five years and all the while you've known?"

"Please, quiet down. I wish none of this had ever come up, I really do. I mean, everything's different, now you're going to feel weird around me—"

"I'm leaving," I said, and stood up abruptly.

"No you're not. You sit back down, we need to talk about this."

"Tell Brennan I had a great time," I



"There is something about a man in uniform."

said, opening the front door. Pamela didn't move. "Frankly, I don't know if I'll ever be able to face him again."

"Ryan," Pamela said evenly, meeting my gaze, "grow up."

But since I didn't have anything to say to that, I stepped into the hallway and closed the door.

I went straight to Rollo's, got excited, didn't think three watches was over the top, and was introducing it to a... (the rest of the paragraph is cut off in the image)

I turned. Standing next to me dressed in black bicycle pants and a Georgetown sweatshirt was none other than Uliela. What's her name? She was smiling, which I took as one of the evening's great surprises.

Damn. I said, extending my hand. However, she...

Great. Just, you know, fine. And more...

Figuring I had nothing to lose, I turned to Uliela and said, "Hi, my name is... (the rest of the paragraph is cut off in the image)"

She looked perplexed, or perhaps overwhelmed, but she managed at that point and said, "Sorry to hear that."

And then something came over me. I don't know what it was. Call it the trap of the perverse. Call it exhaustion. Call it base cruelty. Whatever it was, I found myself saying, "By the way, you stole my tucking watch."

She flashed me a look of genuine, heart-stopping virulence, and then blinking rapidly said, "Excuse me."

My watch. I woke up this morning, and my watch was gone.

From where?

"From my bedside table." You didn't put your watch on the bedside table. The hand broke on the way home. You put it in your blazer pocket.

And lo and behold, I remembered everything. In the car. Goggles and gearshift. Falsing underneath the seat.

This jacket? I said, plucking my blazer. But of course it was this jacket. I didn't own another jacket.

She nodded. Then, with astonishing self-possession, Uliela looked me in the eye, reached into the front pocket of my sports coat and withdrew the missing \$4000 watch.

Here," she said, dropping it into my lap. "You asshole." And without another word, she turned and walked away.

And what did I do? Well, first, I put my watch back into my pocket. Then I put on my... And then just before I walked out, I turned to the mirror, looked at my face between the letters of Rollo's logo and thought, Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

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TIM ALLEN

(continued from page 118)

unconcerned that it does.

ALLEN Their heads. Just leave it where it is. [Smiles] If women didn't shave at all, how long would it take to get used to that? I dated a girl in college who had gotten to the zucchini lasagna stage, with cucumbers in her house and red wine that her uncle made. Everything was natural. She didn't shave anything and I never got used to it. It's just too much of a push. So I had to start shaving. "Somebody's gotta shave here," I said. "Somebody's got to be smooth."

18

SCHUB So, how do you shave?

ALLEN I learned to shave in the shower without a mirror. This happened in jail. It was too difficult to see in the fucking polished stainless-steel mirror. It was such a hassle to shave in the shower and get it over with. Besides, it'll come in handy in case I go blind one day—which, oddly, I have always thought would happen. It's one of those little tests. My dad's was "Learn to tie your shoes standing up." I learned. [Demon-

strates] He said it promotes good balance. Goddamn right it does, because you have to stand on one foot and raise the other to tie the shoe.

19

PLAYBOY What did you quit doing yourself when you could finally afford hired help?

ALLEN Landscaping. But I really enjoyed doing my yard. It was my Zen. I have a big John Deere tractor that I love. Always wanted one, got the best, but including my cars, I have seven combustion motors in my tool shed: a mulcher, a blower, two weed whackers and three lawn mowers. Oh, and a Rototiller. I mowed for three seasons by myself, and now I have a kid who uses my tractor, so at least I get to see it. I guess the next step is a lawn crew. Then I'll have no connection whatsoever to my yard. Success is a bittersweet thing.

20

PLAYBOY And how would you rewrite America?

ALLEN I'd get rid of those fucking plugs on which one prongs bigger than the other.

1

TRAIL OF TERROR

(continued from page 124)

TUNAY The bag contained documents concerning Hezbollah. It also contained some drugs, which was the primary purpose of his mission.

PLAYBOY Did he also work for the DEA?

TUNAY I don't know. Originally he worked for the DEA in the U.S. But he also worked for the CIA, which would facilitate his movements at the airports. His bags would not be inspected.

PLAYBOY Was the CIA also running a drug operation or allowing drugs to be smuggled in for other purposes?

TUNAY Yes. But he was accompanied on all his trips by one or two persons.

PLAYBOY The bag that Jaafar carried, or was supposed to carry, back with him to the U.S. was switched. Is that correct?

TUNAY I don't know exactly how the bag was prepared. There are various ways to prepare such bags. One is through chemical means, another is with a long-term timing device.

PLAYBOY You are talking now of the bomb. Who made the bomb?

TUNAY The same people who collaborated with the fundamentalists, as I already said. These people have experts who are extraordinarily competent.

PLAYBOY Are there specific persons who may have placed the bomb?

TUNAY You want names?

PLAYBOY There is a report that mentions the name of the person who did it.

TUNAY I don't know who in particular prepared the bomb. It's possible that several people collaborated.

PLAYBOY You don't know who actually prepared the bomb?

TUNAY No. There's more than one person.

PLAYBOY Was the timer from Libya?

TUNAY I don't know. Timers can be found anywhere. They don't have to come from Libya.

PLAYBOY Did the Libyans supply material, whether explosives, timer devices or money, for the operation?

TUNAY No, I don't think so. There are several places in the Middle East where these can be obtained. I don't believe the Libyans are behind it.

PLAYBOY When Jaafar was on his way back to the U.S. before he left Lebanon, was the bag with the bomb substituted for the bag with the drugs?

TUNAY The bag had been ready for a long time. But its purpose was unknown to many of the people in the group. There are always several bags that stand ready.

PLAYBOY So the bag was simply allowed to proceed to Frankfurt and to be put on board the airplane because it was part of the drug operation?

TUNAY Yes, from Cyprus to Frankfurt. Jaafar carried the same bag from Lebanon to Frankfurt and then as far as Lockerbie.



PLAYBOY: The Libyans didn't have any thing to do with it.

NAYB: No.

PLAYBOY: Was the group that organized the operation aware that two intelligence agents, Charles McKee and Matthew Gurnea, were part of it?

NAYB: No. The goal was just to poison the jet. That was the plane, nothing else.

PLAYBOY: Thus, they had no intention of killing these people.

NAYB: No.

PLAYBOY: Did an American agent have any knowledge that the bomb was going to be placed on the plane?

NAYB: I don't know. I had seen reports the organization already in November three months, so I'm not familiar with the exact details. All the information I have comes from initials.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you aren't sure where the money for this operation came from. But you say it possibly came from Iran. Could Syria be behind it?

NAYB: I don't think it was either Syria or the Libyans.

PLAYBOY: Ahmed Jibril was supposed to have received several million dollars for the bombing. Do you know if he received that money?

NAYB: I repeat Jibril knew nothing of this operation. What I can confirm is that the operation was carried out by Jibril's group together with Lebanese

fundamentalists. However, I don't know how much money they got for it.

PLAYBOY: The fundamentalists hired the group as a free-lance basis, without Jibril's knowing anything about it.

NAYB: Most likely.

PLAYBOY: Another source states that the plan was well known and had been reported to the Americans.

NAYB: I think so. The Americans, the British and the Germans knew there was going to be an operation. I can't say they knew the precise course of the airplane operation, but they knew something was going to happen in that area.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying the American government knew in advance who would happen?

NAYB: The Pan Am operation. That I don't know.

PLAYBOY: But were they constantly informed about the activities of the group in Lebanon?

NAYB: Before the operation was carried out, some of those who participated in its preparation were arrested.

In October 1988, German police acting on a tip of an impending terrorist attack against an airliner, conducted raids in Frankfurt, Hamburg, Mannheim, Berlin and Neuss near Düsseldorf. They arrested several members of Abujar Front cells. Most were released within hours of their arrest. But, with the

help of an informant, the Germans later discovered bombs hidden by the group. They failed to find out what, if anything, they knew about the planning. (Pan Am 103).

PLAYBOY: Had any of those people who were arrested disclosed information that might have been given to the Americans?

NAYB: I believe so. But they could not deliver any detailed information because the participants in the operation didn't know the plane was the target. Of course in these matters individuals don't have all the details. Moreover, there are contingency plans so that if the first fails, a second is used.

PLAYBOY: You mean each member of the group knew only a portion of what was going to happen?

NAYB: They knew that there was an operation and they had their orders to carry out in a certain succession. But I doubt that they knew the target as such. All they had to do was carry out what they were ordered to do. Several people of Ahmed Jibril's group are under the command of someone named Abu Ahmed.

PLAYBOY: Is he still in Bekaa?

NAYB: Between Bekaa and Beirut.

PLAYBOY: You knew of the operation. Did you do anything about it?

NAYB: I would have opposed it, but I

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had no knowledge of it. I learned this information from my friends afterward.

Certainly there has been no shortage of suspects connected to the explosion on Pan Am 103. But Lunavyh, from his vantage in the Popular Front, may be offering intimate testimony. Vincent Canisavento, a 27-year CIA veteran who recently retired as chief of counterterrorism operations, confirmed Lunavyh's position in the PFLP-CA and also placed him at a key meeting between the Popular Front and the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps, an Iranian group that wanted to avenge the 1988 downing of an Iranian Airbus. It has been reported that the Pan Am attack was in retaliation for missiles fired from the U.S.S. Vincennes, which shot down a planeload of people on their way to Dubai.

But just how feasible is Lunavyh's charge that fundamentalists in Lebanon duped one of the DEA's couriers into carrying the fatal suitcase? Was Pan Am 103 a "safe flight"—part of a regular route used by the DEA to transport drugs and money for drug operations? Certainly the lawyers representing Pan Am have charged just that, hoping to escape the huge lawsuits from the families of those who were killed. But on May 15, 1990, the president's commission charged with investigating the crash found "no foundation for speculation in the press accounts that U.S. government officials had participated tacitly or otherwise in any supposed operation at Frankfurt Airport having anything to do with the sabotage of flight 103."

Five months later, however, NBC News revealed that the DEA was investigating whether a sting operation involving Pan Am 103 and Khalid Jaafar had been compromised by terrorists. Con-

fronted with this report by NBC, commission chairman James Weyandt vowed to renew the investigation if the DEA had deceived him. The DEA continued to deny that Jaafar was a registered informant. It further denied ever using Pan Am flights for drug shipments.

On December 18, 1990, two months after the NBC newscast, Representative Robert F. Wike (D-W. Va.) held hearings in Washington, D.C., to determine whether or not the DEA had any role in the bombing. Stephen H. Green, the DEA's top administrative official, testified that Jaafar had never been employed as an informant by the DEA and that the DEA had never used controlled drug-courier flights on Pan Am through Frankfurt Airport. When asked if the DEA "had looked into Jaafar's background or family past" and if it was "aware that Jaafar reportedly made frequent trips to Lebanon from his home in Dearborn, Michigan," Green refused to answer in public session. The records of the private testimony about DEA informants or sources on the airplane remain sealed. Claiming that the indictments against the two Libyans effectively closed the case, the Justice Department ordered both the DEA and the FBI not to discuss the matter.

At virtually the same time that Green testified in Washington and denied DEA use of controlled operations through Frankfurt, a grand jury in Alexandria, Virginia returned an indictment against five members of a drug-smuggling ring headquartered in the Bekaa Valley. The five were charged with conspiracy to traffic drugs in the U.S. That indictment relied on evidence submitted by DEA undercover agents and detailed the group's activity in attempting to transport drugs on commercial flights

through Frankfurt to Detroit and Virginia. Passage was facilitated by arrangement with authorities in both countries.

The day before Wike's congressional hearings began, *Barron's*, the financial weekly, ran a detailed front-page article that alleged the DEA frequently used Pan Am to facilitate drug-courier flights.

And what of Lunavyh's mention of the CIA? The possible role of the CIA evolves even more complexly. One theory advanced by Javal Aviv (the former Mossad agent hired by Pan Am as an investigator) was that the CIA puggynized on a DEA sting operation to exploit al-Kassar's network to further its hostage-release efforts. This theory clearly serves the interests of Aviv's client, Pan Am. But others have also found it credible. Van Bort Marchetti, a CIA veteran is quoted in *Barron's*: "I have always thought the essence of [Aviv's] report was true. Immediately after the bombing, the Bush administration was working its way back into Syria and hoped to make some back-channel connections to Iran so as to carry out the new administration's policy—to get the hostages out [with Iraq's invasion of Kuwait] the cover up is now more true than ever."

Of late, Iran is again being viewed as a pivotal player in the Middle East. It has been suggested for some time that the U.S. government was eager to steer the negotiation away from Iran. In a January 11, 1990, column in *The Washington Post*, Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta cite high-level White House sources charging that U.K. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and George Bush conspired to label the investigation inconclusive, while both had strong indications that Iran could be responsible. A November 17, 1991, "Outlook" piece in *The Washington Post* stated that "the final decision to accuse Libya exclusively also rests on nonforensic and nonjudicial judgments including assumptions made on the basis of political analysis." It is interesting to note that four days after the November 14, 1991, Justice Department indictment of Libya hostages Terry Watwood and Thomas Sutherland were released by their Lebanese captors.

As we enter the fifth year after the tragedy over Lockerbie, it remains distressing that political factors continue to obscure the truth. Before its documents go to the shredder and with a new president headed into the White House, it's time for the DEA to come clean. At the least, the agency—and the CIA—could provide the American public with evidence concerning DEA use of safe flights on Pan Am, or other airlines, and reveal its dealings with Khalid Jaafar. And then, the imperative is to continue to search for evidence and testimony such as this to get us to the truth.



"OK, we'll fly to Paris for dinner."

"She came naked from her bath and snapped together and buckled the marvelous undergarments."

on their bare flesh. Believe me when I tell you they are ready to take you with them on their trip. You've got a ticket to ride in the limitless unrestrained world of your imagination.

Nobody will ever sell me the proposition that this is a one-way street, either. That is to say, these women are not doing anything for men or to men that they are not doing for themselves and to themselves. The joy and wonder and mad blood rush women cause finally comes back to them, fulfilling their own needs and desires and the longings of their own secret hearts.

Item: I was recently in a fine restaurant at the top of a tall building in Miami, just the sort of place that anybody

who knows me would never have expected to find me. I'll say only that I was there because it was business, and I felt I had to have dinner wherever the man who was paying the tab took me. He was trying to buy some work I'd done (steal it more precisely) and while I rather impulsively wrote myself into despite, he kept enough to sustain a robbery. And the voice in my head—a talker entirely too much—started screaming, "What in the name of God are you doing here?"

The answer immediately presented itself from all the way across the restaurant. Stepping from the elevator came a woman with impossibly long legs, she carried herself with the kind of balance

only the greatest athletes and dancers have. She was tall and dressed in black with just a splash of red on the right hip of her dress and a tiny touch of red in her low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat. And immediately the voice in my head, which is not always wrong, paraphrased a line of James Dickey's: "There must be a God because only a divine imagination could have conceived of woman."

Yes, Lord, so say we all.

She was unscuffed and coming straight toward me down the long, wide aisle that split the enormous room into two parts. She brushed past the maître d'—who was dressed like a Latin American dictator—as if she had not seen him. Seeing her advance, the fool across the table from me finally stopped talking. A good many other people, both women and men, also stopped talking.

I could have got up and cheered, but of course I did not. Such thing I was back at her elegant apartment, filled with more than a little awe and wonder as she came naked from her bath and stepped into, stretched over, snapped together and buckled down the marvelous undergarments she expertly maneuvered herself into. For reasons I cannot name, I knew she was applying this mysterious apparel to herself not because she planned later to step out of her loose, flowing and lovely dress and show off that which cleaved most intimately to her flawless body in all the imagined and unimagined ways. No, she had put on what none of us could see or would ever see because it pleased her, because it brought her femininity to an ice-pick point of perfection. She had done it to allow herself to walk through the world as the woman she knew herself to be.

And for me, her mere presence utterly destroyed all only for a few moments—the gritty grasping world that I have to live and die in. As she passed our table, nearly close enough to touch and yet light-years away, I saw in the light of her fine-boned face, the tilt of her chin and the steady focus of her dark eyes a message that was as clear as if she had stopped and said directly to me: "Eat your heart out. Bleed for my cantilevered breasts and the jacked-up curve of my ass, but there is no way you will ever taste a crumb of this banquet of a woman."

Those fantastically beautiful, sinuering words I have presented to you, such a sheer made lovely only by the impossible loveliness of that mouth—make me bad. No, they only make me human. And if in fact, she had put on all her undergarments for the sole purpose of allowing someone else the beatific joy of snuffing her naked down to the skin, would that make her bad?

I would give you my answer, but you already know it.



"There he is. Thank God, nothing seems to be broken."

BOP TILL YOU DROP

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"An uninhibited young woman was on her knees in front of Charlie Parker. Miles was grossed out."

known by the public but was already a legend in the heliocore crowd. Miles had his share with the Billy Idol-type band called *Satan's Circus* a year earlier when one of his girlfriends flaked out and both Druze and Parker were in the group. Hearing and playing alongside them for two weeks turned Miles around and his desire to go to Juddland was largely fueled by the fact that Druze and Parker's home turf at the time was New York.

Not long after hitting town, Miles found himself in a cab with Parker heading uptown to Harlem from 52nd Street. The cabbie wasn't too slow. Parker was well fortified for the ride. He had an open bottle of whiskey in one hand and fried chicken in the other, trading off between them while what would have to be called an uninhabited young woman was on her knees in front of him. Miles was aroused out.

It should be added that this was only one side of Parker. He was no idiot servant. Everybody who knew him said he

was incredibly smart. He had a photographic memory. He was a voracious reader—though friends wondered how he found the time. One of his favorites was Baudelaire. He was also knowledgeable about modern art and modernist composers—and aspired toward making avant-garde music. Parker played sax in a new way, his style inspired by Lester Young. But Parker took a left turn from being to create something all his own.

Where it came from is a little mysterious. When Parker was 16, newly married, he got a gig to play in a summer resort band in Eldon, Missouri in the Ozarks. While there he studied with a pianist who taught him basic major and minor chords, seventh and diminished. It got him thinking, and he spent the summer practicing every chance he got. No one had been widely impressed with his playing before that stint in the Ozarks, but afterward it was different.

During the next couple of years Parker passed through various groups. In

1950 he followed his New York to be in on the scene and took a job as a dishwasher to stay alive. In the same restaurant Art Tatum was playing piano, and his oceanic harmonic concept influenced the young second-string Parker.

[illegible]

I remember one night I was jamming in a club house on Seventh Avenue between 139th and 140th. It was December 1979. Now I'd been getting bored with the stereotyped changes that were being used all the time, and I kept thinking there's bound to be something else. I could hear it somewhere, but I couldn't grasp it. After a long time, I was sitting on the bench, and I said, "I found that by using the higher intervals of a chord as a melodic line and backing them with appropriately related changes, I could play the rock I'd been hearing I came alive."

He started jamming regularly at Milton's, his style so revolutionary that the first time sax player Ben Webster heard him, he ran up to the bandstand, ripped the sax out of Parker's hands and said, "That horn ain't supposed to sound that fast!"

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radically changing the music and in playing so fast. Partly it was boredom. The beboppers were tired of playing big band stuff and were looking for something more challenging and more fun.

As Dizzy put it in his autobiography:

"Music reflects the times in which you live. My music emerged from the war years and it reflected those times in the music. Fast and furious with the chord changes going this way and that way it caught or looked and sounded like bebop but it really was."

By December 1941 when the United States got into the war following the Pearl Harbor attack, Hilder had already been charging around Europe collecting the parts that appealed to him. The Japanese had been robbing at pieces of Asia since the mid thirties. The world map was up for grabs.

For those who stayed home life in America underwent a tidal change during World War Two. Hardly a family didn't have a son or a cousin heading off to war. Women went to work in unprecedented numbers at previously male jobs—Rose the Riveter was a popular inspirational character. On the home front life's basics—from meat and sugar to urea and gasoline—were rationed. There were shortages of everything, so that the arrival of a shipment of Double Bubble at the local drugstore was big news among neighborhood kids.

But tragic as World War Two was,

there was also a kind of buzz to it, a strange euphoria, a confidence that because we were America and were on the right side doing the right thing, we were bound to win. We were America fighting evil, so how could we lose? It's no accident that comic-book artist Jack Kirby dreamed up superhero Captain America with his flag-inspired costume during this time.

And the war affected jazz—the musicians the business, the music itself—just like everything else. The heyday of small-combo jazz on 52nd Street was fueled by the war and ended not long after it was over. A wartime tax on dance clubs further promoted this on-down form of jazz—it was cheaper to hear. But more important, soldiers and sailors either shipping out or home on leave were looking for a major league good time in the big city. There were plenty of customers.

Meanwhile the draft boards were compiling emergency rosters of the city's jazz players. The list of personnel was especially short in big bands which, along with featured soloists, relied on group sections playing as seamless units. It took a while for a replacement to learn the book—if you could find a decent player—and bands folded or dropped down several notches when their former stars left for the service.

The drafting of all these jazzmen was yet another incentive to the small-com-

bo beboppers. You didn't need 20 people to make your music—nor a vocalist. Singers, such as teen heartthrob Frank Sinatra with Lennie Haynes, were coming to dominate the bands at the expense of the players, and bebop was a reaction against this trend.

The beboppers were hipsters, outsiders, inspiring the first Beats—Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder and the rest—long before the term was coined in the late fifties. Dizzy also pioneered bop fashion starting with his gaudy and shades. After playing in France in 1937, he began wearing a black beret, and other hipsters followed suit.

The beboppers were the first to start thinking about jazz in an academic way. There had been previous jazz musicians who had graduated from college, but these musically educated beboppers in New York gave jazz a span toward abstraction it had never had back in New Orleans or Chicago. Illinois Jaques said, "Most of those people in the bands, the musicians, were college graduates or started out to be doctors and started playing music. They were all educated musicians, mostly."

The result was that this new music got so complicated, was played so fast, became so unpredictably interesting to listen to—as opposed to the seamless and predictable dance music of most big bands—that people stopped dancing so they could pay better attention. For better or worse concert jazz was being born and jazz was beginning to lose its mainstream dance audience.

The short, brilliant life of the Billy Eckstine Orchestra is a good example. Eckstine, a dapper former vocalist with the Earl Hines band left Hines in 1943. After a short solo stint on 52nd Street he assembled an orchestra in 1944 that included a who's who of hip things to come in the way of band members: Gillespie and Fats Navarro on trumpets, Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon on saxes, Jummy Foster on bass, Art Blakey on drums, Todd Maneron on piano; and Sarah Vaughan, a young vocalist who had won an Apollo Theater amateur contest in 1942 and had spent the following year in the Earl Hines band with Eckstine and Gillespie. She was doing hot jazz singing what the rest were doing on their instruments.

Eckstine appointed Gillespie musical director, which, in terms of giving Dizzy's new musical ideas free rein in a big band context, was a little like handing the fox the keys to the henhouse. With the addition of Charlie Parker the Billy Eckstine Orchestra was the hippest large aggregation of the mid Forties: the bebop rebellion in big-band disguise. It didn't last because it was too hip for its



VICTORIAN SECRET

audiences, who were expecting standard dance fare instead of Dizzy and company's Chinese modernisms. Leonard Feather said the Eckstine orchestra was "years ahead of its time."

There was no band that sounded like Billy Eckstine's, Dizzy said in his autobiography. "Our attack was strong, and we were playing bebop, the modern style. No other band like this one existed in the world."

But the would-be dance audiences generally didn't get it.

According to Eckstine, "We didn't last it was. That type of music was more or less a concert style of jazz. People would start to dance and then they'd turn around and listen. Sometimes our tempos were not danceable, either. It was at the end of the war, and people weren't ready at that particular time for a concert style of jazz."

Road manager Bob Redcross had a slightly different take. "That was the first band that ever played that people couldn't dance to. Man, they were awed. They would stand there and just go crazy. But nobody was dancing."

On tour the members of the Eckstine band went through the usual racial hassles. The Plantation Club in St. Louis is all-white club owned by gangsters, featured Eckstine's all-black band in 1944. As Gillespie remembered:

They fired Billy Eckstine's band because we came in through the front door, and they wanted us to come in through the back. A lotta shit happened to us in St. Louis. One time there in the Club Riviera, Billy punched a guy down the stairs, and this guy had a pistol and everything. All of us had pistols, too, so it didn't make any difference. Every body in that band had a pistol. If you went down South, you'd better have one and a lot of ammunition.

Peripatetic Dizzy lasted seven months with Eckstine before moving on—even he hadn't been able to maintain hard discipline. Saxophonist and arranger Budel Johnson, his replacement as musical director, said: "Most of the time we were junkies. And they were messing up, missing trains and whatnot." Parker was soon gone, too, landing with Dizzy on 52nd Street in various aggregations, sometimes in the same group, sometimes in competing outfits.

World War Two ended in 1945, and it was also a big year for bebop. The arrival of Gillespie and Parker on the Street signaled the movement of bebop downtown and its discovery by white audiences. While the first bop record session technically took place in early 1944—a Coleman Hawkins date—it was in late 1945 that the first bop hits were record-

ed, the most legendary being *So Ho*. Nineteen-year-old Miles Davis was in on these seminal Savoy sessions with Dizzy and Bird and with Max Roach on drums. But *So Ho*, written by Parker, began at such a bat-out-of-hell pace that Miles couldn't handle the introduction and Gillespie, who'd been playing piano on the session, had to fill in on trumpet. Years later Miles said that he had been asleep and did not hear a note while the others were recording this landmark hit. Jazz historian Martin Williams described *So Ho* as "a torrential, virtuosic improvisation."

These first bop records were snatched up and listened to down to scratches by *juke-joints*, but they didn't dent the pop charts. Among the top *Billboard* hits in 1946 were Perry Como's *Prisoner of Love* (number 1), *The Enigma* by the Ink Spots (3) and *Five Minutes More* by Frank Sinatra (4). Down the line were *South America, Take It Easy*, by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters (8) and *Dorothy, Dorothy, Indian Chief* by Betty Hutton (12).

But while pop music slept on, *Grounds High* and *Wave Walk*, both recorded by Parker and Dizzy in February 1945—and other early bop records caused their own furor in the jazz world. You were either for it or against it.

Bebop came out of left field for a lot of buyers, in large part because of the musicians-union recording ban, which lasted for 18 months from 1942 through 1945 and left a large hole in the recorded documentation of this new style as it developed. If you hadn't been hanging out in the New York clubs, watching it grow, bebop sounded at first like music from outer space.

Some jazz writers, such as Leonard Feather and Barry Ulanov, became at most immediate enthusiasts. But most treated bop as if it were a rattlesnake slithering through jazz. To its credit, bebop became the new measure of debilitation of youth, etc., just as rock and roll would become in the mid-1960s.

Those championing it often made extravagant claims for its total newness. But as Martin Williams points out in an essay on bebop, virtually everything the beboppers did had strong antecedents somewhere or other in jazz history.

If the advocates of bop were both critically intemperate and defensive, they were also a bit ignorant and naive about the facts of jazz. They spoke of new harmonies, as if bop had suddenly discovered harmony and as if there had been no change since King Oliver, and they compared Bartok and Stravinsky to Parker, as though the latter's harmonic conceptions were based on theirs. They mentioned Lester but not Bix and Trumbauer. They

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spoke of the new trends in jazz drumming as Kenny Clarke and Max Roach as if Baby Dodds' work had not also been comparable in this respect. They spoke of the boppers' sense of the practice of composing new melodic lines on old chord sequences—a practice as old as ragtime. And the practice of improvising on chord sequences rather than themes is as old as the blues and was almost standard by the mid Thirties.

Oddly enough, those who hated it felt the same way as the enthusiasts, except that they found it too new, too far from New Orleans and Chicago jazz.

On another front in the jazz world also separate from the dominant mainstream big bands—there had been a resurgence of traditional jazz, with older players rediscovered and giving concerts in their earlier styles.

It became a huge controversy, bebop versus trad. Longtime hipster, saxophonist and former purveyor of the best marijuana in Harlem, Mezz Mezzrow was one of the traditionalists' main spokesmen. He was even to the right of big-band swing. He felt that if it wasn't played in small-group New Orleans or hot Chicago style, it wasn't jazz. John Hammond even jumped in against it. "This new bop is a complete and utter racket," he repeated at times. One writer said, "Bebop sounds to me like a hardware store in an earthquake." Fletcher Henderson said "Of all the cruelties in the world, bebop is the most phenomenal." Louis Armstrong claimed that "bop is ruining music, and the kids who play bop are ruining themselves." Someone on the boppers' side called the traditionalists "moldy figs," and the name stuck.

But for a while, until bebop burned itself out as a musical fad around 1954, the boppers were ascendant. After a fashion and from a historical perspective, bebop is again very much alive in the work of Terence Blanchard, Branford Marsalis and Marlon Jordan.

According to Miles Davis, in 1945 the police shut down some of the clubs on 52nd Street, putting a lot of musicians out of work. It was something the police did fairly often until the right parties were made. But this time the shutdowns lasted longer than ever before. Miles believed that the closings were racially motivated, that the arrival of the black bebop groups on 52nd Street brought black people from Harlem who wanted to hear them—and the police didn't like that. He also felt that the eventual reopening of these clubs had a lot to do with the fact that Parker, with whom he'd been playing on the Street, simply moved his band up to Minton's and car-

rried on—carrying the audiences and their money with him. Miles said that the white club owners on 52nd Street couldn't stand seeing all that money going to blacks and greased the police to open up the Street again.

As Arnold Shaw says in *52nd Street*, his excellent history of the scene there, racism got worse, not better, shortly after World War Two. A lot of white soldiers and sailors were from the South and were not used to seeing the easier mingling of races that went on in the 52nd Street clubs.

Shaw quotes Dizzy about one night after work when he was standing outside the RKO Theater with bassist Oscar Pettiford, who was drunk, and Buckshot, a light-skinned redhead who was a singer at a club called Tony's (and who had been the toast of Paris in the Thirties). A white sailor came along and, thinking she was white, started giving them a lot of shit. "What you niggers don't talk to this white woman!" Pettiford took a swing at him but was so drunk he missed and hit her. And Dizzy pulled his fists back, but one sharp blow came later with a curved finger. It hit several ribs, and she had no more. He washed at the sink, but he couldn't get the uniform and somehow managed to get himself out. Pettiford got a cab but he couldn't get the keys. He left up a Harlem and the sailor kept after Dizzy and Pettiford ran to the subway. Pettiford leaping the subway and leaving Dizzy a rear guard. Dizzy stumbled, dropped his knife and had seven or eight of his guys beat up. He was looking for a way to make his chops and his heart. Said Miles, "I was gonna say and went over the subway and at one time the subway was right behind me. But once the subway came to the station, the subway was gone. And I was sitting with the subway and the subway was gone. Finally the subway came and the subway was gone. And I took the subway home."

Later in 1945, Dizzy got an offer to put a small group together to play at a club in Los Angeles. There was one kicker. Club owner Al. Hirsch insisted that Dizzy be part of the group, and Dizzy by then was sick of putting up with his flaky behavior. But everybody has to eat. So Coltrane agreed to try it.

It was a total bust. Samuel Charters and Leonard Bernstein noted that "the Los Angeles papers savagely attacked their music, most of the audience at the club was openly hostile and the management of the club sided with the customers." As Robert Reiner put it, "The audience reaction varied from apathy to hostility, and Parker became upset and unstable. The situation was exacerbated by the fact that in postwar Los Angeles heroin was harder to come by than in

New York. His *Moose the Mooche* was written during that time, named for his heroin connection. Parker found himself even more over his head than usual and spent more time hustling to score than he did playing. At the end of the Billy Berg gig early in 1946, Dizzy paid out the band, including airfare back to New York, but Parker cashed in his ticket and stayed in L.A.

Here Miles Davis enters the picture again. Miles had decided to drop out of Juilliard, feeling it was "too white" to be of any use to him. But he didn't want to spring it on his father without warning, so he had taken the train home to East St. Louis to talk with him. His father sensed characteristically understanding that Miles always something of a golden boy, had a bit of luck on this trip. Benny Carter was playing the Riviera in St. Louis and needed a trumpeter. Miles joined the group largely because it was based in L.A. and was working its way home—to where Dizzy and Parker were. Miles called Parker and said he was on the way, once more chasing Bird. So Miles showed up in California as part of the Benny Carter band and looked up Parker. His trump, as usual, was good. He stayed with Carter for a while, but Bird was putting together a small group and wanted Miles on trumpet. According to Davis, he didn't have the chops that Dizzy had. But Parker liked that. Miles' playing was more of a temperamental than competent.

They got a gig at the Elmer Club in Los Angeles. Little Tokyo, an area where the racial mix had been changing. The Elmer Club had been a low-ceiling, second-floor Japanese restaurant and was now being run by trumpeter Howard McGehee and his white wife. According to Miles, the McGehees were always being hounded by the police, alleged to being a racially mixed couple.

Trouble followed Charlie Parker. His heroin habit kept him so broke he'd moved in to the McGehees' garage. At the Elmer he attracted the usual school drawers, gangs and hustlers that formed around him wherever he went. This in turn attracted even more attention from the police. The owner padlocked the place in April 1946, saying he'd been shaken down by the cops once too often. Then Parker's connection got busted. Parker tried to go cold turkey in the McGehees' garage by turning up all his other habits a few notches. As Miles Davis remembered it:

He started going through severe withdrawal. When Bird gave up heroin, he only switched to drinking more heavily. I remember him telling me once that he was trying to kick heroin and that he hadn't had any for a week. But he had two gallons of wine on the table, empty

quart whiskey bottles in the trash can, bennies spilled all over the table and a crowded tray overflowing with cigarette butts.

The owner was persuaded to reopen the Finale in May, and Parker got himself together enough to form a new band but hired McFhee instead of Miles as trumpeter, possibly more of Miles' good luck. By July Parker was a total wreck again. On the 29th he had a recording session but was too mowed up to play. The accounts vary as to what happened that night. But back at his hotel he somehow managed to set fire to his room, probably by smoking in bed and was found wandering naked in the streets—and was taken to Camarillo State Hospital, California's version of Bellevue. Parker spent seven months there. Part of the therapy included shock treatments. Dizzy Byrd, who was to become the third. Mrs. Parker visited him three times a week. "There were a lot of people there who spent all their time going to the edge of the hospital grounds and staring out into space. Charlie used to laugh at them, but he got like that, too. Just standing out there, staring. The place looked like statues had been placed all around." One of the first times he recorded after his release in February 1947 was called *Release at Camarillo*.

Coincidentally pianist Bud Powell, as glibly the most brilliant of the bebop piano players, also did time in mental institutions, where he was also given shock treatments. Powell was a native New Yorker born in 1924. As a child he studied classical music for seven years before starting his jazz career at the age of 16, gigging at Coney Island dance pavilions. He had been another regular at Min-

ton's when bebop was evolving. His 1945 stay in Pilgrim State Hospital on Long Island was the first of many trips to mental institutions for Powell in the next ten years. In Miles Davis' opinion, his weird behavior had its beginnings a few years earlier, when he'd shown up at the Savoy one night with no money, demanded to get in free and had his head bashed in by the bouncer.

Bud started shooting heroin like it was going out of style and he was the last person who should have because it made him crazy. He started drinking like it was going out of style, too. He started throwing his and going for weeks not speaking to anyone. Finally his mother sent him over to the Bellevue psychiatric ward. After them shock treatments, Bud wasn't ever the same. Bird survived his shock treatments. Bird didn't.

It was one of life's little ironies that while Parker was inside Camarillo State Hospital, Charlie Mingus was in a handful of records he cut before being institutionalized—chief among them a March 1946 septet session that included Miles and produced *Birdland Suite Orchestra* and *A Night in Tunisia*.

No Parker was broke and inside a mental institution when he won an *Esquire* New Star award for 1946. Miles would win the same award the next year. At the time Parker returned to New York in April 1947, bebop was solidly on the map as the hot new thing in jazz, and he was its star.

Miles was then in Dizzy Gillespie's successful big band. After he had stopped playing with Parker, Miles remained in Los Angeles long enough to become tight with bassist Charlie Mingus, who

was four years older and had toured for a couple of years with Louis Armstrong. Miles taught Mingus how to play this new music, which Mingus would eventually take even further.

During the summer of 1946, Billy Eckstine's band had hit Los Angeles, and B, as they called him, talked Miles into joining. Miles was inheriting the throne. They toured California for a couple months and then worked their way back to New York via Chicago in the fall. Miles made his usual Christmas trip home. The group was in New York for the first two months of 1947, but then Eckstine broke up the band. His last Miles was out of work long. Gillespie asked him to join his big band, which was playing for a couple weeks at the Manhattan Theater in the Bronx when Parker hit town. Again Parker was hired immediately for Dizzy's band but he lasted exactly one night—having resumed his heroin habit after leaving Camarillo State—and nodded out on the bandstand. Dizzy fired him while the band was still playing "Get that motherfucker off my stage!" Parker then began putting together his own small group and wanted Miles on trumpet. Miles' musical loyalties had always been more with Bird than with Dizzy, so he left Gillespie. Their first gig was at the Three Deuces on 52nd Street. "I was really happy to be playing with Bird again," Miles said "because playing with him brought out the best in me at the time."

The years 1947 to 1950 were bebop's golden era, at least as a commercial enterprise. The style reached maturity and was easily available live and on record. Boppers were winning both critics and readers' polls in *Downbeat*, *Melton*, and *Esquire*. The *Pharmacia* jazz club Birdland opened in New York—named, of course for Charlie Parker who was only 29 at the time. It was a tan globe recognition of his genius, and it would be the last place he played before his death in March 1955.

Another sign of bebop's legitimization was the success of impresario Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts. Starting in 1944 Granz put together jazz supergroups for fancy theatrical venues such as Carnegie Hall and Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium from which Jazz at the Philharmonic took its name. He was also the first major impresario to refuse to book any place—theater, dance hall, whatever—that discriminated against blacks.

In 1948 Dizzy's big band toured Europe and found the audiences there very receptive. In 1949 Miles Davis and Charlie Parker were invited to play at a summer jazz festival in Paris—another sign that bebop had arrived. It was the first trip to Europe for many of them. Miles



"Well, I'm sorry. It's just that your video was so dirty, I expected a little more."

and Parker took separate quarters.

Miles' quartet included fiddl' Dameron on piano. Dameron was from Cleveland and was nine years older than Davis. He was better as a composer and arranger than he was as a player. James Moody was on tenor sax. He was with Coltrane in 1947 but migrated to Paris in 1948, where he became an expatriate jazz musician. Kenny Clarke the odd man at 35 was on drums.

In the recordings of the Davis quartet at the Paris Festival you can hear the beginning of other dimensions of modern jazz. On most tunes, such as *Allen's Alley* and *Ornithology*, Miles plays bebop à la Coltrane, almost as if he were trying to prove that he could play at Dizzy's breakneck speed and high register. But then on ballads such as *Unruffled You* you can hear the beginnings of the haunting, laconic, space-filled sound that Miles was developing as his own voice—the birth of the cool.

Part of it had begun a year or two earlier in the one-room basement apartment of Gil Evans, then an arranger for the Claude Thornhill band. The apartment was on West 55th, just three blocks from the Street and musicians would come by before or after work, or simply move in for a while. It was a cross between a crash pad and an intellectual salon. "You had to go down a short flight of stairs, vocalist Dave Lambert (recalled in *Milestones*), "pass a Chinese laundry through a boiler room, and there it was—home." Composer George Russell was another regular, along with Miles. Parker, Coltrane, pianist John Lewis (who would become a founding member of the Modern Jazz Quartet), saxophonist Lee Konitz and baritone sax player Gerry Mulligan. Russell said "A very big bed took up a lot of the place. There was one big lamp and a cat named Becky. The boiler room was battered and there was a little court outside. Inside it was always very dark. The feeling of the room was timelessness. At all hours, the place was loaded with people who came in and out" and discussed music theory night and day. A considerable amount of what would become Fifties jazz was cooked up in this little basement pad.

Evans and Davis had met in 1947. Evans was 14 years older than Miles, white, had Australian parents and grew up on the West Coast. But he and Miles discovered that their ideas about where music ought to go were remarkably close. Soon, Davis joined the crowd in the basement apartment.

The result was Miles' landmark, if ephemeral, nonet, which played together live for only two weeks at the Royal Roost in September 1948. It was a nine-piece group put together along the theoretical lines that were evolving in Evans'

salon. The magic number nine—the usual bop quartet plus French horn, tuba, trombone and baritone sax—had been worked out by Evans and Mulligan before Miles started coming around. But it was Davis who turned these ideas into a real group. Most of them, of course, came from the Evans salon—among them Miles as leader, Gerry Mulligan on baritone sax and Lee Konitz on alto sax. Winding played trombone. Al Haig was on piano and Max Roach was the drummer. The three recording sessions took place months after they'd broken up and scattered, so some of the seats had to be taken by others—including John Lewis on piano, Kenny Clarke on drums and jazz critic-to-be Gunther Schuller on French horn.

Along with the unusual instrumentation, the nonet played arranged music mostly in ensemble style—three significant departures from the usual bebop way of doing things. In a way, it was more conservative—evolutionary than revolutionary, going back to the carefully arranged ensemble playing that was a staple of the Thirties big bands. But it incorporated musical ideas from bebop, classical music and beyond. One casualty was the free-wheeling improvisation that characterized bebop—though Miles and the others rip off some wonderful solos on the 12 songs the nonet recorded in 1948 and 1950. Finally collected on a 1957 album called *Birth of the Cool*.

It was ultimately more sedate than bebop and more carefully thought-out. Instead of plunging into the chasm and somehow miraculously making it to the other side, as Charlie Parker did night after night, Miles nonet built careful, intricate bridges.

At a time when most of the big bands were calling it quits because of economic pressures and changing musical tastes, the leading edge of jazz was turning into chamber music, leaving its dance-band origins far behind. It was becoming harder and harder for big bands to stay afloat financially—and for 20 years they had been the providers of dance music to the country.

The move of jazz to sit-down concert style, along with the collapse of big bands, left a dance music void in the early Fifties that would soon be filled by rock and roll, since teenagers always need something with a good beat to dance to. It is an interesting if easy irony that one of the tunes recorded by Miles' nonet in 1950 was a Gerry Mulligan composition called *Flakey*.

The nonet recordings didn't make the splash in the jazz world that the first bop records did, largely because they were recorded and released over a two-year period. But by 1950, when most of them had been released, jazz had changed yet one more time, and Miles was the leader.

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No Justice. No Peace

Acronyms from page 58.

sat back in utter amazement. To this day, no one has blamed the one branch of the judicial system that, in my opinion, is primarily responsible: the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office. Why do I make this charge? Because if we confine ourselves to conventional logic, the finger of guilt points irresistibly to the D.A.'s office. Let's take it step by step.

In Los Angeles, as in other metropolitan areas of the country, police are virtually never prosecuted for police brutality. As the West Virginia mountaineer said, "No matter how thin I make my pancakes, they always have two sides." But at the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office—even when there are independent witnesses corroborating the victim's allegation of police brutality, such as in the case of the fatal shooting of multiple shots in the back, or other evidence incompatible with the officer's version of the event—there is only one side: the side of the police.

In all fairness to Ira Remer, D.A. at the time of the Kang beating and riots, this was not a policy he instituted. Remer merely perpetuated a policy (prosecutions are so few and far between that they don't essentially alter the policy) that was in place long before he took office.

"There is a single standard of justice," Reiser insisted. "We prosecute police officers and private individuals, anyone we feel has violated the law." But facts are stubborn little devils that speak for themselves.

The Special Investigations Division of the Los Angeles County D.A.'s office, with 16 deputy D.A.s and 12 D.A. investigators, is responsible for the investigation of police misconduct. The division conducts probes of both nonshooting (excessive force) and officer involved shooting cases.

Let's start with nonheeding excessive force cases. In 1980 and 1991, reporters David Parrish and Beth Barrett of the Los Angeles *Daily News* wrote an impressive series of articles about police brutality in the LAPD and the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. They also wrote one of the few articles ever printed in a Los Angeles newspaper exposing the lack of police brutality prosecutions by the D.A.'s office. Examining Special Investigations Division records, they discovered that from 1986 to 1990 the D.A.'s office investigated accusations of excessive force against only 54 LAPD officers. Most of the 54 cases were referred to the Special Investigations Division by LAPD's Internal Affairs

Remarkably, the D.A. rejected all but one case, when an officer was accused of assaulting a fellow officer during an off-duty dispute. Naturally, the other 53 victims were private citizens, and the D.A. failed to prosecute even "when LAPD officers were willing to testify they witnessed beatings of prisoners and citizens by fellow officers."

With approximately 20,000 police officers in Los Angeles County, the LAPD alone logs an average of 500 complaints of excessive force per year. In addition, around 2000 complaints are registered against police officers in the county with a local watchdog group, Police Watch. But the Special Investigations Division prosecutes an average of just two of these cases per year, and then usually against police agencies in the county other than the LAPD or LASD. In fact, to find a significant excessive force prosecution against the LAPD prior to the King case, one has to go all the way back to the Blokhut Christmas beating of seven prisoners on December 25, 1951. Eight cops were indicted for felonious assault and five were convicted.

In officer-involved shootings cases, by agreement with the LAPD, LASD and more than half of the 87 incorporated cities in Los Angeles County, the D.A.'s office is immediately notified. At least one deputy D.A. and D.A. investigator "roll out" to the scene of the shooting, where they conduct an independent probe to determine if a crime was committed by the officer or officers involved. Each year the Special Investigations Division rolls out on approximately 150 such cases throughout the county.

The *Daily News* found 387 officer-involved shooting cases—including 153 fatalities—as the LAPD between 1985 and mid 1991. In many cases the victims or their survivors received large civil judgments from juries. In none of them, however, did the D.A. file criminal charges.

Over at the sheriff's department, the Daily News reviewed 202 officer-involved shootings between January 1, 1985, and August 27, 1990. It found 56 cases where people were shot under "serious or questionable circumstances"—victims unarmed, shot in the back, etc. In none of the 202 shootings, including the aforementioned questionable incidents did the D.A. or a police officer file criminal charges. Again, in many cases large criminal judgments were awarded to the victims. In some cases the misconduct was apparently so clear and severe that the city or county settled out of court, as in the \$1 million settlement of a 1988 incident described by one Long Beach police officer as a "sheep's-a-goatism."

The situation gets much scarier. When I spoke with one present and two past Special Investigations Division deputy D.A.s, as well as with other people long

Los Angeles Police Department (the Christopher Commission). A month after the King beating, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley appointed a seven-member commission (later augmented by three members appointed by Chief Cates) chaired by former Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher to conduct a comprehensive review of the excessive force problem in the LAPD. With a staff of 150, 101 of whom were lawyers, the commission examined thousands of internal LAPD documents and interviewed hundreds of witnesses—including more than 500 current and retired Los Angeles police officers.

The commission found "a significant number of LAPD officers who repetitively use excessive force against the public." Between 1986 and 1990, 183 officers had four or more excessive-force allegations. 44 had six or more. 16 had eight or more and one had 16 allegations. "We know who the bad guys are," testified former LAPD assistant chief Jesse Brewer. "Reputations become well known, especially to the sergeants, and then, of course, to the lieutenants and the captains in the area. But I don't see anyone bringing these people up."

From 1986 through 1990, the city of L.A. paid in excess of \$29 million in judgments, settlements and jury verdicts in more than 300 lawsuits against LAPD officers alleging use of excessive force. In 1991 alone, \$14.7 million was paid. These figures don't include settlements and verdicts against the LASD (\$15.5 million between January 1989 and May 1992) and the many other police agencies in the county. The commission reviewed 83 lawsuits and concluded that "a majority of cases involved clear and often egregious officer misconduct resulting in serious injury or death to the victim. The LAPD's investigation of these 83 cases was deficient in many respects, and discipline against the officers involved was frequently light and often inconsistent."

The Christopher Commission failed to note a critically important point: In not one of these 83 cases was there a criminal prosecution by the Los Angeles County District Attorney's office.

In a survey of 850 LAPD officers, 24.5 percent agreed that "racial bias on the part of officers toward minority citizens currently exists." And 27.6 percent agreed that prejudice sometimes leads to the use of excessive force.

Among the commission's more shocking findings were computer messages sent between patrol cars over LAPD's mobile digital terminals, statements such as "I would love to drive down Mason [a street that runs through South Central] with a flamethrower. We would have a barbecue." "I almost got me a Mexican last night but he dropped the damn gun too quick."

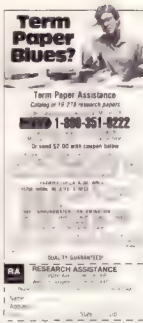
The commission found that a propensity for violence on the part of some officers was also a contributing factor. Although obviously far from the norm, there were such transmissions as "Capture him beat him and treat him like dirt." "If I find it, it'll be [officer involved shooting] time. God! I wanna kill something 'til so bad." "Wahna go over to Delant, later and hand out some street justice." "It was fun, but no chance to bust heads." Only after a few of these messages were reviewed did the commission find the LAPD then found per the commission, "260 patently offensive comments over a one-month period."

Of the 129 recommendations made by the commission, almost all are aimed at reducing the use of excessive force. Although areas such as recruitment and training are covered, the commission concluded that the key to reducing excessive force was to implement a "major overhaul of the disciplinary system" within the LAPD. The same recommendation—even in the extent of using an independent Inspector General to monitor the discipline—had been urged 27 years earlier by the McCone Commission, which followed the Watts riot and on which Christopher served as vice chairman.

What's amazing is that after months of highly publicized inquiry and investigation, the celebrated Christopher Commission recommended internal discipline by the LAPD as the principal way of dealing with police brutality. In other words, the police should be relied on to continue to police themselves.

Unbelievably, there isn't one word in the entire report that refers to the lack of D.A. prosecutions of police brutality. Nor is there one word about how the D.A., whose job it is to prosecute police brutality cases, can play a part in reducing police brutality. It's not as if the commission was unaware of the law. Its report points out that "LAPD policy and the penal code require that force be reasonable." It's just that the Christopher Commission apparently believes that the D.A.'s job is to prosecute all inmates of the community except the police.

If one were to confront members of the commission with this colossal lack of insight, they would be forced to invoke the anemic argument that they were commissioned only to investigate the LAPD, not the D.A.'s office. However, if one were to suggest that it ought to examine all aspects of the law-enforcement structure in Los Angeles that might cause or contribute to the problem of excessive force? The D.A.'s office, of course, was an integral part of the law enforcement structure of Los Angeles, being the agency responsible for



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prosecuting all felonies in the county. Moreover, the Christopher Commission did make recommendations concerning an entity inside the LAPD. "Community councils are to be created, composed of local residents and community and business leaders, to work with the police to identify and solve problems."

There are few tyrants like Blind's, and I believe that the Christopher Commission never recommended more aggressive D.A. action against police brutality cases simply because the absence of such prosecutions has been understood in L.A.

At present, the only way to get cop internal discipline is through a complaint. And with the widespread code of silence among police officers, only a small percentage of police officers are disciplined.

For instance, the Christopher Commission found that of 2132 citizen allegations of excessive force from 1986 through 1990 only 42 (two percent) were initiated by LAPD's Internal Affairs Division (former assistant chief Jesse Brewer estimates that for every complaint, there are three or four incidents that citizens don't report. A refrain often heard in the black community is, "Who are you going to tell the police one? The police?") The typical punishment is suspension without pay for a week or less. As a deterrent, none of this begins to compare with a criminal prosecution and possible incarceration in the state prison.

(An independent investigation of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department headed by retired Los Angeles County Superior Court Judge James C. Kolts found "deeply disturbing evidence of excessive force and lax discipline." Unlike the earlier Christopher Commission report, the Kolts report referred to the apparent domination on the part of the D.A.s who prosecute excessive force cases involving the LASD and the "failure to prosecute more than one questionable shooting incident in the past decade out of 382 referrals of possible prosecutions to it." But, like the Christopher Commission, the Kolts report principally recommended internal discipline as the solution to the problem. It makes no mention of prosecution as a deterrent, nor among its 180 recommendations, is there one urging increased prosecutions of police brutality.)

Why don't D.A.s prosecute the police? There are a number of reasons for this dereliction of duty. Police are correctly viewed as "the thin blue line" that protects the public from criminals and lawless ones. D.A.s—most of whom, after all are politicians, not statesmen—fear that the public might perceive them as an upstart and anti-law enforcement, a significant negative at election time. Apart from the political hazard of prosecuting the police, D.A.s and police work together daily in their efforts against crime. Each is dependent on the other. A fraternity develops between the two that weakens the resolve of the D.A. to go after members of the team.

The standard cop-out of D.A.s everywhere for this failure to prosecute police-brutality cases is that juries won't convict police officers because they nearly always accept their version of what happened. Roger Guntson, head of the L.A. District Attorney's Special Investigations Division, says, "It's difficult to get convictions because there is a respect for police officers." But given the fact that Guntson, under Reiner, rarely prosecuted police, how would he have sufficient experience to develop such a calcified defendant attitude?

Actually, the contention that juries nearly always side with the officers lies in the face of the evidence. Almost every week in L.A., the morning papers report that another civil jury has awarded the victim of police brutality (or his or her survivors) a \$100,000 judgment and sometimes a judgment in excess of \$1 million.

Indeed, the only way victims of police brutality around the country get redress for grievances is to hire private lawyers and sue the police. The police in these cases are defended by the civil attorney's office. All adverse judgments are paid by the city, not by the individual defendant officer. It must be emphasized that the testimony of the witnesses and the factual issues at these civil trials are virtually identical to what they would be if the D.A. had filed criminal charges. The principal distinction is in the burden of proof. Although in a criminal trial the D.A. must prove his case beyond a reasonable doubt—a higher burden of proof—the plaintiff's lawyer in a civil suit will must prove that the victim's charges are true by a preponderance of the evidence, which in itself is a substantially easier task for lawyers—generally members of small law firms with limited resources—routinely convince juries that an officer caused unjustifiable injury or death, frequently with clear evidence of malicious intent or reckless disregard for the consequences, both of which give rise to criminal responsibility. Why can't the D.A.'s office, with its vast resources and power to grant immunity to less culpable officers for their testimony, meet this higher burden? And is it beyond a reasonable doubt, not beyond all doubt?

The conclusive proof that criminal convictions can be secured against police brutality is the record of the U.S. Attorney's office in federal prosecutions against police for violating the civil rights of victims by the use of excessive force. (The four police officers in the King case are presently under federal indictment for the beating. Their trial is set to begin in February. Of the 1,125 criminal prosecutions involving police brutality since October 1988—cases in which the federal prosecutor was faced with the same



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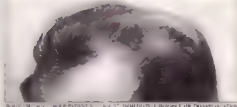
fallen at pistol as his D.A. state court appeals convictions were obtained approximately 75 percent of the cases, a respectable conviction rate. Actually although the burden of proof is the state beyond a reasonable doubt, the federal prosecutor's task is even greater. So it is not surprising that excessive force was used but that the officer did so with the specific intent to injure the victim of his civil rights. Why then, these prosecutors serve as a collective deterrent to police brutality? It's estimated that they represent less than one half of one percent of all alleged excessive force cases nationwide.

Would prosecuting the police ultimately hurt society by forcing officers to act tentatively in situations that call for aggressive conduct? I doubt it. Although prosecutions would be tighter awareness among all officers in the proper use of force. If a record of police brutality is maintained at the police station, they simply don't harbor the impulse to use greater force than what they are authorized. Knowing that officers on the street are immediately accountable in highly dangerous life-threatening situations, the D.A. should continue to give officers considerable latitude and discretion in their use of force with the benefit of the doubt always going to the officer. But carte blanche authority essentially the current situation remains. When the officer's conduct clearly trespasses beyond permissible margins into blatant, egregious and unnecessary use of force the officer has to be criminally accountable for his conduct. To hold officers to hold that in the process of enforcing the law an officer is legally required to violate the law himself.

Law enforcement, in its endless fight against crime, has functioned like a fire department racing from fire to fire stamping them out. It's time that our society broadened its vision, sharpened its insight, inspired its concern and compassion and become concerned citizens prevent the fire from starting.

Given the continuing polarization of whites and blacks in our society and the discrimination against the black community by the white majority, it is time that the black community take responsibility for the economic ghettoes, the social engineers and is beyond the ken of this writer. But if we want to help prevent another Watts, another Newark, Detroit, Liberty City or South Central, we must demonstrate to the black community that in terms of law enforcement there is equal justice. As posters carried by rioters proclaimed during the 1968 riots: NO JUSTICE NO PEACE. When there is no equal justice, those who are denied it understandably lose respect for the law. And when people lose respect for the law, there is a greater likelihood

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that they will tolerate it.

The only way to show the black community that justice exists is to prosecute police brutality. Empty rhetoric about equal justice will no longer do. Blue-chip commissions that make recommendations for reform, new police chiefs and improved training programs, etc. are essentially only window dressing. All these cosmetic nostrums for a severe problem are implicitly anchored on the erroneous premise that you can change human nature. You can't.

When the last embers from the King case burn out, rogue cops—whether they are five percent of the force or more—will eventually go back to their old ways. The lessons of South Central as those of other race riots, will be quickly forgotten by a society whose collective memory lasts only as long as a breath upon a mirror. It's immaterial whether rogue police are consciously attracted to police work for its ostentatious display of absolute power on the streets over one's fellow man, or whether the badge, gun and uniform elicit the worst in them. The point is that they are there and there will always be some police. The only way to deter a substantial amount of police misconduct is to flagrant police misconduct.

In the Rodney King case at the point where the baton was thrown, the stopped and the officers could have moved in to overcome King (assuming he gave any resistance at that point). The officers' failure to do so was their conscience and their conscience came up warning. If there had been the additional check that everyone else in our society faces when contemplating the commission of a criminal act—the threat of prosecution—these

may not have continued their brutal onslaught.

Winston Churchill once said that the solution to every problem no matter how complex is common sense. If we do just a modicum of thinking, we will see that the current system of police accountability is not working.

There is no need to be spent because a professional staff is already in place. All we have to do is insist that the district attorneys (called the state's attorneys in cities such as Chicago and Miami) does the job he's hired and paid to do.

How can we ensure this? First, the media must put public pressure on the D.A. to prosecute police brutality and enforce the law equally. Second, the citizens of the community must demand that district attorneys pledge to prosecute police brutality and vote out of office all D.A.s who do not.

Justice is the ligament that holds society together. In a nation that prides itself on the principle that no one is above the law, the police are the most visible enforcers of the law. If D.A.s around the country are held accountable for criminal behavior as certain as leaves fall in autumn there will be other Watts, Newark, Detroit, Miami and South Centra's. It's just a matter of time.

Out of the ashes and graffiti-scarred rubble of the riots in L.A. will come new buildings, if the Rebuild L.A. program, headed by Peter Leberroth, is successful. Next time, rioters will burn down the new buildings. There is a fire in the system of the minority communities—our. As I said in 1972 that can be extinguished only by justice.



AUTOMOTIVE BUZZ

(continued from page 87)

Stevens offered the best compliment: "Who cares if the rear visibility stinks." The loan-garage Corrado feels like the neat little T-1 car that Porsche ought to make." Yates liked the Mercedes-Benz 500E, calling it strictly "master race." Healey preferred the BMW 325i, pointing to its benchmark styling and almost-reasonable \$50,000 price. Rahal once again picked the Civic, saying that "somehow, Honda keeps making something good even better."

Sexiest Sedan: Edging out the challengers in this highly competitive category was the Mercedes-Benz 500E. "Talk about the ultimate sedan!" said Stevens. "No wonder high-powered German businessmen prefer to hit the autobahn rather than the skies when short hopping to a meeting." Gross agreed, stating, "The 500E is armed with the SL roadster's big brakes and sports running gear." The rest of the panel was somewhat divided. Racer Rahal picked the Mercedes-Benz 600SEL, calling it "the ultimate Panzerwagen." Healey liked the Bentley Turbo R, describing it as "anti-modern as cars get." Yates sided with the Infiniti Q45. "The Q looks as if it was styled by the politburo," he said, "but it is an unbelievable engineering package, especially considering its price." Davis advised buying American. "The Cadillac Seville STS with the Northstar engine is everything you could want in a sedan, in price, in class, in styling, and in content to spare."

Biggest Kick to Drive! For the second year in a row, the Dodge Viper RT 10 was the winner when it came to fun behind the wheel. As Yates put it, "The Viper has enough torque to tear down the World Trade Center and enough rubber to land a 747." Stevens said,

"You'd have to be in a coma not to be charmed by this snake." Davis said that "even if the bureaucrats made twenty-five miles per hour the national speed limit, I would still wish to own a Viper." Gross recalled the day he drove one on Los Angeles' noisy Mulholland Drive, "ambushing several Corvettes in the process." Healey was irritated by the exhaust noise from the V-10 engine, "but otherwise you'd have to wear a driving suit and a helmet to have more raw kid fun than you get from driving the Dodge truck sled." Rahal once again chose the Acura NSX, claiming it combines performance, handling and braking in a civilized package.

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend: Most of the panelists voted for last year's Playboy Car of the Year, the Lexus SC 400 and its sibling, the SC 500. "This coupe has everything that I'd hope my



"Cindy, this is Steve. He's got a lot of potential, but he needs a little work."

girlfriend would have," said Davis. "A great shape and lots of brains." Rahal called it "all class" with Healey adding adjectives such as "supple," "sensual," "gurgling," "fast," "elegant," "evocative" to the mix. "We gave Corinna Harnes our 1992 Playmate of the Year a Lexus SC 300," Stevens said. "If your girlfriend looks half as good in it as Corinna does she—or you—should spring for the same car." Yates offered a few alternatives, depending on who's footing the bill. "If she's buying the Mercedes-Benz 500SL, it's the hands-down winner. If you are, try to get away with the Honda Prelude with a Lexus SC 300 as the final offer." Gross preference: a Mercedes-Benz 500E. "I abhor it." In the unlikely event of a rollover, he explained, "the 500E's rear headrests pop up like a roll bar."

Best Car to Drive Past Your Ex Wife's House: Yates didn't mince words. "Take an AM General Humvee in full camouflaged and make sure the machine gun is loaded." Stevens also chose a Humvee, with "cutoff pipes and Rebecca De Mornay in cutoff shorts riding shotgun." On a more cautious note, Gross said, "If negotiations are still in progress, drive a Yugo." Healey concurs: "Just some-

thing nondescript and untraceable like a stolen Chevy Cavalier." Davis offered a cunning alternative: Drive a Toyota Tercel. "The best small car ever made yet it costs little to own" and keep your second car ("the Ferrari 512 TR") a secret. "I'd choose a Lamborghini Diablo," said Rahal. "It was reasonable but she wasn't either."

Ultimate Convertible: As with last year, the Mercedes-Benz 500SL and the new V-12 600SL won most of our panel's praise. "If price is no object," said Gross, "nothing tops Mercedes-Benz SL roadsters. These elegant two-seaters have sports-car performance with every luxury imaginable. And their classic good looks will endure for years." Healey agreed, calling the 500SL "fast, nimble, attractive, impossible to afford—everything you need." Yates added "The 500SL turns heads everywhere except Rodeo Drive. Its fast flash and fendishly expensive." Stevens had just returned from driving the 600SL and he commented that the 12-cylinder roadster was a thumbs-up winner on Orange County's Ortega Highway. "Just popping the top draws a crowd," Rahal concurred. "To operate the top is worth the price of admission. The 500SL repre-

sents German engineering at its best." Davis liked the new 600SL and said, "This is a car that screams 'I've made it, and thanks to all the little people out there.'"

Best of the Homeboys: "There's never been a better time to buy American," said Gross, "and three of the best reasons are the Dodge Intrepid, the Eagle Vision and the Chrysler Concorde. These sleek front-wheel-drive LH sedans are to 1993 what Ford's Taurus was in its introductory year—a major leap forward." In Stevens' words, Chrysler finally got it right. These new models aren't just wanna-be real cars, they're the right wuff." Healey said "Chrysler's LH trio and the longer luxury version, the New Yorker due out in March, set new standards of convenience, value and performance for the domestic industry—and for more than a few imports as well." Davis agreed. "Inside, the only due it's a Chrysler is the shape of the wheel." Yates liked the LHs, too, but added, "Ford's SHO will show well any place in the world, including the German autobahns, and the Jeep Grand Cherokee are also in the hunt." Said Rahal, "Cadillac is back. With the Northstar engine, the Seville STS is the best

—PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES—



DAVIS



GROSS



RAHAL



HEALEY



STEVENS



YATES

JOHN DAVIS: As the producer and host of PBS's weekly automotive series *MotorWeek*, '93 Davis provides a million-plus television viewers with the latest in new-car information. But automobiles are not all work for this award-winning journalist. He has owned vintage Mustangs, a Corvette and a De Tomaso Pantera.

KEN GROSS: As we went to press, Gross, *PLAYBOY's* Contributing Automotive Editor, had just returned from Belgium where he previewed the new Ferrari 456 GT. The Belgian assignment was a typical one for this free-lance auto writer who spends more than 75 percent of his time on the road pursuing dream machines.

JAMES R. HEALEY: A newspaper columnist for more than two decades, Healey has covered everything from entertainment news to presidential campaign politics. Recently, he serves as the auto writer for *USA Today*, posting more than 1,000 words a week on his automobile journalism. He also writes and reviews of new cars.

BOBBY RAHAL: After entering his first "great" 17-hour endurance to become one of the top drivers in the Indy Car racing series, Healey named Rookie of the Year in 1982 and has won the Indianapolis 500 and three PPG Indy Car World Series Championships. To date, his on-screen total is 24. But not for long, he says.

DAVID STEVENS: The hottest new electronic products, the best wines and liquors, fine food, great gadgets, exciting travel destinations and the world's sexiest automobiles—that's the turf covered by Stevens, a 27-year *PLAYBOY* veteran and our Modern Living Senior Editor in charge of the material stuff men love.

BROCK YATES: A seasoned print and broadcast journalist since 1961, Yates is an editor, an sage and featured columnist for both *Car and Drive* and *Boating Magazine*. He co-hosts the cable series *American Sports Carweekend* and has authored several books, including a biography of the legendary automaker Enzo Ferrari.

HEALEY'S FACE OF THE FUTURE



AM GENERAL HUMVEE
Best Car to Drive Past Your Ex's House



VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO SLC
Most Improved Old Model



CHRYSLER LH SEDANS
Best of the Homeboys



MERCEDES-BENZ 500 600SL
Ultimate Convertible



MAZDA MX-6 LS
Hottest Pocket Rockets



EAGLE TALON TSi



HONDA CIVIC
Best Bang for Your Buck



GENERAL MOTORS MINIVANS
Car We'd Like to Kiss Goodbye



MERCEDES-BENZ 500E
Sexiest Sedan



DODGE VIPER RT 10
Biggest Kick to Drive



LEXUS SC 400
Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend



RANGE ROVER COUNTY LWB
Best Sports Utility

the domestics can offer.

Best Sports Utility: "The Range Rover County LWB [long wheelbase] is arguably the world's best sports utility and Gross: "Its extended subsection upgraded two-hundred-horsepower V8 electronic air suspension and traction control is a slam-banged. Stevens agreed with Gross' pick. "Any car that goes into the American home market gets my vote. Davis liked the Range Rover Defender 110, calling it "the true global ideal of an off-road vehicle. In fact, those flat aluminum body panels is a surprisingly modern machine with a fuel-injected V8 and coil-spring suspension. Thomas took the prize, but it drives like a Cadillac. Healer went with the Range Rover Defender. It's the ultimate urban-avoidance vehicle. Healer and Yates, however, voted for the Chrysler PT. The PT. Chrysler kept it a real off-road machine," said Healey. "Yet the latest 4-cylinder is a good-looking but economical four-cylinder. It's supposedly more luxurious rivals." With its new V8 engine, Yates added, "the Jeep Grand Cherokee is Michael Jordan playing against P.J. 18."

Car We'd Like to Kiss Goodbye: General Motors caught all the flak here. Said Stevens, "Its doorstop minivans are terrible. Whoever designed them must have really been into Buster Crabbe's Flash Gordon movies back in the Thirties." Gross agreed. "The auto press called the GM vans the dumbbustlers. They were ungainly, underpowered, awkward to drive and no match for the class-leading Chryslers." Davis and Healey hated the new GM i-Cars. "Pontiac's latest Grand Am has to be the ugliest car since the AMC Pacer," Healey said. "It looks as if it was created by a stylist on Quaaludes experiencing a cold leg." They panned the standard single-arm Quad 4-powered Buicks, too. "If only that engine made more power than noise," he said. Yates and Rahal singled out Chevy's pudgy Caprice with the former calling it "an egregious example of excess and the latter claiming that it resembled "a falcon doing exercise that should have stayed there."

That doesn't: Our panel of experts has gone on record again. But this year there's at least one common thread to their voting. With a few notable exceptions, they believe Detroit is holding its best cars ever. A pitched battle for still more market share with Japanese car makers is in full cry. Even the Europeans are getting the message. They're finally cutting prices and tailoring their cars for American tastes. Top readers seeking new wheels, your choices have never been better.



PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROM

Playboy's new CD-ROM collection, *Playboy: The Ultimate Collection*, is the first CD-ROM ever to be published by a magazine. It's also the first CD-ROM to be published by a company that's not a computer company. The collection is available for \$250.

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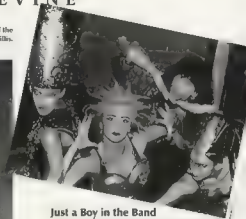
More than 60 CD-ROM titles, including *The Civil War* from Random House (about \$25), are available for Sony's new PEX-100 Multimedia CD-ROM player, a versatile device that integrates a CD-ROM player, PC-compatible microprocessor, black-and-white LCD and more. It also plays audio CDs, has a jack for headphones or speakers, and comes with a two-hour rechargeable battery and an AC adapter, about \$1000.

When it comes
to CD-ROMs,



Fit to Be Tied

KIM BOLINGER is a Raiderette cheerleader (she was even Raiderette of the Week) and an actress, most recently in *The Last Boy Scout* with Bruce Willis. And she plays professional polo. How's that for white collar?

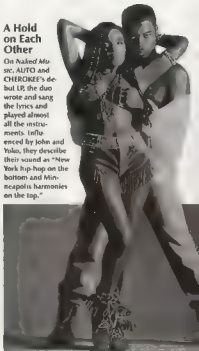


Just a Boy in the Band

Last summer when Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER was hanging out with the Ministry dancers on the Lollapalooza II tour (above), his band was in the studio. Now their new LP, *Get a Grip*, is ready for release. Look for a tour in the spring. Expect the usual mayhem.

A Hold on Each Other

On *Naked Music*, ALTO and CHEROKEE's debut LP, the duo wrote and sang the lyrics and played almost all the instruments. Influenced by John and Yoko, they describe their sound as "New York hip-hop on the bottom and Minneapolis harmonies on the top."





Soup's Hot and Cooking

They have been a long-standing favorite on the alternative music charts. Then their LP *Hollowed* hit the pop charts and their video *Drive Thing* was nominated for an MTV award. These SOUP DRAGONS are not simply blowing smoke



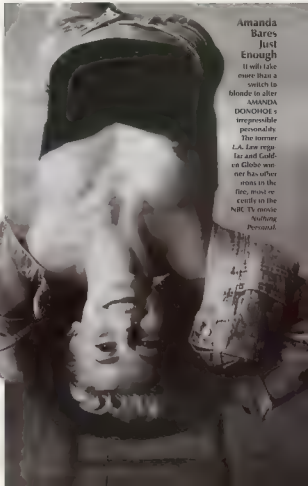
Shorts Sighted

HELENA UPTON was Miss United Kingdom and placed fourth in the Miss Universe pageant. Like anyone else with a modeling or acting dream, Helena has moved to L.A. Visiting us in Grapevine is de rigueur.



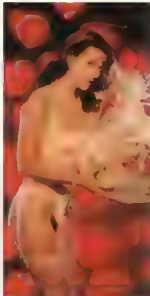
Laughing All the Way to the Bank

TRAVIS TRITT spells success *tr-o-u-b-le*, the name of his hit album. Look for him in a CBS-TV movie, *Rio Diablo*, with Kenny Rogers and Naomi Judd. That spells *tr-o-u*.



Amanda Bares Just Enough

It will take more than a switch to blonde to alter AMANDA DONOHOE's irrepressible personality. The former L.A. *Law* regular and Golden Globe winner has other roles in the fire, most recently in the NBC TV movie *Nothing Personal*.



THE LOVE BASKET

Looking for a sexy way to knock the socks—and other garments—off your favorite Valentine this February 14? Order Playboy's Valentine's Passion Basket. It's a wicked treasure trove with everything her passionate heart could desire, including boxes of Brown & Haley Almond Roca and Belgian truffles, chocolate, hama-

Sutra (Black) sex blow lightly scented cream and a scented, glowing will delight and surprise your partner. A scented romance candle and the popular Playboy video *Seven of Making Love to the Same Person Forever*. Best of all, the basket's \$45 postpaid price is cheaper than long-stemmed roses, champagne and caviar or lingerie. Call 800-425-9494 and ask for item MK3985 or send a check to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 24168, Itasca, Illinois 60143.

DOING IT BY THE NUMBERS

Number 184: "Greet him at the front door wearing a big red ribbon and nothing else," gets our vote in Greg Godek's book *1001 Ways to Be Romantic*. And number 990, "Get him Super Bowl tickets on 1 had either. In between, there's everything from writing "I love you" on the bathroom mirror in soap to filling her car with heart-shaped balloons. A hardcover edition of *1001 Ways* is \$18.95; the softcover costs \$11.95.



THE EYES HAVE IT

If your Dictionary drawings have reached masterpiece status, it's time to check out ScrutinEyes, "The Game of Closer Looks." Just out from Mattel, ScrutinEyes requires quick thinking and an eye for detail. To play, teams examine one of 24 colorful placemat-sized game cards featuring dozens of illustrations on both sides. One side is labeled with a letter of the alphabet (e.g., things that begin with the letter A), the other by category or theme, such as Sports Stuff. The winner is the team that identifies the most items—by label—on two timed rounds of play. It isn't easy, but it's fun. The price: \$25 at game and department stores.

HOW ABOUT JOE FOR JENNIFER?

It's said that jocks get the best-looking women, and now we have proof. The Playmate Collection National Football League trading cards. Mixed in with the NFL's superstars are cards featuring many of their beautiful brides. Pictured below left is Faith Cherry, wife of the Kansas City Chiefs' former defensive running back Derrick Cherry, and Jennifer Montana, Joe Montana's exciting sidekick. A pack of 12 costs \$1.25 at card shops and drug stores. Bubble gum not included.



THE BOOK GOES ROUND AND ROUND

Just when you thought your record player was headed to the graveyard, along comes *Turntable Illusions*. This softcover book features 40 black-and-white patterns that create optical effects when spun on a record turntable. The names range from Stereokinetic Spiral Cone to Modified Huddy's Doodle (shown)—plus, there's an explanation of each illusion by the author, John Kremer. Sold for \$12, postpaid, by Open Horizons Publishing, 515-472-6150.



A LINK TO THE LINKS

Good news for the millions of diehard duffers out there: *The National Golf Course Directory* promises to be "the most comprehensive and up-to-date listing of golf courses ever compiled." More than 12,000 of the nation's private, public and resort courses will be included, with details on everything from greens fees to phone numbers of pro shops to the names of the top staff and managers. Given all that information, we'd say its \$85 postpaid price tag comes in well under par. To order, call Sports Directories at 800-299-9001.



SPIES ON TAPE

If you're intrigued by espionage, don't miss *Spies*, a series of 26 half-hour documentaries that first appeared on the Arts & Entertainment Network and is now available on video. One episode, *The Honey Trap* (pictured at right), details the John Profumo-Christine Keeler scandal. Others feature terrorism and U.S. traitor John Walker. Available through the Columbia House Video Library, the *Spies* series costs \$7.49 for the first video and \$23.14 each for the remaining 25. Call 800-638-2922 to order.



40TH ANNIVERSARY SNAP DECISION

To get you clicking on our 40th Anniversary Playmate Search (see ad elsewhere in this issue), Playboy is offering a one-time-use 40th Anniversary Playmate Camera by Fuji that's inexpensive and a potential collector's item. (Ask for the camera back when your local photo dealer unloads the 24-shot film cartridge.) The price: \$14.95, postpaid, including an official Playmate Data Sheet. To order, call 800-423-9494 and ask for item MW4072.

TOASTING TO XS

According to the U.S. National Center for Health Statistics, about 93,750,000 Americans consumed more than 468,750,000 alcoholic drinks last year and woke up with a hangover. Now the good news: Barnett Laboratories in Houston is marketing XS Hangover Relief Formula, a liquid that they say offers "relief from the headache, upset stomach and fatigue of a hangover, much the way Contac and Dristan provide relief from cold and flu symptoms." The price: about \$5 a bottle.



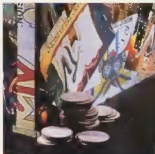
NEXT MONTH



STRIP CLUBS



DANGEROUS ART



VIDEO CULTURE



MIMI'S RAPTURE

FEEDBACK—AN ARTIST FUSES HIS TALENT WITH TECHNOLOGY TO LET CLIENTS GET CREATIVE. WITH ONE WEALTHY PATRON, THE RESULT IS MORE THAN ANYONE BARGAINED FOR—FICTION BY **JOE HALDEMAN**

INSIDE MTV—A PEEK INTO THE VIDEO CULTURE WHERE PROFITS STILL CLIMB THE CHARTS. BUT CAN THE MUSIC CHANNEL BALANCE A HIP IMAGE WITH THE BOTTOM LINE AND ITS TYCOON HONCHO?—BY **DOUG HILL**

ERICA JONG, OUR FAVORITE EROTIC HISTORIAN, TAKES A LOOK AT MODERN SEXUALITY THROUGH THE LIFE AND WORK OF NOVELIST HENRY MILLER IN AN EXCERPT FROM HER LATEST BOOK, *THE DEVIL AT LARGE*

LAURA DERN, GOOD GIRL TURNED SIREN, DESCRIBES HER ON-SCREEN ORGASM, HER BENT FOR FIST-GRIPPERS AND THE DELIGHTS OF MOONING A FRIEND IN A WILD-AT-HEART 20 QUESTIONS

STEALTH CANDIDATE—TELEPOLITICO PAT ROBERTSON IS PLOTTING A COUP WITHIN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. FIND OUT WHY, WITH THE G.O.P. IN POSTELECTION DISARRAY, IT JUST MIGHT WORK—BY **JOE CONASON**

ANNE RICE, THE QUEEN OF VAMPIRE TALES AND CHRONICLER OF HUMAN GUINEA PIGS, TALKS ABOUT SEX AND CENSORSHIP, HER PENCHANT FOR BOXING AND THE NETHERWORLD IN A BEWITCHING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

THE BIODOME DIARIES—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MIX TEN HUMAN GUINEA PIGS, SOME ECO-COCKTAILS AND A MAN-MADE RAIN FOREST THAT BELCHES GREEN SLIME? A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT OF LIFE, LOVE AND MUTINY UNDER GLASS—HUMOR BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**

HEROES—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE MASSACRE, MY LAI REMAINS AN UNIMAGINABLE HORROR. STILL, THE MAN WHO TOLD THE WORLD ABOUT THE CARNAGE FINDS MEN OF PRINCIPLE AMONG THE RUINS—BY **RON RIDENHOUR**

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